

THE

AMERICAN REVIEW:

A WHIG JOURNAL

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, ART AND SCIENCE.

VOL. V.

JUNE, 1847.

No. VI.

THE MEMPHIS CONVENTION AND WESTERN IMPROVEMENTS.

"On the North stretches a vast Mediterranean of congregated seas, sounding to each other in a boisterous chorus forever, and opening their gates for the commerce of far-distant regions. Then, again, across the land, down all the slopes, and through valleys large enough for empires, sweep rivers that seem like moving lakes. All the features of our land conspire to form a people of vast conceptions, and the most intense practical vigor and activity."

BUSHNELL.

WHILE our invading army is marching with triumphant banners and the trophies of bloodshed upon the central city of our sister Republic—while there is a lull of the din of arms, and Victory herself ceases to scream over her prey—we turn gladly, at last, to a topic of industry and peace. It is the great subject, never yet sufficiently contemplated, of Internal Improvements. Singular, that here, also, the country should be compelled to execrate the Magistrate whom it is called upon to revere! We are blessed with a President as powerless for good in our domestic as in our foreign relations. What a Father of his Country! Twice have the Houses of Congress consented to do a late justice to the western half of the Republic; twice has he who calls himself a Democratic President, with a blindness to national interests, extraordinary if it were not willful, monarchically thwarted their wishes and the clearly-expressed hopes of the people.

We design in this article to give the indisputable statistics of Western commerce. In our August No., for 1845, we gave a very full account of the commerce of the Lakes; and in October of the last year, we commented on Mr. Polk's Veto, in connection chiefly with the same com-

merce. Our business is now mainly with the immense traffic of the Western rivers. We perform the labor at the present time chiefly in view of the important Convention to be held at Chicago on the 5th of July, in behalf of the interests of this commerce. In doing it, we shall show the vast importance of these interests, and the great wrong done by the President, not only to the West, but to the whole country. For every part of this Republic has an immediate concern in the fullest prosperity of every other portion. For what else was this august Union of Sovereign States cemented?

To the mind that surveys the progress of our nation, and studies out its future progress, nothing seems more astonishing than the vast and rapid growth of the great West. It was scarcely half a century ago when the traveller who might have stood upon the summit of the Alleghanies, casting his eyes westward, could have seen only a territory covered with the dense forest, inhabited by the Indian, or the still broader plains and prairies of the farther West, over which roamed innumerable herds of buffalo, undisturbed save by the red hunter and the trooping wolves from the Rocky Mountains. The mighty Mississippi received the beautifully gliding waves of La Belle

Riviere and the afar-rolling stream of the vast Missouri—but nothing disturbed its surface except the birchen canoe and the dip of the Indian paddle. All that he could survey, from end to end of the "great valley," was one domain of silence. Since that time the Anglo-Saxon race has rolled the waves of a new population over the range of the Alleghanies, and spread itself over the wide plains of the basin of the Mississippi; it is now pouring through the gorges of the Rocky Mountains into the valleys and plains of Oregon and Sacramento, down to the Pacific shores. A population of ten millions now inhabits what is called the Great Valley of the West. The arts and sciences of civilized life now prevail throughout a territory over which, scarce fifty years ago, everything was of the wilderness. Cities larger than any existing on the Atlantic slope at the date of our independence, are now found where even the pioneer had not then erected his hut of logs. Upon the rivers and lakes of the West, hundreds of boats, moved by means unknown to the last century, are now the carriers of a commerce more than twice as great as the whole foreign commerce of the Union. Almost everything that can make a nation populous, wealthy and great—everything that the arts may need, that manufactures can ask, or commerce require—the West can supply. The East has its Atlantic shore, with its bays and harbors, "showing more than a thousand leagues of the highway of the world;" the West has its Mississippi river, with its tributaries—fifteen thousand miles of navigable waters!

Now the East has for years received the aid of the government—too sparingly extended, it is true—in making harbors, clearing out channels, and erecting light-houses for the safety of the merchant-ship; for the West, a few hundred miles of turnpike, called the National Road, show nearly all that has been done for the internal traffic of a region nearly as large as all Europe. For a long time the West requested of the general government that some attention should be paid to Western interests, that something more should be done than merely raising a revenue from the West to be expended almost entirely east of the mountains; but so great was the influence of party tactics, and of the doctrine of strict construction, that comparatively nothing was effected. A few spasmodic efforts would be made, and then the matter drop, that

party politicians might regulate the succession to the Presidency, or distribute the loaves and fishes among friends and partisans. And when at last Congress passed a provision, favorable not only to the West, but to the whole internal navigation of the Union, the President, in a sudden fit of conscientiousness and economic wisdom, chose to set his will above that, so decisively expressed, of almost the entire country, and both Houses of its Representatives, and refused to sanction the bill.

Owing to the want of a department for the interior, which is found in all other countries, the government has had little knowledge of the progress and wealth, or the wants and necessities of the West. Of our foreign commerce, the statistics are annually collected and published by the Treasury department; but of our internal commerce, almost nothing is known, and it is nearly impossible, for the want of proper information, to gain any adequate idea. Different individuals, in some of our Western cities, have at different times endeavored to collect the statistics of the commerce of the Mississippi river and its tributaries; but startling as have been the results of the information they have collected, all who have any knowledge of the subject see that it falls far short of the reality. It is to be hoped that as laws have been enacted to procure the statistics of our foreign trade, so some means will be taken to collect and publish the details of our internal commerce, and especially of the trade of the Northern lakes and of the Western rivers, that Congress may be enabled to legislate with a fuller understanding of the great interests of the nation.

That legislation is required none can doubt; but what is necessary to be done, is a question not so easily answered. Something was effected by means of the Memphis Convention to call public attention to the subject; much more, we trust, will be accomplished by that soon to meet at Chicago. We propose in the following pages to present for the advantage of our readers—possibly for the instruction of the statesmanlike Executive now occupying the curule chair—some information on the subject of Western improvements.

The Convention was called by those friendly to Western interests to meet at Memphis, Tenn., in July, 1845. Delegates were appointed from several of the Western States, who met at the time and

place appointed; but so small was the attendance, and so unpropitious the season of the year, that the Convention, after having appointed several committees, adjourned, to meet again in November.

At the meeting of the Convention in November, a large number of delegates from all the Western and South-western States appeared, and took their seats, and the Hon. John C. Calhoun, U. S. Senator from South Carolina, was appointed chairman. Upon taking his seat as chairman, he delivered an address to the Convention, setting forth the objects for which it was assembled, and what he understood to be the constitutional principles which limited the general government in the expenditure and appropriation of moneys for the purposes of internal improvement. These principles he has since developed more fully in the report made by him to the U. S. Senate, as chairman of the special committee to which the memorial of the Convention was referred, which report now lies before us. Although differing with Mr. Calhoun as to the limits placed by the Constitution upon the general government, yet in common with the people of the West generally, we were equally astonished and pleased with the doctrine of "inland seas" announced by him upon that occasion. The senator from South Carolina had visited the West, had travelled upon the great "Father of Waters," and his own observation convinced him that the improvement of the Western rivers was an object of full as much national importance as that of the Atlantic harbors. Coinciding with this liberal view, our intention is to show, first, the necessity for the action of the general government in improving the Western waters, and in opening new means of intercommunication between the different sections of the republic. We may then inquire what aid can be granted by Congress, and how far a chief magistrate or his legislative partisans are to be trusted, who so peremptorily and with so miserable a pretext opposed, and destroyed, the beneficent bill agreed upon by Congress.

That the Mississippi river, and its large tributaries, the Missouri, Ohio, Arkansas and Red rivers, need improvement, none who have ever travelled upon them can doubt. They water a country extending from the Gulf of Mexico, on the south, to the 47th degree of latitude north, and from the Alleghany range on the east, to the Rocky Mountains on the west, including an area of a million and a half of

square miles, or nine hundred and sixty millions of acres. Of this vast area included within the valley of the Mississippi, full two-thirds are arable and capable of cultivation. This territory now supports a population rising of ten millions of inhabitants, or six and two-thirds to the square mile. If, like England, it supported two hundred and thirty to the square mile, its population would be three hundred and forty-five millions, nearly one-half of the present population of the globe. This territory it must be remembered possesses, through nearly all its extent, a soil unexampled in fertility, capable of being made the very garden of the world. On the south it borders on the tropic, and produces the sugar-cane and the cotton, while throughout its whole extent, north of latitude 34°, it furnishes all the products of the temperate zones. Hemp and tobacco and the cereal grains are now the staples of its production, while its vast prairie will in a few years furnish wool enough to supply the whole demand of the United States, and a surplus for exportation. The markets of the East are now partially supplied with its cattle, while its beef and pork furnish the navy, and are exported to other countries, at rates so low as almost to defy competition.

But in order that we may gain some adequate idea of the West, and the business that is done upon its waters, let us turn to the statistics upon the subject, and examine the population and productions of the States that border upon the great rivers of the West.

In the reports of the Commissioner of Patents we have a tabular estimate of the population of all the States, and of the amount of their staple agricultural productions. From these reports we have made the following table of the population of the States on the Mississippi and its tributaries, and of their products, for the year 1844 and '45.

The commerce of the States of Kentucky, Iowa, Missouri, Tennessee, Arkansas and Louisiana is carried on the Mississippi and its branches, while that of the other States we have enumerated in the list has a water communication on more than one side, and we allow for that portion of the States supplied by other means: Wisconsin, for instance, bounds east on lake Michigan, and west on the Mississippi river, so that we may suppose that one-half its trade is carried over the river, and half by the way of the lake.

Such are some of the agricultural products of the States watered by the Mississippi and its tributaries, and so great is the surplus over the consumption, that the markets of the whole country are glutted by it. The rate of increase in these productions averages more than ten per cent. per annum. If then any obstructions exist in the Western waters that tend to impede their navigation, and add to the cost of carriage, the West urges the claim of extent of territory, population, production, and its increase, for the removal of every such obstruction. It is very evident, from the tables we have made out, that an extent of country producing so much from the soil, must support an immense internal commerce, as it is well known that in proportion to their

value, agricultural productions are the most bulky, and require the most navigation, so that agricultural countries employ far more tonnage in proportion to the value of their exports than others. What is true as a matter of theory, will also be found true as a matter of fact; and we exhibit some traits of the commerce and navigation of the Western waters, regarding not only the tonnage employed, but the amount transported.

The total amount of property afloat upon the Mississippi exceeds \$250,000,000 per annum, exclusive of the value of the tonnage.

From the New Orleans price current of last Sept. we have an account of the imports into that city for a series of years.

EXPORTS FROM NEW ORLEANS

OF SEVERAL ARTICLES, FOR THREE YEARS, ENDING SEPT. 31.

	'44-'45	'43-'44	'42-'43	'41-'42	'40-'41	'39-'40
Cotton bales	984,616	895,375	1,098,870	749,267	821,288	949,320
Ex. to Western States						
Cotton bales	6,000	2,500	2,000	1,722		
Tobacco hhds.	68,679	81,249	89,891	68,058	54,667	40,436
Flour bbls.	279,137	300,082	338,772			
Pork "	181,409	391,179	159,774			
Bacon hhds.	12,082	24,853	23,383			
Lard kegs	468,338	872,270	737,729			
Beef bbls.	23,969	35,386	4,424			
Lead pigs	707,439	600,320	542,172			
Whiskey bbls.	32,360	42,127	32,136			
Corn sacks	220,295	204,281	672,316			
Arrivals of steamboats	2,530	2,570	2,324	2,321	2,187	
All other vessels	1,682	1,680	2,018	1,403	1,643	

RECEIPTS FROM INTERIOR INTO NEW ORLEANS.

	'44-'45	'43-'44	'42-'43	'41-'42	'40-'41	'39-'40
Flour bbls.	533,312	502,507	521,175	439,688	496,194	482,253
Pork "	216,960	412,928	204,643	244,442	216,974	120,908
" hhds.	6,741	8,800	2,371	946	763	1,067
" bulk lbs.	4,079,600	7,792,000	6,814,750	4,051,800	9,744,220	5,099,987
Bacon casks	12,892	19,563	16,568	13,505	11,231	7,350
" hams hhds.	8,358	19,070	13,588	9,220	6,111	4,412
" bulk lbs.	350,000	1,203,821	1,453,798	1,288,109	2,593,037	1,117,987
Lard hhds.	167	212	1,433	74	74	146
" lbs.	60,078	119,717	104,540	18,207	9,672	5,007
" kegs	245,414	373,341	307,871	366,694	311,710	177,303
Beef bbls. and tcs.	32,674	49,363	17,549	17,455	33,262	10,843
" dried bbls.	58,200	55,610	51,400	60,812	70,100	39,120
Lead pigs	732,125	639,269	571,949	472,556	434,467	307,397
" bar kegs	788	851	701	1,084	601	863
" white "	888	30	50	592		
Whiskey bbls.	97,651	86,947	83,597	65,345	73,873	53,857
Corn sacks	390,964	360,052	427,552	338,709	268,557	278,558
" bbls.	139,686	165,354	255,658	240,675	163,050	152,965
" meal bbls.	7,717	5,445	5,135	3,122	2,587	5,447
Hides	117,863	76,490	45,947	26,169	25,522	29,962
Buffalo robes pks.	1,915	5,445	5,135	3,122	2,587	5,447
Wheat bush.	64,759	86,014	118,248	134,586		63,018

ed in the New Orleans trade, and the general average of all the boats upon the Western waters is nearly 200 tons, we shall find the total steamboat tonnage for the year ending 31st September, 1845, to be 632,500 tons. The commerce of New Orleans, employing this amount of tonnage, and exceeding in value \$120,000,000, cannot be even one half of the total commerce of the Western rivers; but allowing that it is one half, the total commerce of the West amounts in value to \$240,236,312. To form a proper estimate of the total amount of this trade, let us examine the statistics and details still farther.

Few persons, unless they have paid some particular attention to the subject, can have any adequate idea of the amount of tonnage employed in the navigation and commerce of the Mississippi and its tributary rivers. It is not possible, from want of proper statistical information, to know the exact number of boats used in the navigation of these waters; but from the custom-house reports of the amount of tonnage, some idea may be formed. From the reports of the secretary of the treasury, we have made out the following table of the amount of tonnage owned in the West, as enrolled at the custom-house:

TONNAGE, STEAMBOAT.

	1841.	1842.	*1843.	1844.	1845.	Steamboats built 1845.
Wheeling, Va.	1,419		1,212	1,340	1,488	3
Cincinnati, Ohio,	10,189	12,025	11,675	13,139	14,403	36
Miami, "	2,472		1,446	2,371	1,915	
Nashville, Tenn.	3,252	3,810	4,813	5,689	2,909	1
Louisville, Ken.	8,360	4,618	5,093	7,114	8,751	26
St. Louis, Mo.,	11,370	14,725	13,589	16,664	18,906	6
New Orleans, La.	90,321		99,452	105,442	111,753	6
Teche,	685		657	726	753	
Pittsburg, Penn.	10,343	10,107		9,233	13,283	50
Total,				161,718	174,061	

New Orleans has the largest steamboat tonnage of any city of the United States; next follows New York, St. Louis, Cincinnati, and Pittsburg. The whole steamboat tonnage of the Union, in 1842, was 219,085. The total tonnage employed in the coasting trade for 1845, was 1,190,898; the whole steamboat tonnage was 319,527—an increase of 100,442 in three years. Of this tonnage, nearly two-thirds belongs to the West, and is used upon the Western waters. In the memorial of the citizens of St. Louis to Congress, the average tonnage of the steamboats is estimated at 200 tons per boat. The number of steamboats built for the year ending 30th June, 1845, as stated in the report of Mr. Calhoun, is 119, with an aggregate tonnage of 19,633 tons, averaging 173 tons per boat. At this standard, the number of boats would be, as stated in the report, 888. There were built at Nashville, Louisville, Cincinnati and Pittsburg, during the year 1845, 120 boats, with a tonnage of 19,939, making an average of 166½, and allowing the tonnage as we have made it in the table, the number of boats would be

1,048. By the report of the surveyor of the port of St. Louis, there were built at that city in the year 1845, 10 boats, with a total of 2,912 tons; there were built at other ports for St. Louis owners, 8 boats, with a tonnage of 1,520 tons; there were purchased at other ports for the St. Louis trade, 12 boats, tonnage 1,674 tons—making a total of 30 boats and 6,106 tons, or an average of 205 tons.

From these facts, we may safely estimate the average tonnage of boats navigating the Western waters at 200 tons, which would give as the number, 870. According to McCulloch's Gazetteer, there were in Great Britain in the year 1834, 722 steamships, with a tonnage of 82,716 tons. According to the publication lately made of the mercantile sailing and steam vessels, there were owned in Great Britain

	Number.	Tonnage
1837 sailing-vessels	23,000	2,650,000
1844 " "	23,116	2,931,000
1837 steam-vessels	620	69,800
1844 " "	900	114,000

So that the steam tonnage of the simple city of New Orleans exceeds the ton-

* For nine months, the commencement of the fiscal year having been changed.

nage of the mercantile steam marine of Great Britain in 1837; and the steamboat tonnage of the Mississippi river exceeds by 34,000 tons the whole steamboat tonnage of that mighty empire; and this too when her entire tonnage exceeds that of the United States by one-third. This is entirely reversed in our Western trade. But when we have given the number of boats, and the amount of the tonnage owned in the West, we have but a slight idea of the amount of the tonnage employed in the trade of the mighty valley. It must be considered how many trips each boat makes in the course of a year, some making 15, some 20, and some 30, so that the total amount of tonnage employed is twenty-fold greater than that merely owned. The number of steamboat arrivals in the city of New Orleans for 1845, was 2,530. If we allow 250 tons per boat, which is small for that trade, the total steamboat tonnage of that port will be 632,500. The amount of tonnage of all arrivals at the city of St. Louis, for the year ending May 30th, 1846, was 400,108 tons. The business of the year 1845 was carried on at that port by 2,050 steamboats, with a tonnage of 358,045. Allow as much for the port of Cincinnati as for the port of St. Louis, and one-half for that of Pittsburg, and other ports, and the account will stand as follows:

Tonnage of New Orleans,	632,500
" " St. Louis,	400,108
" " Cincinnati,	400,108
" " Pittsburg, &c.,	200,054

1,632,770

so that at the low estimate we have made, which any one can verify for himself, we have the immense amount of 1,632,770 tons of steamboat tonnage entered. The amount seems large, but it is under the reality. We have made our estimate too small, as will appear if we reflect that

St. Louis,	18	Tonnage 4,442	Value \$206,500
Cincinnati,	32	" 7,838	" 542,500
" &c.,	54	" 12,420	" 984,000

Total,	104	24,690	1,733,000
--------	-----	--------	-----------

making the average cost of each boat \$16,086. The cost of building has gradually decreased for the past few years. The estimate we have made is rather

Cincinnati,	27	Tonnage 6,609	Value \$505,500
added to trade, St. Louis,	30	" 6,106	" 367,500
Total,	57	12,715	\$873,000

Average value, \$15,140. Average value per ton, \$68.

each one of these boats will carry from 20 to 50 per cent. more than her measurement tonnage. But at the estimate we have made, this tonnage exceeds all the American tonnage employed in the foreign trade of the United States, in the year 1840. We have merely made an estimate of the tons entered; we must add as much again for the tons cleared, and we shall have a total of 3,265,540 tons; while the total of American tonnage, entered and cleared in 1840, was only 3,222,955 tons. The amount of tons entered and cleared, for 1845, was 4,089,463. We now know something of the amount of tonnage required for the internal commerce of a population of less than six millions and a half, while the foreign trade of the whole Union requires but little over a million tons additional.

We have given facts from which an estimate may be formed of the amount of steamboat tonnage of the Mississippi; let us look for a while at the value of this tonnage annually exposed to the dangers of navigation. By the report of the surveyor of the port of St. Louis, it appears that there were built at that port, during the year, ten boats, with a tonnage of 2,912 tons, at the cost of \$189,500. There were built at other ports, for St. Louis owners, 8 boats, tonnage 1,520 tons, cost \$117,000. There were purchased from other ports, 12 boats, tonnage 1,674, value \$61,000. In Cist's Commercial Advertiser, it is stated that there were built at Cincinnati, in 1844, 32 boats of 7,838 tons, and of the value of \$542,500. In 1845, there were built of boats and barges at Cincinnati, Louisville and New Albany, 54, tonnage 12,420, cost \$984,000. The total number of boats at that port, for 1845, were 27, tonnage 6,609, valued at \$505,500. From these statements we may form an estimate of the general value of the tonnage of the Mississippi. The boats built at

under than over, as we have few statistics from which it can be made. The boats enrolled as above were, in 1845,

If, then, we take the number of steamboats, 870
 multiplied by \$16,086, will give total cost, \$13,994,820.
 " " 15,140, " " " av. val. 13,171,800.

In the St. Louis memorial, the boats are estimated to cost, on an average, \$20,000 apiece; the cost then would be \$17,400,000, which is more nearly the truth than the estimate we have made. The average expense per annum of running these boats may be estimated at \$20,000, making the total expense per annum, \$17,800,000. Allowing the whole tonnage, entered and cleared at the different points on the rivers, to be 3,365,540 tons, according to our previous estimate, and that on the average, year by year, the boats earn their government tonnage, and estimating the freight at \$5 per ton, we shall have \$16,327,700, the amount paid for freights.* If we allow for the number of officers and crew of each boat, we shall have 17,600 persons employed directly in the navigation of the Western waters. Add to these, the owners, shippers, builders, furnishers of materials, &c., and we may form some opinion of the number of persons interested in the steamboat trade of the Mississippi. The number of travellers on these waters may be estimated at one million a year. The number travelling on the Ohio, in 1842, from the ports of Nashville, Louisville, Wheeling and Pittsburg, was estimated at 348,910, and the number has been increasing rapidly with the increase of business and wealth at the West.

But we have not as yet arrived at the total amount and value of the river commerce of the West. We have made an estimate of the commerce of New Orleans alone with the interior, but to all this we must add the commerce of such cities as St. Louis, Louisville, Cincinnati, Nashville, Wheeling and Pittsburg, and that of the different towns and cities upon the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. We have not the statistics from which to make an accurate computation of the value of this trade, but some approximation can be made. As a general principle, the internal commerce of a country is always

greater than its foreign trade, as it employs double the labor of the country, and most of the supplies of the nation are drawn from its own soil.

The memorial of the citizens of St. Louis estimates the trade of that port, in 1844, at \$49,000,000. This estimate is based upon the amount of property annually insured at the different offices in that city. In the report of the Chamber of Commerce, for 1842, the amount shown to have been insured for the four years preceding, was \$58,021,986. By the returns of the same offices, up to 1844, the amount insured was \$15,451,131, making a total of \$73,473,117; an average of more than \$12,000,000 per annum. But this is a small part. Many do not insure at all; many insure in Eastern offices, as is the case with nearly all the exports, which are insured, if insured at all, by Eastern correspondents in Eastern offices. Neither does it include the property of immigrants. One-fourth of the amount of the trade of St. Louis is estimated to be insured. At this rate, the aggregate trade, for six years preceding 1844, was \$293,902,468; an average of nearly \$49,000,000.† Some of the items of this trade will be found in the note, showing the trade for the year 1846. We may estimate the trade of Cincinnati, a city of 60,000 inhabitants, against the 40,000 of St. Louis, at \$50,000,000, and that of the other towns on the Ohio and its tributaries at as much more, making the total of \$100,000,000. We have now an estimate of the value of the commerce of the Mississippi and its branches.

Trade of New Orleans,	120,118,156
" " St. Louis,	49,000,000
" " Cincinnati,	50,000,000
" " other places,	50,000,000
Total,	\$269,118,156

We have, then, the total annual value of

* This amount seems to us too small. The report to the Memphis Convention, of the Committee upon the improvements of the Ohio river, estimates the freights and passages upon this river alone, at \$15,000,000. If, then, we estimate the freight at \$5 per ton, we shall have total freights, \$16,327,700, if we add one-half for passages, \$8,163,850, making a total of \$24,591,550. This may seem large, but these are the facts, and our readers may make the calculations for themselves, if they think us wrong.

† The annexed table exhibits the imports by the river for the year ending May 30th, 1846. From it some idea may be formed of the importance of St. Louis, as a commercial depot, and the rapid strides she is making towards being the commercial emporium of the West.

the internal trade of the Western valley, not including the lakes or the sea-board, more than \$269,000,000. The amount may seem enormous, but it is rather under than over the truth, and the more care there is used in collecting the statistics of this mighty commerce, the greater will it appear.

For many years the West has asked of the general government that something should be done for the improvement of the navigation of the Western waters—something, at least, should be done to remove the obstructions that impede this navigation and render it even dangerous. Notwithstanding all the petitions of the people, backed by the urgent necessities of the case, comparatively nothing has been granted, while thousands and millions have been spent to protect and improve the navigation of Eastern ports and harbors. That the commerce of the East needed these appropriations is unquestionable; but it is equally certain that the vast inland traffic by our lakes and rivers of the North-west, West and South-west, has, from year to year, needed the same assistance.

Over five millions of dollars have been paid by the government as allowances and bounties to the vessels engaged in the fishing trade, an aggregate larger than all the appropriations for improve-

ments in the Western States since their first admission into the Union. The appropriations for lighthouses, in 1841, were over \$470,000; the allowance to fishing vessels, that year, was over \$350,000; a total of \$820,000; a sum larger than the whole West has required to be expended in any one year; an expenditure which, if applied annually for five years, would remove nearly all obstructions to the navigation of the Western waters that can be removed, would reduce the costs of freight on tonnage at least ten per cent., and the cost of insurance more than one hundred per cent. Year after year, with the increasing commerce of the West, there has been an increasing destruction of property, until many assurers refuse to insure the tonnage afloat upon Western waters, so great is the risk. The West has good reason to complain, when, owing to the neglect of the general government, it costs more to insure a boat engaged in the navigation of waters flowing through a fertile and wealthy country, than a ship bound on a voyage round the globe. This ought not so to be. The West can supply the whole Union with the products of her soil, and she only asks that, besides being compelled to pay for the transportation of commodities, bulky in proportion to their value, she be not also required to pay

The rapidity which has marked the growth of St. Louis, warrants us in expressing that opinion. It is but a few years since our city was a small French village—now it numbers a population of nearly fifty thousand souls—which for enterprise will compare favorably with any city in the Union. This fact our national legislature should weigh well, and not be so dilatory in making appropriations for the improvement of Western rivers—nor evince such hostility to every measure calculated to advance Western interests.

772,464 pigs lead,	19,617 boxes glass,	113,755 sacks salt,
80,971 bars lead,	5,811 bxs and kegs tar,	3,467 chests and hf do tea,
171,294 bbls & hf bbls flour,	8,998 bbls and sks beans,	14,082 hhds and bbls sugar,
39,467 barrels pork,	6,118 bbls and sks green and	46,486 sacks coffee,
624,945 lbs bulk pork,	dried apples,	3,571 do and bbls onions,
14,314 bbls & hf do beef,	2,078 bbls and sacks dried	809 sacks feathers,
9,936 casks & bxs bacon,	peaches,	2,693 tons bar iron,
280,535 lbs bulk do,	24,618 bxs & sacks potatoes,	2,793 do pig do,
34,888 bbls and kegs lard,	9,858 hhds tobacco,	3,253 do castings,
12,167 do do bxs cheese,	6,033 bxs manufactured to-	32,785 kegs nails,
1,503 casks & bbls tallow,	bacco,	4,836 boxes tin plate,
7,451 bbls, kegs and firkins	2,038 bxs (of 1000) segars,	735 tierces rice,
butter,	1,130,355 bushels wheat,	3,344 bbls flaxseed,
1,194 sacks, bbls and boxes	416,572 do corn,	515 do hempseed,
beeswax,	25,834 bushels oats,	9,271 kegs and cannisters
9,788 coils hemp and manilla	28,540 do barley,	powder,
rope,	4,913 do rye,	1,237 boxes axes,
3,536 pieces bagging,	12,940 bbls molasses,	2,931 bxs and trunks boots,
24,734 bales hemp,	32,169 do whiskey,	11,259 do do shoes,
5,047 boxes sperm and tallow	2,461 do gin, brandy, rum,	19,823 rms wrapping paper,
candles,	3,273 do wine,	5,681 do writing do,
12,641 boxes soap,	2,678 do malt liquor,	1,483 bales oakum,
221,696 dry hides,	254 do sperm oil,	2,092 kegs white lead,
32,042 buffalo robes,	892 do linseed oil,	43,899 boxes and pkgs dry
30,458 assorted skins,	7,584 do and kegs fish,	goods,
3,170 packages furs,	11,366 bxs and tubs fish,	3,295 crates and casks
16,696 pkgs cotton yarn,	41,540 bbls salt,	queensware.

for what enriches none and makes her poor.

That some reasons may be given for the neglect of the Western interests is undoubtedly true, but it does not counter-vail her damage. Her own politicians have too often thought more of dividing out the spoils of office, and of president-making, than of the interests of their constituents; and the West herself helped to elect the notable chief magistrate who, with a stolid misunderstanding of all the sound interests of the nation, expends millions on a war utterly unnecessary and iniquitous, and refuses a few thousands to preserve the commerce that must finally replenish the national coffers which his fatuous recklessness has exhausted. It is also true that the East has had little knowledge of the great and growing wealth of the West; but this very ignorance must be attributed to the neglect of the government.

The knowledge of what are the obstructions to the navigation of the Western waters, and the losses arising therefrom, is requisite, that the necessity of the removal of these obstructions may be seen.

The whole extent of waters that are now, or may be made navigable, in the valley of the Mississippi, is over 15,000 miles; draining a country on either shore of 30,000.

Mississippi from mouth to fall of St.

Anthony,	2,250
Red River to head of navigation,	1,100
Arkansas,	900
Ohio to Pittsburg,	1,200
Missouri,	2,000
Illinois,	300
Tennessee,	600
Cumberland,	300

Total, 8,650

Boats are now navigating more than this extent of water, and the amount is now increasing every day, as small rivers are resounding to the puff of the steamboat. But to this must be added the large number of small rivers, that by the removal of obstructions, or by slack water, can be rendered navigable. As the country fills up with an enterprising population, many of these rivers now navigated only by the hunter's canoe, will be sailed by the broad-horn and the steamboat. These waters, too, have two shores, and furnish the means of transportations to products on either side.

The Missouri, from the mouth of the Yellow-stone, and the Mississippi, Red, and Arkansas rivers, flow through an alluvial country, composed of sand, clay, and decomposed vegetable matter. As a consequence, the shores yield readily to the action of a current flowing at the rate of three to five miles per hour. The alluvial bottoms on both sides of these rivers are covered with a dense growth of heavy timber, and as the current cuts out the sand and undermines the banks, the large trees fall into the river and are carried out into the channel, to become obstructions to the navigation of the river—at first as snags and sawyers, and afterwards as logs and stumps. At some points on the Missouri, these snags are so thick in the channel, as to give the appearance of a complete hatchel, presenting to a stranger's eye, an impassable barrier to the passage of a boat even of the smallest class. At some places in these rivers, the pilot runs his boat so that the snags will scrape the hull for nearly its whole length; and the only way to get along at some times, is either to roll over or run over some of these snags, so directly are they in the channel. At one point in the Mississippi, between St. Louis and the mouth of the Ohio, the wrecks of nine boats can be seen within three miles distance of each other, and all these lost from striking a snag, log, or stump. The St. Louis Memorial thus describes the character of these obstructions to navigation:

"The Mississippi, from the mouth of the Missouri, and the Missouri for its whole navigable distance, pass through a loose body of sand or alluvial deposit. The currents are rapid (Mr. Schoolcraft states the average descent at a fraction over five inches per mile,) and the action upon the banks great; the changes of the channel, or bed of the rivers, are frequent and very sudden. The banks are covered with large trees. When the water rises, and at other times, the action of the water makes the banks crumble and fall in, carrying with them the trees with their roots. These are borne along by the current until stopped by some obstruction or by the weight of the earth and sand adhering to the roots, and become firmly imbedded in the bottom of the river. The sand accumulates around the root and the trunk rests up or down, as the case may be. These sometimes give the channel a new direction; in other cases the channel is not affected. The stumps of trees falling in from the banks, often produce the same results. In course

of time, the action of the water, ice, &c., wears and breaks off the tops and branches of the tree, leaving the trunk remaining and presenting a sharp point. Some of these trees, or trunks, settle or sink, so that the point is a few feet below the surface of the water at its lowest stage; others settle, so that the point is seen or makes a break on the surface, and others are elevated above high-water mark. The first description are the most dangerous, as they cannot be seen, especially in the night. The second class are not without danger, especially in the night-time, or during foggy weather. The third class seldom produce injury. Stumps of trees, sunken logs, and rocks, (of the latter there are but few,) are even more dangerous obstructions, because their position cannot be easily ascertained, as they make little or no break on the surface. A boat freighted, and under the momentum of a steam engine sufficient to propel her against the current at a reasonable speed, striking against any of these obstructions, breaks a hole through her hull, tears off her planks, and breaks her timbers; the water rushes in and she sinks. When the weight of the boat and freight is considered, and the power under which it is necessary she should move, it will be seen that no strength which could be given to the hull could resist the concussion.

"Sunken logs which lie across the channel, imbedded their whole length, are the most dangerous of these obstructions. They occur in this way: trees falling into the river, having a greater weight than their bulk of water, sink, and lie horizontally on the bottom of the river, across the current. They most frequently lodge on the sand-bars, stretching from the foot of one bend to the head of another. It is extremely difficult to find their location, for they are only presented in the low stages of water. When the water is high, the sand fills up the low water channel, sometimes as much as ten feet, covering these logs. When the water falls, the current is confined and soon washes itself a channel through some part of the sand-bar, uncovering the logs. As these logs make no break or ripple on the surface, the pilot or navigator is often ignorant of their existence or locality, until his boat is driven upon them. These sunken trees often present part of a branch or a knot, which, however, is not discoverable on the surface, but which produces all the injurious effects of a snag. These trees are very difficult to remove as well as to discover. Stumps and roots, falling in from the banks, lodge and become permanently fixed about the points and bends, generally near the shore, and are quite as dangerous as sunken logs, and as difficult to remove.

"These obstructions are to be met with in every part of the river, but they accu-

mulate mostly in the bends, chutes, and where the course of the water is obstructed by islands and bars. A good pilot is generally familiar with the position of these obstructions, so far as they can be discovered by any indications on the surface of the water; but the frequent diversions of the channel will baffle the skill and knowledge of the best. They accumulate fastest after a high stage of water, and with such rapidity, sometimes, that boats which have passed up the Missouri without difficulty, are compelled, on their return, to send out their crew and cut their way through the snags."

The principal obstruction to the navigation of the Upper Mississippi, are the Upper and Lower Rapids. At high stages of water these present no great obstruction, but at low stages, it is very difficult passing through a narrow channel with rocks on both sides and on the bottom. But these two obstructions can be easily removed, so that a good channel might be made, navigable at all seasons, costing an amount which the mere difference in the cost of freight in a few years would repay. The present difference between freights at high and low water is nearly 50 per cent.

The navigation of the Red river is rendered difficult and almost destroyed at some seasons, by what is called the Red river raft—a collection of floating trees, stumps, and bushes, interlocked together, so as to cover nearly the whole surface, forcing the water into small channels and openings through the raft. It also dams the river to some degree, and forces the water into bayous on either side, thus diminishing at the same time both the quantity and depth of water in the channel. This raft extends nearly one hundred miles. The government has at different times made appropriations for the removal of this obstruction, and channels have been cut through it, but it requires constant care for a series of years, until the channel becomes so much deepened that the force of the current alone may keep it open. After the work has been done, and a channel cut, a small annual appropriation, and the passage of a properly constructed boat two or three times a season, will keep it clear.

A great obstruction to the navigation of the Ohio river, are the falls at Louisville, which are passed by means of the canal, owned partly by the government and partly by individuals. This canal should be purchased by the government and made free, or the tolls should be so

regulated that the moneys realized therefrom should merely pay the expenses of management and repair. The tax now levied upon all boats passing the falls, adds very much to the cost of all freights passing the city of Louisville.

The last obstruction that we shall mention are the bars, and these are found on all the rivers. On the Ohio and its tributaries, these bars are formed of sand and pebbles, which become compacted together, changing very little their position from year to year. These bars can be removed by dredging, and by the construction of wing-dams, which narrow the channel, and the increased velocity and depth of the current cuts away the bar. The bars of the Mississippi are composed of a fine siliceous sand and clay, yielding at all times to the force of the streams, and as a consequence of this quick-sand character, constantly changing the position, and as constantly changing the channel. The position of the channel sometimes changes as much as half a mile in a single week. No means have as yet been discovered of

removing this difficulty, except that of the general improvement of the channel of the rivers by the removal of the snags, sawyers, stumps, and logs, that get into the channel, and by the accumulation of sand about them. The removal of the overhanging timber on the banks, by preventing the fall of timber into the river, and the formation of snags, also tends to render the channel constant. This general description of the obstructions to the navigation of the Western rivers, will show what is required of the government, and the statistics we have given show the amount of commerce annually at risk, and annually exposed to destruction and loss for want of the removal of these obstructions. Let us examine what are the losses to Western navigation, caused by the dangers to which it is exposed.

The amount of property annually destroyed upon the Western waters cannot accurately be determined; an approximation, however, may be made from one or two different sources.

<i>The Tonnage of Boats licensed and enrolled at the Port of St. Louis for the year</i>			
	<i>Tons.</i>	<i>Lost.</i>	
1838	5,813.87	2,082.70	
1839	8,025.12	2,127.75	
1840	7,388.93	2,140.56	
Part of 1841	12,862.56	2,344	
Owned at St. Louis 1842-43	14,725	5,392	
Engaged in St. Louis trade " "		2,225	
1844-45	18,906	5,151	
Total		Tons 21,463.01	
Average per annum		2,682.87	

And this amount of 21,463 tons of tonnage lost within the past eight years is under rather than over the mark, as no accurate record has been kept at the custom-house of boats lost. The value of twenty-five boats lost in 1841, as estimated by the insurance offices of St. Louis, was \$331,000; the loss on cargoes was estimated at \$470,000; making a total of \$801,000. Of the boats lost in the St. Louis trade in 1841, fourteen were lost between St. Louis and the mouth of the Ohio, when the value of a single boat and cargo lost would have paid all the expenses of removing the obstructions that made the navigation so dangerous. Of boats owned at St. Louis in the years 1842 and 1843, the loss on hull and cargoes was estimated at \$511,500, and the loss of boats engaged in the trade at

\$257,500, and barges lost \$30,000; making a total for those years \$799,000. To this must be added the loss of flat-boats and their cargoes, of which we have no means of forming an estimate; we can mention one fact, however, that may be of interest. One individual has lost this season six flat-boats and their cargoes, coming out of the Des Moines river. The above estimate is confined to a single port, having a large trade to be sure, but not more than one-seventh of that of the Western rivers, judging from the tonnage.

By a report to Congress of 1842, the loss of steamboats on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers is estimated at 65, which, at the average value we have before given, say \$15,000, would make a total value of \$975,000. The losses on car-

goes may be estimated at the same amount, making the total losses in 1842 \$1,950,000. Even this amount, large as it is, is too small, for we find that the losses of the single port of St. Louis for the year 1841, was rising of \$800,000, and if we allow that, the losses of that port were in value only one-fourth of the total losses on the Western rivers for that year, \$3,200,000, which is somewhat near the truth. The average annual loss of tonnage belonging to the port of St. Louis, from the preceding table is, 2,682 tons, or an average on the tonnage of the port for four years of 16.7 per cent., an amount which, stated thus proportionally, appears so enormous as to stagger belief, and yet this estimate may be confirmed by others, in such a manner as to show that it is within the bounds of proof. Allowing then this per centage of loss at the port of St. Louis to be greater than that for the other ports of the Mississippi and Ohio rivers, by 2.7 per cent., we may estimate the average annual loss of tonnage upon these rivers at 14 per cent. Say the total steamboat tonnage of the rivers for 1845 to be 160,000 tons, the loss at 14 per cent. would be 22,400 tons, which, estimated at \$68 per ton, would give a total value of \$1,523,200 destroyed by the perils of the navigation of these rivers. As part of all the cargoes are saved in nearly all cases of steamboats sunk, we may say that the merchandise destroyed upon these is ten per cent. of the tonnage on board at the time of the loss, which would be 16,000 tons, nearly one-half of one per cent. upon all property afloat annually upon the Western waters, which we have estimated to be more than 3,200,000 tons. If we estimate the cost of freight at \$5 per ton, the loss of freight to the boats would be \$80,000. The total annual loss upon these rivers would be

Total value of boats lost	-	\$1,523,200
" " cargoes	-	1,680,000
" " freights	-	112,000

Losses of all kinds - \$3,315,200

or 1.27 per cent. upon all property annually afloat upon these waters, estimating the same, as before, at nearly \$27,000,000, but this per centage is only upon the value of merchandise, without including the value of the tonnage.

We may verify this estimate in another way, by an examination of some of the statistics connected with the amount of insurance, and the amount of losses paid by the insurance offices. By a statement in the St. Louis Memorial,* we find that the St. Louis Insurance offices, in the four years preceding the 1st of November, 1841, had paid for losses upon boats and cargoes the sum of \$1,036,000. During the same period it was estimated that \$600,000 had been paid by Insurance companies of other places, making a total loss of \$1,636,000 in the St. Louis trade. The losses for the years 1842 and '43 were \$248,000, and estimating \$200,000 paid by other offices, the total losses paid in six years would be \$2,184,000—an average of \$364,000 annually. If, as before, we estimate that one-fourth only of the property was insured, we have an annual average loss in the St. Louis trade of \$1,456,000. The losses paid by the Cincinnati Insurance offices, during a period of five years, from November, 1837, to November, 1842, excluding all losses by collision, explosion, fire, &c., was \$442,939 89, or \$88,587 97 annually; and allowing, as before, one-fourth insured, the annual losses of Cincinnati averaged \$354,351 88. Insurance is also made at Pittsburg, Louisville, Nashville, Wheeling, Natchez, New Orleans, and at other places on the Western rivers; and estimating that the Cincinnati offices paid one-seventh of the losses resulting from obstructions to the navigation, the amount annually paid by underwriters would be \$610,125, one-fourth insured, as before; total loss \$2,440,500. But to the amount paid by Western offices must be added the amounts paid in the large cities of the East having a business connection with the West, such as Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore, all of which have more or less property underwritten upon the Western rivers. If we take the amount of losses in the St. Louis trade at \$364,000 per annum, and make an estimate of the total losses in the proportion of her tonnage to that of the whole tonnage of the West, the proportion will be, on an average of six years, as 16,000 to 160,000 nearly, or as 1 to 10, or 10 per cent. of the total tonnage, making an annual loss of \$3,640,000. If we take the proportion of the tonnage trade

* It is but justice to state, that the credit for the facts collected in this Memorial, and for the whole report, is due to A. B. Chambers, Esq., the able editor of the Missouri Republican, who was chairman of the committee that drafted the Memorial.

of St. Louis, the proportion will be as 400,108 tons to 1,632,770, or as 1 to 4.8, or nearly 1 to 5, and the losses paid by underwriters will be \$1,747,200; and allowing, as before, one-fourth insured, the total losses will be \$5,988,800. But the proportion of losses in the St. Louis trade is greater than that of any other port, so that the estimate we have last made will be too high; but still from any one of these calculations it will be seen that the annual losses caused by obstructions to the navigation are enormous. From the estimate made in the report by the senator from South Carolina, the annual average loss of steamboats engaged in the navigation of the Western waters is a fraction less than $11\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.; the loss by snags, 6.4 per cent.; and by snags, logs and rocks, nearly 8 per cent. Estimating the value of steamboat tonnage, as before, at \$13,171,800, the annual losses of boats alone would in value amount to the sum of \$1,514,757; and the losses from snags, rocks and logs would be \$1,053,744; and estimating the cargoes as of equal value with the boats, the total losses would be \$3,029,514. The insurance upon the hulls of steamboats varies from 12 to 30 per cent. per annum, and even at these rates, so heavy are the losses, that some of the offices refuse to insure upon the hulls of boats, as is the case with one or two of the St. Louis offices. The annual loss, at the average rate of $16\frac{2}{3}$ per cent., must be equal to \$2,585,900. No exact estimate, however, can be formed. We are safe, however, in saying that the annual losses exceed \$3,000,000.

The loss of life must be added to the losses of property, occasioned by obstructions to the navigation of the Western rivers. The estimate of St. Louis would make the loss of lives amount to 135 per annum! Even the loss of life in the President's favorite measure, the War, will hardly prove greater than this, equally chargeable to him, through his veto of the beneficent provisions of Congress for removing the obstructions on the Western waters.

This loss of life and property must increase with the annually increasing trade and traffic of the great valley, unless the government performs its duty, and removes the causes of these enormous losses. The removal of these obstructions would remove the causes of danger, and diminish the costs of freight and insurance in the proportion of 7 to 10. Owing to its youth,

energies, and the advantages that nature has given the West, it is increasing in wealth with a rapidity unexampled in history. By reason of these, the West, (by which we mean the Lake country as well as the regions of the great rivers,) can stand up and grow under difficulties that would almost bankrupt an older and more thickly settled country; and it is her surprising prosperity under so great obstacles which has enabled successive administrations to refuse her the privileges to which she is entitled. Few countries could bear an annual loss of its tonnage of ten per cent., of which at least seven might be prevented by the proper improvement of its bays and harbors. Were seven per cent. of all the tonnage owned in the cities of New York and Boston annually lost for want of proper improvements in the entrance to its harbor, or through obstructions in its channel, how long would it be before these harbors would be improved, and the obstructions removed? And can it be asked of the West, or of its States, whose domestic commerce is carried on over great rivers, and along the shores of its broad lakes, that it should sit idly by, and see its wealth destroyed, its commerce ruined for want of those improvements, which no single State has the authority to make? Must Western tonnage still be compelled to pay from one to two and a half per cent. per month, or from twelve to twenty-four per cent. per annum? and at these high rates the underwriters still losing money in their insurances upon hulls—while a vessel may make a voyage around the world, running all the risks of the storms of ocean, and passing all the dangers of foreign ports, yet obtain insurance at the rate of from six to eight per cent. per annum—the Western boat having at the same time no storms to encounter, and few dangers to dread, that cannot be removed at the cost of one-half of what is annually paid her insurance offices.

The losses to commerce caused by the Des Moines and Rock Island Rapids of the upper Mississippi, compared with the losses at other parts of the river, are small—the chief injury to the navigation being the increased cost of freights at low stages of water. In the year 1839, the government was compelled to pay \$6 per hundred for the transportation of pork from St. Louis to Fort Snelling, or \$132 per ton, while the usual cost of freight was \$1.50 per hundred, or \$33 per ton. These rapids can be improved at an esti-

mated cost of \$150,000, so that they can be crossed at the lowest stages of water. The increasing population of the new States of Iowa and Wisconsin is constantly increasing the amount of tonnage and property passing over these rapids, and the increased cost of carriage caused by the want of their improvement, is a constant tax upon the trade and commerce of the upper Mississippi. The amount of lead received from the Galena mines at the port of St. Louis was, in 1844, pigs, 595,012; 1845, pigs, 750,879; 1846, pigs, 772,464. All this freight must pass over both of these rapids, and subject to all the increased cost of freights. The freights from St. Louis to Galena, at different seasons of the year, vary from 40cts. to 150cts. per hundred. There should not be this variation in cost of freights, a constant tax upon the energies of the country, a serious charge upon the whole trade, preventing property from coming to St. Louis, except at ruinous rates. Boats strike upon the rocks, knock a hole in the bottom, sink, are raised and repaired at a heavy cost. The losses by this cause cannot be estimated well, but they amount to many thousands of dollars every year. A committee of the citizens of Burlington, Iowa, appointed to estimate the extra freight and losses per annum caused by the Rapids, made the following report.* This town was not in existence ten years ago, and the statement of her trade could be equalled by that of many other towns above the rapids.

The whole amount of freight and passage between St. Louis and Burlington, during the year 1841, was \$49,251 50

Deduct probable amount of freight and fare if the obstructions were removed, 25,950 00

Loss, \$23,301 50

To which add loss by re-shipping, 27,500 00

\$50,801 00

the total yearly loss to the trade of Burlington and vicinity. This estimate was made after a careful examination of the books of the merchants of the town, and will fall short of the actual amount. All the calculations were based on the expenses, &c., when the river is high. The total amount of losses for all the towns and the country above the Upper Rapids, is ten times greater, or \$510,000

yearly! All this loss might be saved by annual appropriation of the general government of less than \$75,000, adding the increased amount to the taxes, the resources and wealth of the country.

The St. Louis Memorial also presents the tax imposed by the tolls of the Louisville and Portland canal at the falls of the Ohio. It cannot be denied that the construction of that canal has been of immense value to the trade of the West, saving annually many thousands of dollars that must otherwise have been paid for the portage of goods around the falls. But a work of this importance, affecting so seriously the whole trade of the valley passing the falls, should not be left in the hands of individuals, or of a private corporation. In high stages of the river, boats ascend and descend the falls, but at low stages they must either pass the canal, or the goods must be carried around over a portage of about three miles. To obviate this difficulty in the navigation, a canal has been constructed under a charter granted by the Legislature of Kentucky, in 1825, in which the United States are stockholders to the amount of 2,209 shares, and upon her stock she has received more than the investment. This canal is of vital importance to the whole trade of the West. The government should cease to be a partner in private speculations, and should become the sole owner of the work, and should also improve it so as to make it of the greatest possible value to the Western commerce. The tolls should be reduced so as merely to pay the costs of management and of repair, and the locks should be increased in size to allow of the passage of boats of the largest class. Some of the boats on the Western waters exceed three hundred feet in length, and about twenty boats are engaged in the Ohio trade, too large to pass the locks. All boats engaged in the trade, from above Louisville to the Mississippi, must pass this canal, paying at every trip the most enormous tolls. The St. Louis Memorial states, "that during the year 1843, 110 boats from places above the falls, visited St. Louis 310 times. The average tonnage was 156½ tons, and their aggregate tonnage, compared with the number of arrivals, 50,224. Double these results for the return trips, and we have, for the total passages of boats in this trade, 620 boats and a tonnage of 100,448 tons. Two-

* Report of St. Louis Chamber of Commerce. Appendix B.

thirds of the tonnage is estimated to pass the canal, and the toll for each ton is 50 cents.

By the report of the commissioners of the canal for 1843, 232,264 tons passed the canal, the tolls upon which would be \$116,132. The tolls upon the boats passing the canal, engaged in the St. Louis trade, would be \$33,500, if we allow that two-thirds of the tonnage passed the canal. By the returns of the canal, over 300,000 tons passed the locks in 1844, the tolls upon which would be \$150,000. In a note to the report of the committee upon the improvement of the Ohio river, made to the Memphis Convention, the number of boats passing the canal is stated at 300, at an average value of \$10,000, which is too low. If we adopt the St. Louis estimate, that the boats with their outfit cost \$80 per ton, a boat of 160 tons, engaged in the Ohio trade, will cost \$12,800. She will last five years, and in the St. Louis trade may make on the average 24 trips per annum. If she passes the canal 16 times, she will pay the canal \$1,280, and in five years, \$6,400, one-half the whole cost of the boat. The cost of running such a boat may be stated at \$16,960 per annum, and the tolls per annum would be 7½ per cent. of that cost. A dividend of 18 per cent. was declared in 1839, leaving a balance in the treasury of \$60,723, after paying \$17,904 for repairs. These enormous profits should not be allowed, and the commerce of the West should not be so heavily taxed, unless there is a necessity for it that cannot be avoided.

The manner in which the improvements of the Western waters shall be managed, need not here be discussed in detail. It belongs to the legislators of the nation. That something should be done, no one who has read the facts we have submitted can doubt. That the navigation of the Mississippi in particular should be improved—that the obstructions that render property and life insecure, should as far as possible be taken out of the way—is acknowledged by all who have paid any attention to the subject. The great highway of half a continent should be made as perfect and complete, for the purposes for which Providence has designed it, as it can be made by the application of human science and art. The genius of Fulton has given to the vast waters of the West the machinery that is fast changing the commerce and commercial intercourse of the world, almost

bridging the ocean itself, and uniting together the inhabitants of opposite continents. A commerce that the utmost stretch of the imagination of the wisest and most far-sighted statesmen of one half-century since did not compass, is now annually afloat upon the streams that flow down the valley of the Mississippi.

There is one plan, connected with the improvement of the Western waters, that should be immediately adopted, and that is, the establishment of a Bureau for the Interior, to be connected with the Treasury Department, for the collection of the statistics of the internal trade and commerce of the country. Every year the need of such a bureau is felt more and more. The general government and its officers know nothing of the vast amount of the commerce of the rivers and lakes, or of the manufactures and agricultural products of the country, except as our foreign commerce may be an index to the same, or as they owe it to individuals in different parts of the country. With the exception of the census documents for 1840, the records of the departments fail to give the information necessary for proper action upon many bills that are annually brought before Congress. Take the tariff bill, for instance; what do the officers of the departments know of the effects of any bill of that kind, upon the manufactures of the country, or upon its internal commerce. We venture the assertion, that upon any important subject, as much information of this kind may be gathered from the debates in Congress, as from the records of the Departments.

In the report to the Senate, to which we have before referred, Mr. Calhoun is principally indebted for his statistics to the Memorial of the citizens of St. Louis and Cincinnati, and the reports of the Memphis Convention, the records of the treasury department giving merely the amounts of tonnage, and not giving what was of great importance, the tonnage annually lost on the Western rivers. McGregor's Commercial Statistics of the United States, and the volumes of the Merchant's Magazine, contain more information about the resources of the country, than he gathered from the official documents of all the departments. How can men act wisely, or Congress legislate properly, when they do not possess the proper knowledge upon which to base their action. When Congress is called upon to improve the channels of

internal intercourse, the harbors upon the lakes, or the rivers of the West, the question, what is the amount of commerce to be affected and the necessity of such improvements is the first question to be answered; but to answer it correctly, the departments are unable. This is a defect that certainly calls for a remedy. The British Government is in possession of the statistics of almost every branch of trade, and manufactures and agriculture of its whole dominions, as well as of the monetary affairs of the community, while ours knows the statistics of nothing but our foreign commerce; it knows not the amount of currency afloat in the country, the amount of banking capital, or the capital invested in commerce or manufactures, or agriculture; and yet Congress is expected to pass good and wise laws, adapted to all the different interests of the country, and what information have they by which to guide their action? There are several different ports of entry upon the Western rivers, and with but little inconvenience to those engaged in their navigation, the collectors of the different ports can gather the amount if not the value of the property and products annually landed at the different ports, by requiring of every boat a full manifest of its cargo. This is partially done in our coasting trade, and there appears to be no insurmountable difficulty in making the same provision for our internal trade. The benefits to be derived from such a course are manifest, and the wonder is that Congress has not long since made provisions for the collection of statistics so important to the merchant and manufacturer, as well as the legislator. Had the statistics of the commerce of the great lakes and the Western rivers been annually presented to Congress, the commerce of the West would not have been for so many years left to suffer such heavy losses? The States of Massachusetts and Connecticut have provided for the collection of the statistics of every branch of industry. Congress ought at least to provide for the collection of the statistics of all kinds of our national commerce.

That the navigation of the Mississippi and its tributaries can be improved, has already been demonstrated by the previous action of the government. We find it stated in the Cincinnati report, "that from 1822 to 1827, the loss of property on the Ohio and Mississippi from snags alone, including steam and flat boats and

their cargoes, amounted to \$1,362,500; while the losses from 1827 to 1832, in consequence of the beneficial action of the snag-boats, were reduced to \$381,000." A diligent prosecution of the same service, if continued, would by this time have entirely cleared the channel of the rivers from snags, stumps, logs and rocks; and a small annual appropriation would constantly keep the channel clear of these obstructions. The neglect of the government, however, has allowed the obstructions to accumulate to such an extent, that almost the whole work must be done over again; and it will require several years' active service of the snag-boats to clear the channel. The work, however, must be done, and when it is commenced, let it be faithfully prosecuted to a completion; and then let government make a small yearly appropriation for the service, and as the country becomes settled, and cotton lands cultivated, and the overhanging timber on the banks removed, the channel will constantly become more permanent and be cut deeper.

On the subject of the improvement of the Missouri and of the Mississippi, from St. Louis to New Orleans, the St. Louis Memorial presents some views, of which, as they appear to be founded upon common sense, we here present an abstract. These views are given as presenting the views of the oldest and best-informed river men, many of whom have spent their whole lives upon their waters, and understand them thoroughly:

"By the Topographical Bureau, the Western rivers are divided into two divisions: the Ohio, above the Falls, constitutes one; the Falls, the Ohio below the Falls, and the Mississippi, Missouri and Arkansas, constitute the other. The great disproportion of the divisions shows at least one of the errors of the system. We would suggest that a more equitable division would be to constitute the Mississippi, above the mouth of the Ohio, into one division; the Missouri into another, so far as the removal of snags and that class of obstructions is concerned. The work of removing snags, and keeping the channel free, is not the work of a single season or of a single year, but should be continued from year to year. Neither is it a work requiring exclusive scientific knowledge, but rather practical experience. Heretofore the evidence of the industry and utility of the snag-boats has been estimated by the number of snags taken up. This plan is fallacious; it is not the *number* taken up but the *places* whence they are removed that constitutes the value of

their operations. They should be employed in removing the obstructions in the channel or the track where the boats must run. This track is the same for ascending and descending boats, and is well known to experienced pilots. The channel occasionally changes, and when changes occur, the operations of the boats should conform to them. The accumulation of snags in a part of the river which the channel has left, or is leaving, in many cases had better be suffered to go on, for they soon form a bar, or dry land, and contribute to deepen the channel or track which the boats have to follow. A snag-boat kept constantly employed, whenever the water will admit of it, in the channel run by the boats, removing the obstructions therefrom, and observing closely the changes, under the supervision of an experienced pilot or navigator who has traversed it for years, and at all seasons, and closely observed all its mutations, knows all its points and dangers, who knows the track it has left as well as the one it is in, would be much more serviceable than the greatest skill of one not possessing this experience and practical knowledge. Surveys on the Missouri and Mississippi, upon scientific principles, to ascertain the fields for operation, are *entirely useless*. The channel changes frequently in a single day, and from the commencement to the termination of a survey the changes may be so great that no operations could be conducted on the plans laid down."

A survey of the harbor of St. Louis, was made in 1845, since when several of the posts set up by the surveyors have fallen into the river, the channel having cut away the points on the shores upon which they stood.

For the removal of the snags, several boats of different draughts are required. One of light draught for the Missouri, another heavier for the Mississippi, to the mouth of the Ohio, and one still larger thence down to New Orleans. These should be provided with a diving bell for the removal of logs and rocks. The boats by following the channel at low water, under the guidance of an experienced pilot, will keep it clear; and, by passing up and down once or twice in the course of the season, and immediately after a high water, and removing the snags that have fallen in since their last passage, will keep the channel clear, and the force of the current will cut it out. By these means these waters can be navigated at all seasons when not obstructed by ice. The management of this business must be entrusted to practical river

men, thoroughly acquainted with the river, and with the channel at all seasons, and at all stages of water; for it is useless to be applying surveys and rules derived from the flow of rivers of gentle current and constant channel, to a stream running from three to five miles per hour, and a channel varying its locality half a mile in the course of a week. To the rules of science there can be no objection, but these rules must be derived from a correct knowledge of facts, and must be applied to those cases embraced within the principles from which the rules were derived. Where the channel is constant, as on the Ohio and its tributaries, and the Upper Mississippi, a corps of engineers will answer well, but in a shifting channel, one good practical man, acquainted with the river, is worth a score of men who must always work by line and angle, and who can never get out of the track in which they were first taught to tread.

The cost of this improvement compared with the amount and value of property annually destroyed, will be small. Were \$300,000 annually applied for five years, the annual appropriation from that period need not exceed \$150,000, which would be all saved to the West by the diminished cost of insurance alone.

The amount of commerce and the necessity for the improvements having been shown, the question now presented is: by whom shall these improvements be made? It cannot be done by individuals; they do not possess the means. If they did, as no one has any greater interest at stake than another, individual self-interest will not prompt them to undertake the work. Besides, if such attempt it, they must have authority from some power having jurisdiction, and this power is either the General Government or the States. The work, therefore, must be done by one of these powers, the States or the United States. Where, then, does the jurisdiction rest?

As the States are of themselves sovereign and independent, except so far as they have made a surrender of that sovereignty to the people of the States, what the United States cannot do, the States within their own territory can do, for unlimited power is one of the attributes of sovereignty. If then the power to improve these rivers is not vested in the general government by the Constitution, it must remain to the States; if it is forbidden to the States, it belongs to

the Union, for, as the States are sovereign, the powers not possessed by them must of necessity belong to the general government. The States have jurisdiction upon the Mississippi to the middle of the main channel of the river; upon the Ohio the States of Virginia and Kentucky have jurisdiction to the opposite shores. But as in many cases it is necessary in order to direct the channel, or to deepen it, or improve it, that work should be done upon both sides of the middle of the channel, it follows that no State can do it for want of jurisdiction; States on opposite sides of the river united cannot do it, for although together they would possess the jurisdiction, they are expressly forbidden by the Constitution to enter into any agreement, without the assent of Congress, and Congress holding its power under the Constitution can grant no authority it does not itself possess, or else the anomaly is presented of an attribute greater than its subject, the creature conferring powers not possessed by its creator, of Congress above the Constitution that gives it existence.

It is not denied that Congress possesses the power to improve the bays and harbors on the Atlantic coasts, and upon all coasts, the boundaries of our possessions, by the erection of lighthouses, piers, &c.; and if it may do this upon the seaboard, why not upon the navigable waters of the interior, since they are open to the free commerce of every State, without any duties or tonnage, except by consent of Congress, and the citizens of one State are entitled to the rights and privileges of any other State. But if there is any difference between salt water and fresh, except in taste, what is it? It certainly seems ridiculous to say that what is constitutional in one State is not so in another. Suppose that where the boundary line of two States meets the sea there is a fine harbor, the entrance to which requires to be improved by the removal of rocks or other obstructions, and that these are situated upon both sides of the division line. These rocks may be removed by the general government. But suppose it happens that instead of its being the channel entering a bay that requires improvement, it is a vast river, embracing with its tributaries a navigation of twenty thousand miles, and that for more than three thousand miles this river itself is the dividing line of States and empires, though the water accidentally happens to

be fresh instead of salt, why may not this be improved in the same manner as the channel of the bay? The rivers are open to the navigation of all the States, and might be opened to the shipping of foreign nations, if Congress saw proper; it is refused only because we want our coasting and internal trade to remain in our own hands. Can any person give a good reason why the building of piers, and erection of lighthouses, should be constitutional if done upon the Atlantic shore, but unconstitutional if done upon Western or Northern lakes?

It is admitted that government owes protection to foreign shipping, why not to domestic? it may protect foreign commerce from the dangers of the shore, why not domestic from the dangers of the channels of the rivers? The Constitution gives power to Congress to impose duties and imposts, to collect taxes, &c., to provide for the common defence and the general welfare. The power granted to provide for the general welfare, is as broad as that to provide for the common defence. No limit is placed upon it; that is left to the sound discretion of those who represent the government. The only restriction is, that it shall be for the general welfare of all instead of the particular interest of any one of the States. The report of Senator Calhoun, while it denies all authority for improvements under this clause of the Constitution, finds a limited authority under the clause giving authority to Congress to regulate commerce between the different States. This power extends only to such improvements as are necessary, where rivers have three or more States bordering upon their waters, but not to those where the rivers are embraced within one, or, at farthest, two States. But why the grant is thus to be narrowed down, a man of plain common sense, unacquainted with logical and metaphysical subtleties, finds it hard to understand. It would seem as if the grant of power should be construed by its words fairly understood, and that no subsequent limitation should affect it, unless by *express* words, or by words that admit of no other construction than that of limitation. The clause of the Constitution that permits no State to make contracts or agreements with another State without the consent of Congress, is considered as limiting the power of Congress. As by agreement between two States, divided by navigable waters, and the consent of

Congress, these improvements can be made, therefore they cannot be made by the general government. But how can Congress give an authority it does not itself possess? If it has not itself jurisdiction to improve a river flowing between two States, what power has it to improve any river, the Mississippi for instance? In any part of its course that river flows between and makes the boundary line of States. The States on opposite sides of the river, by agreement between themselves, and by consent of Congress, can make the improvements themselves, and if they can do it by themselves, then Congress has not the power. It would seem to a man of common sense that if the clause giving authority to any two States, by consent of Congress, to make compacts, is to be construed as a limitation of the power to regulate commerce between the different States, then the limitation totally destroys the power, as far as the improvement of the Mississippi and its tributaries is concerned. The conclusion seems perfectly logical, and there appears to be no fair method of avoiding it. The truth appears to be, that the United States, as a sovereign people, have under the Constitution the authority to provide for the improvement of all navigable waters, within the limits of its territory and territorial jurisdiction, under the clause giving to Congress power to regulate commerce between the different States, or under the clause giving authority to levy taxes, duties and imposts to provide for the general welfare.

Another object of interest to those dwelling upon and navigating the Western rivers, is the question as to the authority of Congress to improve harbors, or, as with more truth it might be said, the power to fix or change the channel of the rivers at certain points. The improvement of the harbor of St. Louis, so much needed by the commerce of that rapidly growing city, is that the channel of the river should be made, as of old, to follow the Missouri shore at that place, and not be allowed to wander off, and by constantly cutting away and undermining the opposite or Illinois shore—thus widening the bed of the river—to diminish the depth of water in the channel and destroy the commerce of St. Louis. That is all the improvement the so-called harbor of St. Louis requires. The control of the canal at the falls of the Ohio, is another improvement required. It is granted

that these improvements are not required for the purposes of shelter from storms or enemies, or for naval stations, and according to the report of the senator from South Carolina, improvements for other purposes are unconstitutional, and are not within the powers of Congress, because the power to improve the harbors belongs to the States in which they are. But the difficulty in improving the harbor of St. Louis is this very want of jurisdiction, or else the work would have been done by the municipal authorities of the city. In making this improvement it is necessary that the channel of the river some miles above the city should be slightly deflected from its course, so that it may strike the Missouri shore at St. Louis, and the work necessary thus to turn the channel must be done upon the Illinois shore, where the State of Missouri has no jurisdiction. Some years since the city of St. Louis undertook to make this improvement, by sinking boats loaded with stone in that part of the river under the jurisdiction of the State of Illinois. The officers of the city were prevented from completing their work by an injunction from the courts of Illinois, backed by loaded cannon, arguments rather too strong to resist. To improve this harbor Missouri has no power, for want of jurisdiction, except by contract with Illinois and the consent of Congress. Congress has no power. Illinois will not permit the improvement. Were the States perfectly independent, what could not be done by treaty, might be done by force, and the State of Missouri might undertake the conquest of Illinois, so that owning the territory on both sides of the river, the improvements might be made. But this would be war—civil war. Can it be possible that the Constitution has omitted to provide for a case of this kind, that a city whose annual arrival and departure of steamboat tonnage exceeds 800,000 tons, with a commerce of \$50,000,000, must see its commerce destroyed for want of proper improvements in the channel of the river? Impossible! Congress has the power, and it should exercise it. If, as before, the clause of the Constitution allowing States to make contracts with each other by consent of Congress, limits the power of improvements of the general government, the limitation destroys the entire power. If Congress may clear the channels, remove rocks, cut down overhanging timbers on the banks, it can remove the rocks in the

channel at the falls, or cut a channel directly through the falls, although it costs \$10,000,000. But if it can make a channel through the falls, why not make a channel around them at a smaller expense, although it is called by the undignified name of canal. Provided the object of improving the navigation of the river is accomplished, what matter by what name it is called. The States can carry out no general system of improvement for the Western rivers for want of a general jurisdiction. Congress has the jurisdiction, and must perform the work. It has power to levy taxes and duties for the general welfare, and has power to regulate commerce between the States, and having the power, it should perform the trust.

The situation of the Western States, so far from the seaboard, and yet connected therewith by navigable rivers, requires that something should be done to improve the navigation of those rivers. The vast amount of property annually at risk and exposed to destructive losses, demands that something should be done. It is but a few months ago that the government lost \$20,000 of supplies for the army upon the Missouri river by the sinking of a single boat, and large losses have since been sustained by government on the Mississippi.

But the time of this neglect, we believe, is fast drawing to a close. The

West will before many years have the control of the councils of the Union, and she will take care not to send to those councils men who are always troubled with constitutional qualms, when moneys are required for the improvement of the internal commerce of a Continent, but can talk most loudly of liberality and patriotism when a needless war is to be waged upon a sister Republic. The strong, hardy common sense of the Western population has little sympathy with such penny-wise economy, or with ideas of strict construction, that, chopping off the limbs of the body politic, entirely let out and miss the soul of it. They feel and know that the Constitution was made for the general interest and welfare of one mighty people, and not for the petty interest of divided sovereignties. Whatever may be the notions of partisan or sectional politicians respecting the validity or justice of their claims, they are very soon to have the preponderating influence in the national councils; the knot which they cannot untie they will cut with the sword of power. We have only to whisper in their ear that Congress has already done its duty, and that there exists a general hope that they will not again help to elect a president who will walk away with their bill in his pocket. They themselves are now to blame for the defeat of their own wishes.

REST.

ANCIENT mother, I am weary :—
Earth—my mother—bid me come ;—
To your palace, lone and dreary,
Call me now, the life-worn, home.
On what errand have ye sent me ?—
Wherefore have ye madly lent me,
Through this alien clime to roam ?
From your dark breast, where I lay,
In the glowing, glaring day,
How long must I wander on ?—
I remember, where no ember
Of this weary life-fire shone,
In the cool and dark profound,
Deep, beneath this noisy bound,
Where no dim life-shadows creep,
Where no wave of light, or sound,
Stirs the death-dream's voiceless deep.
Oh, the ceaseless, ceaseless turning,
Thither for that leaden rest !—

Oh, the blissful, blissful yearning,
As unto a mother's breast !
I am weary—bid me come !
Earth within me calleth, *Home* !

Let me blaze within the diamond,
Let me blow within the daisy ;—
Only, not on this life-clime, and
Not upon the throb, uneasy,
Of the fevered heart and brain,
Give me unto life again !
That was sweetest, when I lay,
Ere the rolling rivers found me,
Ere the whirling heat inwound me,
Hurling upward, to the day :—
Thither, thither, once again,
Thither from the blinding pain,
Call the way-worn wanderer now :
Thither, thither, only there,
Can the fever and the care,
Fade from out the burning brow,
And the mumuring from the heart,
And the anguish, and the languish,
From its pulseless strings depart !
Age-long, let me slumber there,
For only in a rest, so deep,
Only in an age-long sleep,
Can the crushing blind despair
From the life-worn being creep.

Then upon the whirlwind's path,
Bid me, evermore, be borne ;
Bind me, in thy wakening wrath,
To the footsteps of the morn !—
In the white-capped tempest's breath,
O'er the crested ocean, singing ;—
In the white, and awful wreath,
Where the polar blasts are ringing,
And eternal winters blanch ;—
Mid the everlasting roar,
Where the gathered waters pour
Their bright ocean-avalanche ;—
On the desert's violet wing,
On the lightning's fiery track,
Bind me to thy minist'ring ;—
Only, only, on the rack
Of the fevered heart and brain,
Give me *not* to life again !

Bring no more the vain to-morrow,
With its gold-hued piles of sorrow,
Fading into yesterday :
Bring no more the dream-built past,
O'er me its dream-shade to cast,
With its dark life-mockery :
Take this restless fire away,
I am but the kneaded clay ;
Weary, weary, of aspiring,
Weary, weary, of desiring.
Backward to thy bosom blest,
Let me sink, once more, to rest.

I am weary, bid me come !
Earth within me calleth, *Home* !

But there comes a mourning *Never*,
Echoing through that silence dumb,
"They, who from my bosom sever,
Unto me no more may come !"
And the black gates fold, forever,
With the thunder-tone of doom.
In her widening circles spangled,—
In her roaring, bright domain,—
Life hath caught thee, life-entangled,
None her clasp shall free again.
On her raging, tireless pinion,
Through blind chaos wildly blown,—
Through dark passion's storm-dominion,
Ceaseless, thou must wander on :—
Or, the spirit-fire awaking,
Upward through the storm-cloud breaking,—
Through the anguish, and the care,
And the crushing blind despair,—
Where the spirit tones say, "come,"—
Where the storm in music sweeps,
Down the golden, sun-lit deeps,—
Upward, to a fairer dome,—
To another, calmer breast,
Unto *Life's* own waveless rest,—
Earth subduing, struggle *Home* !

S.

SAM HOUSTON AND HIS REPUBLIC.*

A book, it will be perceived, with a title most gracious, such as singularly commends its subjects—the man rejoicing in the prenomens of Sam, and the republic honoring itself in being Sam's—to the public reverence. This heroic familiarity—this slapping the thrice-illustrious on the back, as it were—this offering him to us by that sort of clipped designation with which Tom accosts Dick, and Bill, in the succinct style of such a business, asks Jim and Jack and Bob "to take a drink"—admirably bespeaks the historical dignity that is to come. Excellent as is this ennobling resort of the title-page, for exciting the imagination and lifting the worthy about to be celebrated to the topmost pinnacle of everlasting attention, the love-and-awe-commanding attitude in which Texas herself is brought before us, by the first glance,

as not only Sam's doing, Sam's exploit, Sam's commonwealth, but Sam's property, is a prodigious piece of cleverness, and wonderfully prepares the sentiments which are to be reflected from Sam upon Sam's Republic.

But hold! what have we here? A printed circular, as we live! and, from its purport, manifestly addressed to ourselves, in our quality of critical journalists. And lo! at foot shines the author's own signature! *Tiens!* as the Frenchmen say: Stay! What the deuce can be the meaning of this? Is he going to serve some notice upon us? some caveat to critics? Let us see the document. Read! as Demosthenes says, when he would have some state-paper cited:

"Dear sir"—(Quite affectionate; he's an intimate of ours, then, we perceive. Well, that is a gratifying piece of infor-

* By C. Edwards Lester, author of "The Glory and Shame of England," and sundries. New York: Burgess, Stringer & Co. 1846. 8vo. 208 pp.

mation, which we did not expect. The historian and the hero, however, are of the hand-and-glove sort—hail-fellow-well-met with high and low.)

"The writer has taken the liberty" (being a "largest liberty" man) "of sending you a copy of this work. He believes" (Ah! what does he believe? For so copious is the canon of the Democratic creed, that we have never yet been able to find out *what* it does not comprehend.) "that since Texas has become a part of our Federal Union" (Oh, ho! we see it now; that Union has been greatly solidified, he is going to say; its constitution has been marvellously confirmed and sanctified; and its territories, as Mr. Polk announced, "bloodlessly" widened, at a huge rate. Proceed!) "every citizen is interested" (provided he hold Texas scrip at 5 cents in the dollar) "in knowing its history." (True; 'tis a very edifying body of annals. But tell us, O thou Tacitus! whether it would not have been quite as well to have scrutinized her heroic tale, and to have a little considered her "antecedents"—as Gauls fancifully denominate people's previous deeds—before we took her "for better, for worse?"

"If you deem the work worthy of notice, will you have the goodness to publish some review of it at your earliest convenience, and forward a copy to my publishers, Burgess, Stringer & Co., New York city. By doing so, you will greatly oblige your obedient servant,

"C. EDWARDS LESTER,

Author.

"New York, 20th Sept., 1846."

Certainly, Mr. Lester! We can't think of withholding a favor so ingeniously imagined, so delicately sought. The novelty, not less than artfulness—the modesty, not less than discretion—of the request, leave us no power of saying you nay; a review you shall certainly have; yea, and to complete our obedience and your satisfaction, a copy of it shall be forwarded to those thrice-favored sons of Faustus, Messrs. Burgess, Stringer & Co., your publishers.

To business, then! But hold! what's this again? By our eyes! another preface! A very prefatory author, this; for there is a third at its heels, in the shape of an introductory chapter, as little to the purpose as preface could well be, and doing nothing but to magnify the impertinences of its predecessors. Thus preface stands behind preface, in a file.

Preface second is, moreover, a very notable document—like the first, of highly original conception and most felicitous execution—such a preface as, if appropriate anywhere, would be least out of place at the end; for it is not an enunciation of what the author is going to do, but of what he has already done; a lofty gratulation of Mr. Lester to himself, upon his boundless achievements in this book; a kind of commendatory epistle, such as the learned were wont, in times of authority, to prefix to their works, under title of "Testimonies of authors." Here we have only this slight modification of that erudite usage, that the array of certifying scholars is less deep, by two, than that of prefaces, and consists of the forlorn figure of the author alone, thus soliloquizing in praise of his own performances, and wondering, like a second wonderful Katerfelto, over his own wonders.

"A WORD TO THE READER, before he begins the book or throies it down."

Note A. In his encomiastic elucidation of this passage, that mighty scholiast, the veteran Ritchiens (so justly the pride of all mollisaponaceous landation) thinks he can detect a charming and ingenious literary resemblance to two celebrated inscriptions: first, to that affecting epitaph which thus addresses the reader:

"O reader, if that thou canst read,
Look down upon this stone!"

Secondly, seeing that this is a warning for those who have not yet begun, or never may begin, the volume, Ritchien conjectures that this astute author had heard of a certain monument, by the banks of the Liffy, which warns the wayfarer of two things—to take notice that when he cannot see that stone, the ford is dangerous; and that if he cannot read he had better inquire at the house hard by.

But now comes the astonishment of this miracle of authors: first of all, he is struck all of a heap at Yankee-land at large; next, he stands aghast at the very ill reputation which Texas has enjoyed; which done, he marvels prodigiously over his hero, Sam; and lastly, soaring to the height of all that is astounding, he is amazed at his own admirable self!

"I have lived," he breaks forth, "to see obloquy heaped by the sons of the Puritans upon an outraged people brave-

ly struggling for independence, in the holy name of Liberty.

"I have lived to see unmeasured calumny poured on the head of a heroic man who struck the fetter from his bleeding country in the field, and preserved her by his counsels in the cabinet.

"I have lived to do justice to that man and that people, by asserting the truth."

Here, a part of the surprise which overwhelms the historian seems to be, wonder at the fact that *he* should have told truth of anybody or anything. Measured by the quantity of veracity, however, that of astonishment need not have been by any means enormous, as we shall presently see. Accordingly, a fit of compunction or of alarm at the novel experiment instantly seizes him.

"This book," he proceeds, "will lose me some friends," (his original Van Burenian patrons, no doubt,) "but it will win me better ones in their places," (to wit, Houstonian ones.) "But if it lost me all, and gained me none, in God's name, as I am a free man, I would publish it." Verily, a prodigious fervor and fury of truth is this which is seizing upon him! Hardly a convert, he declares himself a saint, and burns to be a martyr. That fiery crown, we fear, will never encircle his head; at least, not while wood shall be at five dollars the cord. At that rate, he would have to be an unthrifty enemy of historic veracity who would waste one fagot upon all the truth in this book. Personally, then, the Lesterian aspirations must be as vain as they are sacred, until fuel falls greatly, and coals come down so low that 'twill be as cheap to burn an author as his works.

"I am," continues Mr. Lester, "no man's partisan or eulogist. But I dare tell the truth to the men of my own times, and leave the men of other times to take care of my reputation." Alas! those "other times" will have to be dreadfully economical that are to save such beggarly articles. But what if the "reputation" aforesaid, a tatter from the beginning, should never reach the posterity of next week? Perhaps 'twere quite as well the professor should take some little care of it himself; for certainly nobody else will.

The modest anticipator of his own immortality then proceeds, in the same diffident vein: "I do not ask the reader to adopt my opinions—but I do ask him to weigh my facts. I deprecate no critic's severity: I only say to him, as the old

Greek did to the man with the uplifted club, 'Strike, sir! but hear me first.' Let us see if any good thing can come out of Nazareth! C. EDWARDS LESTER."

Whether, in the last allusion, it is himself or Houston whom he intends for this impious comparison, is not entirely clear; for lucidity is by no means Mr. Lester's chief characteristic. As, however, he had just before likened himself to Themistocles, it is to be presumed that the superior similitude is assigned to his hero; not that, in either case, the resemblance was very perfect, or that the similes might not have been interchanged, with little diminution of appropriateness, but merely because it was now fairly the incomparable Sam's turn to be compared to something.

Works of genius have almost invariably some shining moral within themselves not directly seen, but lighting up the rich exterior, as a lamp does the figures on an alabaster vase. Such a moral gleams in various parts of this high-wrought preface; but scarce visibly enough. Let us assist the beam a little and make it obvious.

Mr. Lester has lived to see a land the notorious asylum of whatever society had among ourselves cast away, and shaken from its lap as an encumbrance or a plague; and Mr. Lester is indignant that a population largely composed of reckless adventurers and of desperate criminals should have enjoyed an exceedingly bad reputation.

Mr. Lester has lived to see strange facts and unseemly, and especially this: that a call to arms and liberty from men among whom such desperadoes as Houston, Potter, Bowie, and many more were conspicuous, each ranking high somewhat according to his previous fame of atrocity, should not have commanded, among either the sons of the Puritans, or of Penn., or of the Cavaliers, unhesitating sympathy and unbounded haste to fraternize.

Mr. Lester has lived to see half the people of the United States slow to take up a quarrel which they did not understand, and a cause which was not theirs, with partners whom they were compelled to mistrust; and nothing certain concerning them except a cruel war to be waged, wide conquests to be attempted, and enormous sacrifices of every sort to be incurred, without the reasonable hope of any one good fruit whatever.

Mr. Lester has lived to see men set up

with success the pretence of Catholic intolerance to *their religion* who had expressly, in settling, sworn they were Roman Catholics—thus selling their little faith for much land; so that if they were wronged in their religion, it was only because they had cheated in the *only* consideration given for the possessions and exemptions they received.

Mr. Lester has lived to see his fellow-citizens averse—most unreasonably averse—to plunging into a war with Mexican laws, in favor of a people the most resentful of whom were well known to be upon *older* and *worse* terms with our tribunals than with the Mexican.

Mr. Lester has lived to see debaucheries, seldom rivalled here in Washington, become a reproach to a man, no matter how high the rolling sphere of fortune may for a time have lifted him. Mr. Lester has, in this singular century, seen an unquestionable course of domestic conduct punished by a lasting public detestation. A woeful pass public manners have certainly come to when such a code of social morals does not conciliate admiration instead of disgust; when the having committed, while chief magistrate of a State, an action so flagrant as drove him from civil society, an exile and an outlaw, to become the voluntary barbarian—that lowest of all savages, a white man turned Indian—really creates some little prejudice against one, and gives rise to “calumnies.”

A moral or two more, some ultimate deductions from the bright page of this *poem*, and we have done. And whilst we state these profound and consolatory conclusions,

“Of darkness visible so much be lent,
As half to show, half veil the deep intent.”

First, then—rejecting the fatuous, immoral and disorganizing old doctrine, that *so much virtue as a people has, so much liberty*—we reach, by Lesterian assistance, a truth far nobler as well as more beneficent, namely: that the known criminality of a people as individuals should breed in you no hesitation to fraternize with anything which it may suit them to call Freedom; for that there may well be republicans in whom the

sentiment of Liberty is as strong as the taste for Morality is weak; and, after all, the advantage which free governments have over monarchical ones must be small, if both must, in order to be happy, wear the same manacles of law, and endure the bondage of honesty and sense.

Secondly, that when such a community springs up near us, chiefly out of men whom the oppression of debt and the civil persecution of proclamations for homicide and the like have made seek elsewhere a genial realm, unconscious of John Doe and Richard Roe, and innocent of the vile old formality of indictments, we should see their charters in the writs, with returns of *non est inventus*, which they have left behind them in all our courts; and, judging of the attachment to our institutions, which they profess, by their obedience to them before they fled away, and inferring their love of the native soil from the celerity with which they quitted it, and the agreeable memories with which the circumstances of their departure must cause them to look back to it, we should certainly be eager, to the last degree, to re-affiliate to our government citizens possessing so many claims upon us; and for this purpose what price, such as mere national mixture of reputations, or a war that shall cost us scores of millions, or the sacrifice of our own Constitution and policy, can be too high?

Thirdly, the former history and present renown of him whom Mr. Lester celebrates, should teach us to beware how we stigmatize the most shameful career, or pronounce, forsooth, that a little success cannot cancel long depravity. How do we know, after all, but that every turpitude is the sign of coming greatness, the omen of dawning empire, the pledge of heroism merely assuming its latest form?

Lastly, the Houstono-Lesterian happiness must here be resounded; that happiness which has given to each other a hero and a historian, so matched and appropriate, that only the utmost effort of Fate could, out of all entity, past, present or to come, raise them up for one another's glory! Verse alone can do justice to so bright a conjunction.

Vixere fortes, says Horatius,
To whom a destiny ungracious*

* “Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
Multi; sed omnes illachrimabiles
Urgentur ignotique longa
Nocte, carent quia vate sacro.

Assigned the cruel lot and hard
Of thumps with no recording bard!
What signifies (and Fate should know it)
Sending a hero with no poet?
The noisy nation of the Frogs
Lived in the obscurity of bogs,
And Mice, magnanimous in vain,
Dyed with their livesth'ensanguined plain,
Till Jove, whose love of high deeds great

is,
Sent them that imp of Fame, a *vates*.
All reputations must have a rent,
When they the *sacro vate carent*,
Without whom honor is but small,
Or, rather, there is none at all.
For "hidden virtue figure doth
No more than an inglorious sloth,"
Says Flaccus.

Who did ever groan a
Plaint o'er the conflicts of Bologna,
When raged with fury and despair
Her woeful war of wooden-ware,
Until th' eternizing Tassoni
(Valor's redeemer, Glory's crony)
Rescued the honors of her Bucket,†
And from oblivion did pluck it?

The Emperor of Lilliput
(Polk's brother) long (like him) had cut
A figure far from being gigantic,
Till Chance, one day, in humor antic,
Impelled a dean, (like a Convention
Which we will not at present mention.)
An Irish dean, one Master Swift,
To give His Littleness a lift,
And make of this bad, puny thing,
A monarch-mannikin, a six-inch king!

Ere soul-refining Sensibility
Of life had loosened every silly tie,
Or people lisped Sentimentality,
(The present idiom of rascality,)
Or villains, to arrive at license,
Of Freedom aped a very high sense,
No quack of *principles*, like Godwin,‡
Could of admiring earth the nod win;

And mankind would have only laughed
At him and at his Wolstoncraft,§
If they had not begun to learn
Virtue and tenderness of Sterne,||
To read the reasons pure and weighty
For adulterous suicide in Goethe,¶
Or find in Paine a nice religion**
To carry folks to hell a bridge on.
There had, long before Heloise,††
Been dames too tender, if you please,
Though neither hussy yet nor rogue
At all enjoyed their present vogue;
But 'twas the pen of pure Rousseau
Which made romantic truths the go.

Ere "Newgate's Calendar" had risen,
Small were the glories of the Prison;
While Honor now, beyond a doubt,
Is rather for those in than out.
Lo! Marryatt and those who're clapt in
The volumes of that honest captain,
Without whom every noble pirate
Might cut throats with of fame no high

rate.
Aram's (Eugene's) renown hath sprung
Not so much from the being hung,
As from the luck of scribe congenial
Intent on making all crimes venial.
Since the performances of Dickens,
How much the public interest thickens
In all the amiable tribes
Of Pickpockets whom he describes!
In France, what would your hang-dog do
Without the convict quill of Sue?‡‡
Aided by it, to fame he climbs,
In just proportion to his crimes:
Which shows that, in this moral century,
The "House of Fame's" the Penitentiary;
While 'tis the Muses, if they please,
Who keep the convicts and the keys.
"Unwept, unhonored and unsung"§§
No man must die who has been hung!

But Jove, who seems, at times, to nod head|||
To facts scarce worthy a wise godhead,

Paulum sepultæ distat inertie
Celata virtus." *Ode 9, Book 10.*

We quote the Latin, merely that we may give the jesting but exact enough version of Byron, in his *Don Juan*:

"Brave men were living before Agamemnon,
And since, exceeding valorous and sage;
A good deal like him, too, though quite the same none;
But then they shone not on the poet's page,
And so have been forgotten."

* To wit, him who wrote the *Batrachomyomachia*.

† The mock-epic of Tassoni, the *Secchia Rapita*, which celebrates the contests between Bologna and Modena, their cause a well-bucket.

‡ Him whom his now-forgotten *Political Justice* made, for a time, one of the chief comets of the black sky of Jacobinism.

§ Mary, irregularly the spouse of several people, married or single, and finally wedded by Godwin, just in time to legitimize the birth of the future Mrs. Shelley. Her *Rights of Women* is the book here referred to.

|| The *Sentimental Journey* and the *Letters to Eliza* may be considered the foundation of the Rousseau and Goethe system of morals, which allows every crime, if you will only talk, all the while, exquisite sensibility and impossible virtue.

¶ The *Sorrows of Werther*.

** The *Age of Reason*.

†† The *New Heloise*.

‡‡ The *Mysteries of Paris*.

§§ Scott, *Lays of Last Minstrel*.

||| Allusion to that nod with which, in Homer, Jupiter ratifies the decrees of Fate, much as Mr. Polk sets his signature to Acts of Congress:

At others sends, with prudent notion,
The deed and song in fit proportion.
When, therefore, he gives earth a hero
With virtues standing just at Zero,
He sends a poet (as he ought)
Who's but a counterfeit of thought,
A genius in nonsense boundless,
A scribbler senseless as he's soundless,
Whose stuff of Prose as dire a curse is
As are of Poetry his verses;
A brainless bard, a fatuous *vates*,
In verse who the rag-end of fate is.

Lester! thy worthy much a match is
For Old Virginia pea-patches,
Where, "angel-visits" like, are seen
Beans very "few and far between."
Now, the bright things in this thy hero
Occur like peas in such a pea-row;
And were they more, it were perilous,
With thee to turn them to ridiculous.

Proceed, then, O illustrious pair!
Matched thus in merit as ye are;
Houston, society's infester,
As that of Literature is Lester.
Together mount your cart of triumph,
While sense and decency shall cry
"humph!"

Exalted sitting side by side,
Lester shall drive and Houston ride,
As when, of old, for Diomedes
Pallas herself did guide the steed.*
Attendant on your conquering wheels
Shall come each hero soil who steals,
Each wight who duly understands
More larceny than that of lands;
Who, when he likes a horse, *instantly*,
Mounts him and makes off in a canter;
All who too much excel in games,
Or writing other people's names;
Those skilled bank-notes to make or alter;
Each Potterizer, each defaulter,
And all who dungeon dread or halter;
All that of statutes do the mesh shun
As a most tyrannous oppression;
Who long have quarreled with the laws,
And so must feel for "Freedom's cause;"
In short, each man that in disgust is
With catchpoles, sheriffs and all justice,
And not for "Liberty" to fight meant,
But merely to escape indictment.

With this array noble and numerous,
(Fit dismal men to render humorous,)
Leader, historian and host,
Not too good for the whipping-post,
Or in a blanket to be tossed,

All hail to *Houston Imperator*,
Of heroes the last "small potato!"

"Avaunt, O mischievous Muse!
Enough of prologue! Let the piece proceed!"

"Proceed, forsooth! Fair and softly,
good sir! It is easy for you to make a
noise and hurry a body at this rate—you
who have not the slightest idea of the
genius with whom we have to deal!
Why, sir, there's a third exordium, an
additional introduction propitiatory, in
which the panegyrist, only gathering
fresh force from all his own previous
hallooing, pours a bombast and peals a
yell of praise such that, astounded, Fame
must gape with her hundred mouths, and
stop her hundred ears, at the din."

"Spare us, gracious Muse! all further
prefaces. Keep us not forever on the
threshold; but suffer us to pass the portal
of this amazing subject. Magnificent
porticoes are here; but we would enter
the temple itself and adore. Prodigious,
'tis true, are these Lesterian poems,
portents such as should usher into the
gladdened world Jove's last great progeny.
But, as your friend Virgil saith:
'Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur
ordo:

Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia
regna;

Jam nova progenies cælo demittitur alto!
Tu modo nascenti puero quo ferrea pri-
mum

Desinet, ac toto surget gens aurea mundo,
Casta, fave, Lucina!"

In a word, permit him to be born; let us
know his heroical nurture; tell us 'upon
what meat was this same Cæsar fed.'
The eager Earth, tired of bilks, bullies
and blackguards, expects him. Repudia-
tion stretches out for him her anxious
arms; Land-stealing salutes his rising
dawn; Bowie and Potter, the destined
associates of his fugitive patriotism, await
him, with knives and pistols half-drawn
and with the tin-cup of whiskey sus-
pended; the brawl, the debauch, stay for
him; and longing dram-shops claim their
customer.† Proceed, then, to his na-

"Shakes his imperial curls and gives the nod,
The stamp of Fate and sanction of the God.
High Heaven with awe the dreaded signal took,
And all Olympus to its centre shook."

* See, in the *Iliad*, the book of the Acts of Diomedes, where Valor and Wisdom thus
drive to battle together.

† See the rest of the prophecy in Virgil's *Pollio*, and particularly these lines:

"Te duce, si qua manent, sceleris vestigia nostri
Irrita perpetua solvent formidine terras."

Thou reigning there, whatever crimes still vex us
Shall all be swept forever off to Texas.

tivity; bring us at once to the second Lesterian chapter."

The hero of but two battles at most, if of many brawls, was born on the 2d March, 1793—that is, just two days before the inauguration of Gen. Washington for his second Presidential term. If we are to seek for stellar influences or the social spirit abroad, as affecting the natal hour, this was the period of Robespierre's dictatorship in France, of the propagation of Jacobinism in this country through Mr. Jefferson's "Democratic Societies," and of the rise of the "Whiskey Insurrection," secretly promoted by the same patriotic statesman as one of the means of overturning the Administration of which he was a member. The birth-place of Houston was a spot seven miles east of Lexington, Virginia, known as Timber Ridge Church. His ancestors, paternal and maternal, were Scotch-Irish Presbyterians, of that body who, in the time of John Knox, colonized from the Highlands the North of Ireland. Mr. Lester, with that historical mal-address which makes him so sad an encomiast, says, (p. 8.) "Here they remained till the siege of Derry, in which they were engaged when they emigrated to Pennsylvania." This is much like mentioning that "certain Arkansas and Indiana men emigrated while engaged in the battle of Buena Vista." Thus does the trumpery of Mr. Lester, or the braggart folly of his hero-informant, inflict disgrace, in seeking falsely to magnify! Instead of the simple statement that some of these

people came away from Ireland about the time when some others were engaged in the siege of Derry, the migrators must, by a delightful confusion of ideas, be mixed up with the besiegers; and merely that the Houstonian progenitors may be decorated with the ill-feigned honor of having borne part in a deed of arms, they are ludicrously consigned to the disgrace of having, by strong inference, run away (for what else is migrating while engaged in a siege?) in the midst of it!

Authenticity, however, or even the air of it, is a thing which the biographer need not much consult, when a Houston is his subject. And, accordingly, the next genealogical particulars are of an exceedingly suspicious cast. *Fortes gignuntur fortibus*; so the heroism of the lineage of those who "migrated while engaged in the siege of Derry," must not have run out, before it came to Sam the Great: his sire must have been omnipotent, in order to render credible his own coming miracles of valor. Behold, then, how, being the adjutant of a militia brigade, his soul glowed, through life, with the single passion of arms; and how, there having once been a Revolutionary war, he had, of course, figured in it, although the when, how, and where, are, with commendable caution, suppressed! "His father was a man of moderate fortune; indeed, he seems to have possessed only the means of a comfortable subsistence. He was known only for one passion, and this was for a military life. He had borne his part in

Again:

"Ille deum vitam accipiet, divus que videbit
Permixtos heroes, et ipse videbitur illis,
Pacatumque reget patriis virtutibus orbem;"

which may be rendered as follows:

"There, if not godly, he shall grow immortal,
Maugre of decency his comings-short all;
There round him see heroes and gods in three rows
Pell-mell—as many quite of gods as heroes;
And with a hickory (the Jacksonian laurel)
For sceptre, knock down all who raise a quarrel."

For *ipse videbitur*, Scriblerus proposeth, as the better prophecy, to read, *tipsy videbitur*.

* "Derry!" some reader may ejaculate: "Siege!" "What Derry? what siege? Who besieged Derry? and where did he find it to besiege? Derry? Derry? Derry? There's a See of Derry: but surely nobody ever besieged the bishop and all his country clergy and vicars at once. What other Derry, then, except that at the end of songs—'down, derry, down?'"

Dear reader! suffer us to offer a solution. In popular, not historical language, Londonderry is sometimes called Derry: and Londonderry, you know, stood, in 1689, a famous siege against the forces of James II. That this is what Houston and Lester meant, we must not say; for evidently they know nothing about it; they suppose the Scotch-Irish to have been the besiegers, not (as they were) the besieged. As to their then migrating, 'twas not easy for the people of a beleagured town to migrate so far. In 1682, at the founding of Penn's colony with the promise of general toleration, there was a migration from Puritan Ireland, through the dread of James and Popery: but after his dethronement, in 1688, migration for religious causes ceased. Houston and Lester are obviously repeating vague popular traditions of events that they know nothing about.

the Revolution, and was successively the inspector of Gen. Bowyer's and Gen. Moore's brigades. The latter post he held till his death, which took place in 1807, while he was on a tour of inspection among the Alleghany mountains. He was a man of powerful frame, fine bearing, and indomitable courage. These qualities his son inherited; and they were the only legacy he had to leave him."—P. 8.

Now, it being premised that *all the details of fact*, throughout this notable biography, are obviously supplied by Gen. Houston alone, and the lighter graces only of fancy, style, and the last polishing touch conferred by Mr. Lester, how will such statements as these last stand criticism? The personal vanity of Houston will not suffer him directly to avow what his tale itself very ill dissembles—that his father was poor and obscure. Here, the family fortune is "moderate;" they have only "the means of a comfortable subsistence;" and yet, but a page further on, we are told that the boy, kept constantly at "hard work," (except for a little while in winter,) had not, perhaps, up to his 13th year and the period of his father's death, been able to receive in all more than six months' schooling. (See pp. 9, 10.) A moment more, and we are informed that the father's death "at once changed the fortunes of the family." (P. 10.) But if, in this family of "moderate fortune," the very children, between eight and thirteen years, were all the while obliged to "work hard" for their bread, we see not how the father's death could depress them into greater poverty: for, in this country generally, the utmost condition of penury, to a rural population, is that in which the very children at a tender age must support themselves by the constant labor of their hands. It is, we think, evident, that either this sire, whose sole passion was for a military life, was a worthless frequenter of militia muster-fields, and lazily poor; or that the poverty pleaded, in contradiction to what had just before been told of "moderate fortune" and "comfortable subsistence," is clumsily assumed at the instant, to palliate the otherwise shameful ignorance in which the Texan hero grew up. It is plain that he is exceedingly ashamed of that poverty which, nevertheless, by an amusing dilemma, he presently finds the most available refuge from the truer disgrace of voluntary want of education.

Next comes an account of his other parent:

"His mother was an extraordinary woman. She was distinguished by a full, rather tall, and matronly form, a fine carriage, and an impressive and dignified countenance. She was gifted with intellectual and moral qualities which elevated her in a still more striking manner above most of her sex. Her life shone with purity and benevolence, and yet she was nerved with a stern fortitude which never gave way in the midst of the wild scenes that chequer the history of the frontier settler. Her beneficence was universal, and her name was called with gratitude by the poor and the suffering. Many years afterward, her son returned from his distant exile to weep by her bed-side when she came to die."

This picture of a mother, though tame and commonplace, would be tolerable, in the midst of all its exaggeration of tone, did one not easily discover, in all that Mr. Houston says of either parent, a body of traits designed to give himself, not them, semblance. He paints only such features as he desires to be supposed to have inherited. His father's image is not such as the filial affection of the boy of thirteen would recall; except his "powerful frame," there is nothing individual, nothing characteristic about the portrait; but qualities are given such as suit a popular effect only, and are by no means those which the heart of a child would single out for fondness and memory. Much the same is it with the mother: she stands a tall, dim figure, the ghost of a frontier heroine—a shadowy impersonation of a class, and not herself a particular person; and she is a marvellous "friend of the poor," a perfect Lady Bountiful; for, although the family *always* "worked hard" (every soul of them) for their bread *before* the father's death, and were, after that misfortune, sunk much lower as to worldly goods, yet it is decidedly popular to be the son of a dame "whose beneficence was universal, and whose name was called with gratitude by the poor and suffering;" and so Mrs. Houston is not, in her poverty, the kind-hearted helper of a few neighbors as poor as she, but she rises into the protectress of all, far and wide, her liberal hand and her good deeds blessed by a whole region! As for the filial piety (the "weeping by her death-bed") carefully recorded in this paragraph, the fact cannot well have been

furnished by any but Gen. Houston himself; and one must regret to find, in reading the book, that the General has forgotten to supply any other fact whatever which betokens the slightest affection towards any of those whom he should have loved. It presently appears that, instead of aiding to sustain a newly-widowed mother, burdened with eight other children, he ran away from home in his fourteenth or fifteenth year, and naturalized himself into a Cherokee tribe, and the adoption of an Indian papa and mamma. The ceremony of letting his majestic mother know that there was a possibility of his re-appearance—because a certainty that he was neither shot, stabbed, nor hung, but only turned red-skin—he seems to have considered quite needless: he was not a man of forms, and perhaps had his own notions of the maternal agonies which his sudden vanishment was entitled to create. For three or four years, (until he was eighteen,) his attentions and assistance to the beneficent lady consisted, apparently, of a visit, now and then, when his clothes were worn out: so that he probably came to see her only in compliment to her charity, and by way of patronizing her skill of the spindle, the loom and the needle. Yet should our youth, emulous of Master Houston, take to the woods, by way of becoming heroes of the 19th century and the progress, we must be allowed to exhort them at least to become Indians enough to make and wear the garb, with the tastes, of savages, and not to burden a mother, deserted and poor, with the charge of clothing a vagabond.

It is true that, to whiten the fact of this turning savage, Mr. Lester avers that young Houston was "tyrannized" over by his elder brothers; that they "exercised over him some severe restraints;" that "they crossed his wishes occasionally." The force of such extenuations is difficult to measure, when (as in this case) they are placed in the same sentence, in such a graduation that you may suppose either that the youth was made a perfect slave of, or that he ran away because he could not make his elder brothers slaves. He appears, at the evasion, (so says the biographer,) to have been "nearly six feet high, and standing straight as an Indian." Now, people of that stature and make are seldom very violently oppressed by their brothers in this country; nor, should

they chance to be so, would running away to the Kickapoos be by any means the necessary remedy—there being magistrates and county courts to whom orphans may always resort as their guardians. Besides, Messrs. Lester and Houston have an unlucky way of telling somewhat more than always sheds probability on their own stories; and in this instance, they themselves admit that it was while living as a clerk in a "store" in Knoxville, that the young gentleman thus sought to recover that estimable state of society,

"Where wild in woods the lordly savage runs."

From his parentage, let us descend to what Mr. Lester (by courtesy, no doubt) calls "his education." The following extract will show:

"It is a matter of some interest to inquire, what were the means of education offered to this Virginia boy. We have learned from all quarters, that he never could be got into a school-house till he was eight years old, nor can we learn that he ever accomplished much in a literary way after he did enter. Virginia, which has never become very famous for her schools at any period, had still less to boast of forty years ago. The State made little or no provision by law for the education of its citizens, and each neighborhood was obliged to take care of its rising population. Long before this period, Washington College had been removed to Lexington, and a Field School was kept in the ruined old edifice once occupied by that institution. This school seems, from all accounts (and we have taken some pains to inform ourselves about this matter), to have been of doubtful utility. He is said, however, to have learned to read and write—to have gained some imperfect ideas of cyphering. Late in the fall and the winter, were the only seasons he was allowed to improve even the dubious advantages of such a school. The rest of the year he was kept to hard work. If he worked very well, he was sometimes permitted to run home from the fields to be in time to retain his place in spelling. But it is doubtful if he ever went to such a school more than six months in all, till the death of his father, which took place when he was thirteen years old."

The further history of the family, until they fix themselves in new seats, is recounted with a Lesterian beauty, which is particularly glowing near the close of the first of the three ensuing paragraphs.

"Mrs. Houston was left with the heavy burden of a numerous family. She had six sons and three daughters. But she was not a woman to succumb to misfortune, and she immediately sold out the homestead and prepared to cross the Alleghany Mountains, and find a new home on the fertile banks of the Tennessee river. Those of our readers who live in the midst of a crowded population, surrounded by all that embellishes civilized life, may be struck with the heroism of a Virginia woman who, forty years ago, took up her journey through those unpeopled regions; and yet few of them can have any adequate conception of the hardships such a heroine had to encounter. We hope the day may come when our young authors will stop writing and dreaming about European castles, with their crazy knights and lady-loves, and hunting through the mummy-haunted halls of the pyramids, and set themselves to work to glean the unwritten legends of heroism and adventure, which the old men would tell them, who are now smoking *their pipes around the roof-trees* of Kentucky and Tennessee.

"There is room for the imagination to play around the toilsome path of this widow and her children, as she pushed her adventurous way to her forest home. *Some facts, too, of wild interest are in our possession*—but we shall hurry on with our story, for, if we mistake not, our readers will find romance enough in this history to satisfy the wildest fancy.

"Fired still with the same heroic spirit which first led them to try the woods, our daring little party stopped not till they reached the limits of the emigration of those days. They halted eight miles from the Tennessee river, which was then the boundary between white men and the Cherokee Indians."

Here, according to what is probable, as well as what is asserted by the hero through his deft secretary, the family set to work to "clear" fields, in order to make themselves corn; for, in that rude tillage of the frontier, corn is more than "the staff of life;" maize is the sole culture; of maize is the universal hoe-cake; the woodman eats it, at first, with his main animal food, venison, and by and by with his pork, which meantime has been eating corn that it may with corn be eaten; the horse, at first self-sustained in "the range" (the forest), takes to eating corn as soon as he has made it; and, in a word, corn is the beginning and corn the end; in corn the settler—when ceasing for a time to be the "mover" he *does settle*—"lives, and moves, and has his being."

To corn-making, then, along with the rest, it is averred that Master Houston fell. Very greatly do we doubt the fact; for, through whatever legend is sung to us about his aversion to school, his heroic determination to learn Latin and Greek or to learn nothing, the tyranny of his brothers, his repugnance to the counter, and finally his escape to the happiness of aboriginal freedom, from which he only recurs to civilization when he has become nakeder than the supine savage himself likes to be, we see, or think we see, the honest, homely, familiar truth: namely, that Sam's was a case of what Dryden calls "a lasting make, like that of thoughtless men;" unapt of brain and ease-loving of body, so that he could not learn, yet would not work, and had, in short, the "strong nativity" of early worthlessness, and incurable distaste for exertion and therefore for obedience (because they who obey must work and make themselves useful), and a fixed aversion to honest acts and respectable habits. Everybody perfectly comprehends the real moral of fables like those with which these ingenious historians would amuse us; no soul so simple as not to see through such strong symptoms of the scamp, the "young loafer;" and as for all the fal-lal, presently to come, about a man's running away from a decent home, in order to consort with Indians, all the world understands entirely that phenomenon—knows that it never occurs except with men whom not the pretended *romance* of savage life (heard of only in the foolish books of a few Frenchmen) has attracted, but the mere license of living unshamed by decency, unfettered by law, disenthralled of every duty, an almost irresponsible outcast even in the savage society upon which one has thrown himself. The maturer manners of Mr. Houston are a little too notorious for anybody not to conceive the impulses which repeatedly led him to *Indianize* himself.

But we are anticipating; and this mythological part of our worthy's career is too deliciously told not to be given in the words of the text.

"There was an academy established in that part of East Tennessee about this time, and he went to it for a while, just after Hon. Mr. Jarnagin, who now represents his State in the U. S. Senate, had left it. He had got possession in some way, of two or three books, which had a great power over his imagination. No boy ever

reads well till he feels a thirst for intelligence, and no surer indication is needed that this period has come, than to see the mind directed towards those gigantic heroes who rise like spectres from the ruins of Greece and Rome, towering high and clear above the darkness and gloom of the Middle Ages. He had, among other works, Pope's Iliad, which he read so constantly, we have been assured on the most reliable authority, he could repeat it almost entire from beginning to end."

Here, then, is the Homeric question—the possibility that a rhapsodist should learn the whole Iliad by heart—set at rest forever! Now, such is our faith in Mr. Lester, and "the most reliable authority," (to wit, the tenacious General in person,) that we will take with the latter any moderate wager that he cannot, for his life, recite ten consecutive lines of Pope's Homer. Nay, we will give him twelve calendar months, and he shall not be able, even with the assistance of Professor Gouraud, to commit to memory the book only (the 2d) which contains the catalogue of the ships and forces, at which we remember to have seen a youth of very tenacious memory (whom we must not more particularly indicate) stick, in a wild boyish undertaking to get the Iliad, as he had previously done some other pretty long poems, by heart.

Other facts as egregious next ensue: the narrative proceeds:

"His imagination was now fully awakened, and his emulation began to be stirred. Reading translations from Latin and Greek soon kindled his desire to study those *primal* languages; and so decided did this propensity become, that on being refused when he asked the master's permission, he turned on his heel, and declared solemnly that he would never recite another lesson of any other kind while he lived; and from what we have been able to learn of his history, we think it very probable that he kept his word most sacredly! But he had gathered from the classic world more through Pope's Iliad than many a ghostly book-worm, who has read Euripides or Æschylus among the solemn ruins of the Portico itself. He had caught the "wonted fire" that still "lives in the ashes" of their heroes, and his future life was to furnish the materials of an epic more wondrous than many a man's whose name has become immortal."

What an amazing thirst for literature! What a violence and voracity of love for knowledge! The dominie of the school will not teach him Latin and

Greek; and so he proudly determines that he will learn no more of anything! Are dominies accustomed so cruelly to balk the learned longings of such pupils? of pupils who had got the Iliad by heart? Let your marvels, O ingenious mythologists! be more specious. Remember the Horatian rule, or that of your fellow-fabulist Gay, and—

"Least men suspect your tale untrue,
Keep probability in view."

But consider, now, one plain question: suppose that a teacher so wayward—a teacher averse to the reputation and the profit of forming a scholar so strenuous—had really been found? Was he the only one in the world? If he would not (though that was his vocation) teach the vehement Sam, why, somebody else would. Nay, for that matter, the vehement Sam might have taught himself, as Burritt, the blacksmith, Heyne, the starving child of a hand-weaver, Alexander Murray, the shivering shepherd boy upon a Scotch hill, and multitudes more have done, in the bosom of ignorance, and in the depths of penury and toil. In knowledge, there never was a will but there was a way. The passion for it, once kindled, never was thus put-out by the first little whiff of a difficulty; difficulties, on the contrary, only blow it up to a flame. Such lofty aspirations as are here alleged of Master Houston, are never seen—unless they were mere brag-gadocio and fustian—to pass at once into the stolid resolution henceforth to learn nothing. In short, the whole thing is a fiction, in probability quite below the inventions in Fairy Tales, and utterly incapable of winning upon the credulity of anybody that does not hang in childish wonder over the exploits of Prince Prettyman, the strangely-got wit of Riquet with the Tuft, and the courtly tact and *savoir-vivre* of Puss in Boots.

To this beautiful passage in the adventurer's literary life succeeds one equally admirable in his social. The family had settled, it will be recollected, upon the very selva of civilization—within eight miles of the Indian border. All the world knows what such a frontier is; that the advanced guard of the better race and the rear-guard of barbarism are, morally, of much the same material; that opposite principles mix and are lost there, in a sort of twilight, what the French call *ni chien ni loup*—"neither dog nor wolf;" it is not day, it is not even

honest night ; but whatever is worst in either, mingles. Here, contest had ceased, arms were at an end ; it was no longer the bold pioneer thrusting back, with superior arms and more regular valor, the Indian brave ; but peace had intervened, and the white man's whiskey, and the white man's fraud, were finishing, upon the dispirited and debased savage of the confines, the work of destruction. At such a time, the barbarians on either side are distinguishable by little but the color of the skin ; refugees from the retreating manners on the one side and from the advancing authorities on the other, swarm upon the debatable ground. Such was, necessarily, the position of things ; yet evidently it was too good for the future Texan revolutionist. There was too much law on his side of the border, he must get to the other. Accordingly, the next events of his career are the following :

" His elder brothers seem to have crossed his wishes occasionally, and by a sort of fraternal tyranny quite common, exercised over him some severe restraints. At last they compelled him to go into a merchant's store, and stand behind the counter. This kind of life he had little relish for, and he suddenly disappeared. A great search was made for him, but he was nowhere to be found for several weeks. At last intelligence reached the family that Sam had crossed the Tennessee river, and gone to live among the Indians, where, from all accounts, he seemed to be living much more to his liking. They found him and began to question him on the motives for this novel proceeding. Sam was now, although so very young, nearly six feet high, and standing straight as an Indian. He coolly replied that " he preferred measuring deer tracks to tape—that he liked the wild liberty of the red man better than the tyranny of his own brothers, and if he could not study Latin in the academy, he could, at least, read a translation from the Greek in the woods, and read it in peace. So they could go home as soon as they liked.

" His family, however, thinking this a freak from which he would soon recover when he got tired of the Indians, gave themselves no uneasiness about him. But week after week passed away, and Sam did not make his appearance. At last his clothes were worn out, and he returned to be refitted. He was kindly received by his mother, and for a while his brothers treated him with due propriety. But the first act of tyranny they showed drove him to the woods again, where he passed entire months with his Indian mates, chasing the

deer through the forest with a fleetness little short of their own, engaging in all those gay sports of the happy Indian boys, and wandering along the banks of the streams by the side of some Indian maiden, sheltered by the deep woods, conversing in that universal language which finds its sure way to the heart. From a strange source we have learned much of his Indian history during these three or four years, and in the absence of facts it would be no difficult matter to fancy what must have been his occupations. It was the moulding period of life, when the heart, just charmed into the fevered hopes and dreams of youth, looks wistfully around on all things for light and beauty—" when every idea of gratification fires the blood and flashes on the fancy—when the heart is vacant to every fresh form of delight, and has no rival engagements to withdraw it from the importunities of a new desire." The poets of Europe, in fancying such scenes, have borrowed their sweetest images from the wild idolatry of the Indian maiden. Houston has since seen nearly all there is in life to live for, and yet he has been heard to say that, as he looks back over the waste of life, there's nothing half so sweet to remember as this sojourn he made among the untutored children of the forest.

" And yet this running wild among the Indians, sleeping on the ground, chasing wild game, making love to Indian maidens, and reading Homer's Iliad withal, seemed a pretty strange business, and people used to say that Sam Houston would either be a great Indian chief, or die in the mad-house, or be Governor of the State—for it was certain that some dreadful thing would overtake him !"

Oh ! the dear, delightful visionary, who goes sentimentalizing among squaws and scalps, and for two years finds the Golden Age amongst an Indian horde ! The romantic Houston, then, only ran away, after all, to play Celadon among the Choctaws, to seek Chickasaw Amaryllises, an Arcadian innocence among the Kickapoos ! How pleasant a system this, of turning man's turpitudes into glories ! But really Messrs. Houston and Lester ! if you have imposed upon yourselves with such a version of facts as this, you are more easily taken in than anybody else will be. Since the time of Rousseau's gymnosophists, his sages in a state of Nature, his politeness and virtue gotten by going naked, nobody believes in such drivelling as you have just favored us with. People have quite ceased nowadays to mix up pastorals with tomahawks, and to figure to themselves any very nice romance among tribes that

burn each other at the stake. Possibly, in his exceeding shallowness, Mr. Lester may credit such paltry fictions, but his principal cannot: for he, bred upon the frontier, knows perfectly well that there, with the *Real* before men's eyes—the vices, the degradation, the drunkenness, the filth, the fleas, the hideous squaw, her ugly little wretch of a papoose, and all that is at once miserable and revolting in Indian life—neither he nor anybody else, face to face with it, ever entertained, for one instant, any of the egregious ideas which Master Houston is now pretended to have attached to it. The extreme only of Lester's folly and his hero's impudence could have attempted to palm upon the world so gross a fabrication.

One thing there is, however, of quite artful in the *Houstoniad*: the epic of quarrels at home and running away is relieved, now by the didactic of swearing he'll learn no more,* now by the romance of "keeping store," and now by the pastoral of courting squaws in the woods: so that there is a charming diversity of incident; one is startled, at every step, with an event the very last that anybody's fancy could have conjectured. Such a one is the next that arrives. Sam gets tired of the Indians, or the Indians of Sam; and he turns—what would our readers suppose? But no: we will not be cruel and put them upon the useless task of guessing. We will explain. Sam, it will be remembered, had—Mr. Lester avows—had, in all, six months of instruction, before the migration of his mother to East Tennessee: there, he went to an academy "for a while"—a very brief while, so far as intimations of the period can be collected from Sam's own story: but disgusted, presently, by his pedagogue's refusing to make a mighty Hellenist, a profound Greek of him, Sam attests all the Infernal Powers of Night and blackest Erebus, in a huge Homeric oath, (for Sam swore always in a style the most Homeric,) that *he will learn nothing more*. In this just, this fervid, this enlightened resolution,

he seems, through all the intellectual tribulations and temptations of selling tape for some months and of turning regular savage for some years, to have persevered: for his biographer—or rather himself—averts that his oath was "kept most sacredly."† What, then, more fit, more natural, or even more necessary, than that a genius so endowed by Nature, and so perfected by study, should at length cease to withhold from mankind the vast accumulations of his wisdom? What wonder, in brief, that one so made to be the enlightener of his country should at last (as Halleck says of the Highlanders)

Put on pantaloons and coat,
And leave off cattle-stealing,

as also actually set up school-keeping? 'Tis true that the erudite Sam had, in a literary huff, bound himself, under vast imprecations, to remain forever in all the gloomy grandeur of magnanimous ignorance, illiterate and sublime, a self-devoted dunce: but what then? He had sworn for himself, not for others, and to be eternally a blockhead, but by no means that he would not establish a minor university of his own. So, as we have said, and as Mr. Lester shall presently sing, Sam opened an academy of his own. We have seen, thus far, how invincible was his partiality for ease, bodily and mental: 'twas this, no doubt, that invited him to the new vocation; for what easier life could man desire than merely to teach all that Sam Houston could pretend to know? Let Mr. Lester, however, tell the thing in his own inimitable way.

"This wild life among the Indians lasted till his eighteenth year. He had, during his visits once or twice a year to his family to be refitted in his dress, purchased many little articles of taste or utility to use among the Indians. In this manner, he had incurred a debt which he was bound in honor to pay. To meet this engagement, he had no other resource left but to abandon his "dusky companions," and teach the children of pale-faces. As may naturally be supposed, it was no easy matter for him to get a school, and on the

* An oath which, Mr. Lester pleasantly assures us, was kept most religiously: and, indeed, it was probably easy for him to keep.

† Mr. Lester appears satisfied that H. has never perjured himself as to this vow. Now, there is but one way of judging, in such a case: if H. in his utmost intellectual efforts—his senatorial speeches, for instance—exhibits no more capacity nor information than an excessively ill-educated boy of 15 might naturally have, then is H. guiltless of breaking this oath. Mr. Lester has heard his statesmanship, has considered his oratory; and infers his innocence of having learnt anything since he was 15. We ourselves most heartily concur.

first start, the enterprise moved very slowly. But as the idea of abandoning anything on which he had once fixed his purpose, was no part of his character, he persevered, and in a short time he had more scholars to turn away, than he had at first to begin with. He was also paid what was considered an exorbitant price. Formerly, no master had hinted above \$6 per annum. Houston, who probably thought that one who had been graduated at an Indian university ought to hold his lore at a dearer rate, raised the price to \$8—one-third to be paid in corn, delivered at the mill, at 33½ cents per bushel—one-third in cash, and one-third in domestic cotton cloth, of variegated colors, in which our Indian Professor was dressed. He also wore his hair behind, in a snug queue, and is said to have been very much in love with it, probably from an idea that it added somewhat to the adornment of his person—in which, too, he probably was sadly mistaken.

"When he had made money enough to pay his debts, he shut up school, and went back to his old master, to study. He put Euclid into his hands. He carried that ugly, unromantic book back and forth to and from the school a few days, without trying to solve even so much as the first problem, and then he came to the very sensible conclusion, that he would never try to be a scholar!"

Of this ingenious piece of history, from the first fact to the last—the extraordinary auspices under which he becomes a highly successful preceptor, and the unparalleled catastrophe which closes a career of learning so prodigious—we hold it fit that each man should, according to the measure of facile faith with which Heaven has blessed him, believe just as much or as little as likes him. For our part, we avow that we nourish a profound conviction of the exact authenticity of the story of the queue. Possibly it was, strictly speaking, a scalp-lock, assumed among his polite associates, his

'Feather-cinctured chiefs and dusky loves,' as Gray says (you know), General Houston. But, queue or scalp-lock, there was little in it to be ashamed of, especially for a young gentleman who had so early disencumbered himself of all those sickening forms and vile hypocrisies (as Mr. Lester considers them) which white men (as he profoundly remarks) are absurd enough to think as mannerly as the style of the woods and as respectable as going naked. The aspiring Houston had gone half-way back to Monbodo's men: why, then, not finish the journey and put

on a tail? Besides, let not the modern dignity of the queue be undervalued: it was yet, in 1813, a main party designation: its presence marked the avowed Federalist—its absence, the Democrat—and was quite as good a test of public principles as any that has more newly distinguished the latter creed. And, finally, as to its seemliness, its danger of provoking derision, Mr. Houston cannot have made half the mountebank figure in it that he did when, to draw the vulgar eye upon him, he figured habitually for the boys in the streets of Washington, and even at his senatorian seat, in a party-colored Mexican poncho—a vesture about as fit for his age or his place as it would have been to sit, in Indian nudity, painted, shoeless and shirtless.

We pass over minor probabilities: that, being too lazy to hunt like other Indians, he had, though supplied with clothes by his poor deserted mother, gone in debt "for articles of taste:" that people were found to trust him: his solicitude (seldom seen since) to pay his debts: the very likely way of liquidating them with his learning: the literary reputation which enabled him to obtain higher rates of tuition than ever were before known in that region: the encomium of his invincible perseverance, already so admirably illustrated in his previous enterprises of erudition, and yet again to be delightfully manifested in his tremendous attempt upon Euclid: and, finally, his secession from the mighty task of illuminating the minds of all others; his doughty resolution to learn something himself; his return to that very master who had heretofore driven him to such a cruel extremity, by the refusal of Greek and Latin; the new misfortune of that terrible book, Euclid; how he carried it, for "several days," unopened, in his hand; and how, after that severe trial of his wits, even his indefatigable, invincible perseverance gave way, and he "came to the very sensible conclusion" that

"Proud science *smiled* not on his humble birth,"

and that, in a word, he "would never make a scholar;" upon which profound discovery, he posted off to the nearest recruiting station, took the bounty, and enlisted as a common soldier in the U. S. Infantry. This disposal of himself seems (as one might have surmised) to have been viewed by the public around with more than their usual complacency, and

less than their usual astonishment at his acts; in fact, according to his biographer, nobody looked for anything else. Now, every one knows what the standing of a young man must be, on whom all the neighborhood counts as certain to be enlisted, the first time Sergeant Kite shall come along his way: the fact of such an expectation stamps his reputation as that of a lazy, disorderly, good-for-nothing fellow; and this—disregarding all the trumpery of Mr. Lester about the mortification of his friends and the heroism of his mother—is the plain substance of Houston's own account of the event.

"This was in 1813. But fortunately an event now took place which was to decide his fate.

"The bugle had sounded, and for the second time, America was summoned to measure her strength with the Mistress of the Seas. A recruiting party of the United States Army came to Maryville, with music, a banner, and some well-dressed sergeants. Of course, young Houston enlisted—anybody could have guessed as much. His friends said he was ruined—that he must by no means join the army as a common soldier. He then made his first speech, as far as we can learn:—'And what have your craven souls to say about the ranks?—Go to ——— with your stuff; I would much sooner honor the ranks, than disgrace an appointment. You don't know me now, but you shall hear of me.'

"His old friends and acquaintances, considering him hopelessly disgraced, cut his acquaintance at once. His mother gave her consent, standing tall and matronly in the door of her cottage, as she handed her boy the musket: 'There, my son, take this musket,' she said, 'and never disgrace it: for remember, I had rather all my sons should fill one honorable grave, than that one of them should turn his back to save his life. Go, and remember, too, that while the door of my cottage is open to brave men, it is eternally shut against cowards.'"

We have little doubt that—except the chasm to be filled with a word not always held the properest for "ears polite"—the "maiden speech" thus given is faithfully reported—especially as the orator is himself evidently the reporter.

We proceed to his military life. It appears that he was, by and by, in camp, promoted to a sergeanteency, and afterwards to an ensigncy; and that his regiment (the 39th) was brought into action, for the first and last time while he was in it, at the battle, or rather slaughter, of the Horse-Shoe; where, as our readers will

of course remember, General Jackson attacked, with artillery, and about 2,000 men, half that number of Creek warriors, posted behind a breastwork of logs, drawn across the neck of the peninsula. While the main body of Gen. J.'s troops drew up to storm the wall from without the isthmus, another large force, under General Coffee, succeeded in crossing the river, so as to fall upon the Indian rear—which manœuvre executed, the rest of the affair (the Indians being beset on all sides) could be, of necessity, nothing but either a surrender, or (as it became) a massacre.

The main body destined to carry this Indian line of defences included the 39th regiment, and had been held back until the firing of those penetrating within the peninsula should give them the signal for the onset. The part of the combat in which Houston figures must be related in his own version only, set off with Mr. Lester's idiom:

"When General Jackson's troops heard the firing and saw the smoke, they knew that their companions had crossed the river, and they were impatient to storm the breast-works. But the general held them steady in their lines till he had sent an interpreter to remove all the women and children in the peninsula, amounting to several hundreds, to a safe place beyond the river. The moment this was effected, he gave an order to storm the breast-works. The order was received with a shout, and the 39th Regiment, under Col. Williams, and Gen. Doherty's brigade of East Tennesseans, rushed up with loud cries to the breast-work, where a short but bloody struggle followed at the port-holes, bayonet to bayonet and muzzle to muzzle. Major Montgomery was the first man to spring upon the breast-works, but a ball in the head hurled him back. About the same instant, on the extreme right of the 39th Regiment, Ensign Houston scaled the breast-works, calling out to his brave fellows to follow him as he leaped down among the Indians, cutting his way.

"While he was scaling the works, or soon after he reached the ground, a barbed arrow struck deep into his thigh. He kept his ground for a moment till his lieutenant and men were by his side, and the warriors had begun to recoil under their desperate onset. He then called to his lieutenant to extract the arrow, after he had tried in vain to do it himself. The officer made two unsuccessful attempts and failed. 'Try again,' said Houston, the sword with which he was still keeping the command raised over his head, 'and if you fail this time I will smite you to the earth.' With a desperate effort he drew forth the arrow,

tearing the flesh as it came. A stream of blood rushed from the place, and Houston crossed the breast-works to have his wounds dressed. The surgeon bound it up and staunched the blood, and General Jackson, who came up to see who had been wounded, recognizing his young ensign, ordered him firmly not to return. Under any other circumstances Houston would have obeyed any order from the brave man who stood over him, but now he begged the general to allow him to return to his men. General Jackson ordered him most peremptorily not to cross the breast-works again. But Houston was determined to die in that battle or win the fame of a hero. He remembered how the finger of scorn had been pointed at him as he fell into the ranks of the recruiting party that marched through the village, and rushing once more to the breast-works, he was in a few seconds at the head of his men."

This feat of fiction being such as the strongest man must pause to take breath after, we have a brief interval, during which Mr. Houston is not "pierced deep" with arrows, nor torn to strings of flesh by wrenching the weapons out against their barbs, nor in the hands of the surgeon, nor in those of General Jackson, nor getting himself shot again: but presently, of course, he is destroyed again, in a much more thorough manner. The savages are cut or shot down everywhere but at a single point.

"But the victory was still incomplete—the work of slaughter was not yet done. A large party of Indians had secreted themselves in a part of the breast-works, constructed over a ravine in the form of the roof of a house, with narrow port-holes, from which a murderous fire could be kept up, whenever the assailants should show themselves. Here the last remnant of the Creek warriors of the peninsula was gathered, and as the artillery could not be brought to bear upon the place, they could be dislodged only by a bold charge, which would probably cost the life of the brave men who made it.

"An offer of life, if they would surrender, had been rejected with scorn by these brave, desperate savages, which sealed their fate. General Jackson now called for a body of men to make the charge. As there was no order given, the lines stood still, and not an officer volunteered to lead the forlorn hope. Supposing some captain would lead forward his company, Houston would wait no longer. Calling on his platoon to follow him, he dashed down the precipitous descent towards the covered ravine. But his men hesitated. With a desperation which belongs only to such occasions, he seized a musket from one of his

men, and, leading the way, ordered the rest to follow him. There was but one way of attack that could prevail—it was to charge through the port-holes, although they were bristling with rifles and arrows, and it had to be done by a rapid, simultaneous plunge. As he was stooping to rally his men, and had levelled his musket, within five yards of the port-holes, he received two rifle-balls in his right shoulder, and his arm fell shattered to his side. Totally disabled, he turned and called once more to his men, and implored them to make the charge. But they did not advance. Houston stood in his blood till he saw it would do no good to stand any longer, and then went beyond the range of the bullets, and sank down exhausted to the earth. The Indians were at last dislodged from the covered ravine by its being set on fire. The sun was going down, and it set over the ruin of the Creek nation. Where, but a few hours before, a thousand brave savages had scowled on death and their assailants, there was nothing to be seen but volumes of dense smoke, rising heavily over the corpses of painted warriors, and the burning ruins of their fortifications."

We have never seen any other account of Mr. Houston's feats or "hair-breadth escapes" in the battle of the Horseshoe: he himself stands, we presume, the sole authority for these egregious exploits, and Mr. Consul Lester for their sole blazoner. If anybody can contrive, with his utmost effort at the preposterous, to invent what shall seem a fiction, bolder and more impudent than the *first*, or more merely stupid than the *second* of these performances (that of the arrow, we mean, and that of H.'s charging, all alone by himself, upon the "covered ravine,") we pronounce him, without hesitation, to be worthy to have travelled with Munchausen, to have sailed with Ferdinand Mendez Pinto; nay, soaring above modern degeneracy in fibbing, to have challenged all ancient Crete, although there the act of telling "bouncers" was, even in "Græcia mendax," confessed to be carried to its perfection. If such a master in the fabulous can be found, and he can bring himself to forego singing of arms and heroes and will "touch the lyre" of peace with so bold a hand, who knows but that he may be employed to negotiate the next Oregon treaty, or even to write the President's next Annual Message?

Now, it may be true that Houston was slightly hurt by an arrow, in the storming of the Indian wall; and that after

wards, in an attack upon the "covered ravine," he was severely wounded by a bullet; but all beyond this is such, and so told, as to cast the most violent discredit even upon the few facts stated which are, in the nature of things, feasible. In the first place, although the hero himself is but the lowest commissioned officer in his company, he is distinctly made to be in command of the whole. Nay, the lieutenant is set before us, as submitting, under the threat of instant death, to a command the most insane that Bedlam itself could have issued. Thus *one* superior officer appears, even in Houston's own tale: but what had become of the rest?—the Captain?—the two other lieutenants (for, in that day, every Company of the Line had *three* lieutenants)? How, then, could Houston have threatened, "with the uplifted sword with which *he* was keeping the command," to cut down his superior officer, because he did not tear, "deep out of his thigh," a bearded shaft? What did he want that amazing surgical operation performed for? Well, after all, he *must* have had his head full of the *Iliad* or *Paradise Lost*; for 'tis in them only that one reads how, no matter how pierced or cloven, the flesh of celestials (Mars, Satan, and the like) reunites and is whole, as soon as the weapon is withdrawn. Such a wound as H. here fables of would, even without the plucking-out of the arrow-head by main force, have instantly disabled anything but a Homeric God and rendered all personal locomotion impossible: but Houston, as if more than a god, adds the disruption to the wound, climbs the wall like a rope-dancer, gets his torn tendons and muscles mended by the doctor; and lo! leaping the wall again, at a bound, (like the pagan in Ariosto, Rodomont, from whose enormous brags comes the word *rodomontade*,) he is again in the thick of the fight: not (as it well appears) to do anything sane or serviceable, nor even to hurt any opposite foeman; but only for the excellent and useful purpose of receiving fresh wounds, as senselessly earned as the first was stupidly treated.

So much for the main points of story No. 1: and now for achievement No. 2. Had General Jackson called only for a

platoon of men, without crow-bars, mattocks, or any instrument in the smallest degree fit for breaking a way into a strong, close work of logs, guarded by a large body of Indians bent on selling their lives as dear as possible, and only to be got at through loop-holes? They must have shot down, at their ease, forty such successive platoons, every man of them. Less than a number equal to that of the defenders could not have been sent to the attack, unless to get them all killed. But Houston did not command more than the fourth of *one* Company; and *not that* independently of his captain and lieutenants: he was in the Regular Service, in which little military freedoms like this of breaking the ranks just when one likes are not tolerated. The movement itself is executed, in this ludicrous onset, as totally without plan or purpose as it is undertaken without subordination: the gentleman in the dismembered thigh outstrips his whole-limbed platoon so much as to make, in effect, only a single-handed assault, with his sword, upon a wall of loop-holes bristling with rifles; and, after getting himself shot, at somewhere about arm's-length, deliberately walks off again, to be put upon the doctor's books for the remainder of the war: for this is his first field and his last, as a soldier of the United States. Here ends his military career, in this country, except certain exploits of the bludgeon, hereafter to be commemorated. A brief civil service, partly Congressional—the latter utterly undistinguished, except by the fact that, dumb within the Capitol, his debaucheries and ribaldry were its disgrace without, in days when yet the House of Representatives *could* be disgraced—ensues; then the conjugal outrage which, while Governor of his State, drove him forth an outlaw; next, his second naturalization among savages more congenial to his habits. All these may be very briefly dispatched, when we shall perhaps resume his life, in order to examine its greater events—the Texan part of his history.

Mightiest of magnanimous men! most deserving of worthies! thou fag-end of False Heroism! for the present adieu!

IL SECRETARIO.

THE UNKNOWN OLD MAN IN THE MOUNTAIN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF FRIEDRICH, BARON DE LA MOTTE FOUQUE.

BY SAM'L SPRING.

DEEP night lay upon the mountains. The outlines of their peaks could alone be distinguished, drawn in relief against the somewhat lighter heavens, and at times a thick grove, of vast overhanging oaks, beech, or fir trees, which, in their strange forms, when stirred by the night wind, appeared more like giants than like trees.

Thus at least, it seemed to a young man who, about two hundred years ago, returned to his old home in the Hartz forest, from a journey into foreign lands, which he had undertaken for the purpose of perfecting himself in his noble craft, which was that of an armorer. The cottage of his father, an honest collier, could not be more than a league farther up the mountain. During the five years of his absence, many things seemed to have changed in the Hartz. Or it might be that he himself had changed, and thus things around him appeared much more altered than they actually were.

Be this as it may, however, seen through the gloom of night, the path which he trod, on a sudden, appeared fearfully strange to him. He could have wept aloud, like a child lost in the night and mist.

And still, at times again, everything around him looked so kindly and familiarly upon him. "O heavens!" he sighed, "the joy, the feeling that I am at home, start up suddenly before me, and then vanish, like the sparks from a forge, and I cannot grasp them!"

Overcome by the toils of his long day's journey, and still more by a keen feeling of sadness which mastered him at these words, he sank down upon a heap of stones which were almost hidden by the tall grass. But then, at once starting lustily up, he said:

"Joy is God's favorite messenger to man, and home is the stay and prop of life. No flickering sparks are they. So, then! freshly and gaily onward, good heart!"

He now resumed his walk briskly up the mountain, humming songs between

his teeth; now, some old ballad of his childhood, now, new and strange ones, which he had learned in foreign lands.

"Have a care with the stuff!" said some one close behind him. He turned, and beheld a little old man who had probably followed him for some time unobserved.

The young man, with that almost frightful violence, which at times surprises even brave men at the sudden appearance of a stranger, cried out, "Who is there? Wherefore do you warn me? and against what stuff do you mean I should take care?"

"Against the singing," replied the old man, coldly. "Against inward singing, I mean especially. For, in good sooth, so long as you sing it out into the open air, you will thwart others therewith more than yourself. But when the sound is within yourself, unheard by all men, unheard even by your own outward senses, but to your inward sense and self is a constant companion, even in your slumbers, even in your faintest dreams—then the thing is much more serious and dangerous."

"And still," said Barthold, (thus was the young man called,)—"still such a condition appears to me rather enviable than fearful."

"That depends upon the songs," replied the old man. "There are some that make us first mad, and then dead. So has it in part fared with me, although I was ever more of a soldier than a singer."

"Yet you live still," said the youth, filled with strange terror.

"A little," said the old man, "and even that little only for a few hours. When, to wit, a truly living being has rested upon my grave, as you did a moment gone, then it trickles in my cold breast, like a soft sun stream, and like a warm breeze in the first days of May. And when the guest goes onward again—man or beast—I arise and follow him a little way. Wolves and boars commonly take it ill, and bite and strike, howl and grunt fearfully. But still I follow

after them, and they cannot touch me with their teeth and tusks. Stags and roes, on the other hand, run in wild terror through the forest before me, but with a leap I am upon their backs, and though they dash beneath the thickest branches to sweep me off, I sit firm, and take no hurt. Many a slender roe has thus plunged over the cliffs, and many a lofty stag has beaten his head to pieces against the giant trunks of the forest. But nimble and sound, I leap up from the fall like a goblin. Yet I return to my grave weeping. That men have done to me, and magic. But the inward singing also."

And he wrapped his face in his dark and tattered garment, and it seemed to the youth as if he heard him sob softly.

He was then moved with compassion for the gray-haired maniac, for he could think him nought else, and he said with a voice and gesture of encouragement: "Go now to rest, thou poor distempered creature, and seek me at noon to-morrow in my father's dwelling. We will then all take counsel together."

But the little old man laughed sadly. "At noon to-morrow? By early dawn I must leave thee, or at latest by sunrise, and I cannot seek thee again before midnight; or rather, I cannot seek thee at all, unless thou comest again to rest upon my grave. But that thou wilt probably never do."

"It does not seem likely," laughed Barthold, his youthful gaiety returning. "For the present, I need neither a companion nor a guide. So then, good night!"

"I wish it to us both," said the little old man. "What is right for one of us, is certainly so for the other. For until the morning twilight, I shall continue thine inseparable companion, constant even as the sullen mother Night. Conduct thyself toward me as thou wilt, I shall still go with thee!"

"Against my will wilt thou venture it?" said the youth in a threatening tone.

And the old man replied: "Yet the hateful singing ventured, and still ventures it even so with me!"

Barthold knew not what to reply to the strange old man. The two, side by side, walked on in silence and in haste. No one could have supposed that the shrunken and shrivelled old man could thus keep pace with the tall and vigorous youth. It excited Barthold's wonder

also, and the fears which he had suppressed stirred anew within his bosom.

In order to banish it by cheerful discourse, he began: "You seem to be well acquainted here in the mountains. Do you know my father, the honest collier, Gottfried Wahrmond."

The old man started fearfully, and exclaimed in furious tones: "No, no! Ei no! I do not—I do not know him. Ei no! Do not suspect me of such!"

The indignant youth then cried: "You may be mad at your own cost, strange comrade, as much as seems good to you, but leave my father's honor and fair name—'tis for your own sake I counsel you—leave these out of your mummery, if you would walk with me in safety."

The little old man laughed—but it sounded also like a painful gasping and groaning—and he said: "Alas! alas! why make this little life so wearisome, both to yourself and others? I speak nothing ill and black of your dear mountain father. I will simply confess to you that I fear him beyond measure. Is that abuse? So far as I am concerned, I wish all men felt thus toward me."

"I wish no such thing. I wish that all men loved me!" replied Barthold, quickly. He did not observe how, at these words, the dark form glided behind him, shaking its head. For the stars shone joyfully to the young man's eye, and his spirit rose swelling with mysterious emotion up toward the blue heaven.

But the old man began now to laugh again, and said: "Thou art not the first star-gazer, probably, who has fallen into a well. Just gaze before thee, for example," and then, with a scream, he added, "Where dost thou stand, boy?"

Barthold, greatly startled, cast his eyes to the ground, and saw that he was walking close along the edge of a dizzy precipice. So sudden was his alarm, that it required an exertion of his utmost strength to keep himself from falling into the abyss below; he was obliged, indeed, to grasp the branch of a fir tree, by the aid of which, he hastily swung himself upon the moss within the secure shadow of the trees. When he had recovered his powers again, he said, laughing:

"Well, I must say this, comrade, you have a peculiar manner of warning a fellow-traveller! a manner which seems, in reality, contrived to break one's neck.

It is well that I am no night-walker.* In that case you had plunged me with your startling cry over the cliffs."

"Thou art a night-walker," said the old man, in a hollow voice. "Thou walkest, forsooth, and it is night. But so, in truth, walk all men. And if thou canst find thy whereabouts without me—*ei!* then try it once! Thy father's cottage must stand close at hand. Seek for it; I am not mocking you. Look nicely and carefully about you."

Barthold did so with intense eagerness, sure of being able to confute the disordered babble of his mad guide. But what was his astonishment, as cliff and meadow and the old pines seemed to grow so familiar to him that he could not deny that near by must stand the dwelling of his parents. He walked through the bushes, searching on all sides. He began to call upon his beloved father. No answer; no hospitable roof arose between the branches. Suddenly his foot struck against a large flat stone. Heavens! it was once his paternal hearth, now in ruins; half-charred beams lay scattered upon the ground. Shuddering, and scarcely able to speak, Barthold said with a groan, "Alas, what has happened here? Where are my dear friends? My parents, where are they? Where is their sweet foster-child, Gertrude?"

"Oh, they are alive; they are all three alive," replied the old man, "my word for it; and thou shalt, at once, see them too. But as to what has happened here; do not take it amiss, my friend, but the question seems to me somewhat silly. The old heathen god of fire, whom the learned call Vulcan, once stopped here at night as a pilgrim, with a soot-black garment closely wrapped about his shoulders. Thy parents did not know him, and let him make his bed comfortably upon a couch of hay and straw in the barn. Bad dreams came upon him in the night, as often happens to him, and with this he started up in all the pomp and glow of his mighty nature, broke in the roof with his head, and with his arms dashed the rafters in pieces, and with his foot stamped the hearth deep into the earth. Here-upon house and barn vanished, and thy worthy friends dwell in a cavern not far from here. But he who was the messenger of the Fire-God in this strange business—see, good friend, that was I."

Barthold, drawing from his scabbard

his well-tempered blade, the work of his own hands, turned upon the author of the mischief. The latter made not a motion of self-defence, and as is usually the case with brave men under such circumstances, this behavior checked the arm of the indignant youth.

The old man then said, "If you kill me because I was Vulcan's messenger to your dear friends, I cannot now be your guide to them, and you yourself would find them upon the earth never, and never more, in sooth."

Barthold, with a shudder, thrust the blade into its sheath again, and said, "Lead me to them then! Onward!"

The little old man hurried quickly from the desolate ruins; he himself seemed seized with deep terror. They went onward upon a rocky path, close along the edge of the precipice, until they stood before a high cavern in the face of the rock, which was overshadowed by gloomy firs.

"Hold!" said his guide, in a low voice. "Here dwell thy dear ones. But do not shout aloud in thy excessive joy; thou wouldst else startle them. They have now grown a little timid, but that is in part my fault. Yet it is better that thou shouldst find them a little singular than not find them at all. Dost not think so?"

"But show them to me!" said Barthold, wishfully, although at the same time, he felt his hair stand erect from a feeling of horror that he could not comprehend.

Striking steel and stone together three times with a solemn gesture, the old man lighted the little horn lantern, which he carried concealed beneath his mantle, and with outstretched arm held it within the mouth of the cave.

Something white stirred therein, as if upon a bed of moss.

"That is thy mother!" said the old man; "but, as I said, wait a little; let her come to her senses by degrees; otherwise, nothing good will happen from it. She might, from excess of joy, dash thee down the precipice at our heels. She often behaves frightfully wild, since I brought Vulcan into the house in the guise of a courteous guest. And seest thou, above yonder in the second story—it may seem to thee, perhaps, like a projection of the rock—there dwells thy parent's foster-child, the dear, sweet Ger-

trude. Yes, she makes her bed high and solitary, in maidenly wise. Mark, what a strange, gray night-dress she has put on! When you marry her, you need not purchase costly garments for her, for by night she is contented with this dark attire, and by day she scarcely ever leaves the hall. Hark! she stirs. Hei, she sees that her bridegroom comes, and she flutters toward him. Hei, see!"

And a large horned owl, disturbed by the glare of the light, flew down from her nest in the cavern wall, and dashed wildly against the lantern, breaking it in pieces and extinguishing the light, while a white roe started up from its lair, and rushed madly by the two men. Half howling, half laughing, the old man called after the two creatures: "Ei, stay now! ei, come back again to your home! It is your bridegroom, fair maiden; it is your son, worthy dame, who has come to visit you."

He hearkened for a while, through the now still night. Sighing softly, he then said: "I have done wrong, to put so mischievous a spell upon them; and the worst of it all is this, I have forgotten the magic word by which I could disenchant them again. Believe me, poor youth, but for this I would gladly do it. Besides—ah me, thy father—I could not bring him back to thee, the stout collier Wahrmond. For no spell did I cast upon him. And, in sooth, he lives, as I before assured thee; but not here below any longer. I sent him to heaven by a cast of his own axe, and he will take good care, doubtless, not to return to our dark and midnight world. Ah, we may call him ever so long, and with the wisest sayings—he will not come to us again!" With these words he began to weep in silence, and sank upon his knees as if in prayer.

"Man, unhappy man!" cried Barthold, "if thou—O thou, whose presence thrills me with compassion and with terror—if thou couldst tell me, in plain human language, how and what I should pardon! truly, I would gladly do it!"

The old man groped anxiously amid the moss in the cavern. After a while he brought forth an axe, and letting its bright edge play in the beams of the rising moon, he said, in a solemn tone: "See there! that was a sharp key, that opened to thy father the abode of eternal peace. See there! his blood still cleaves to it. I cast it at him, and—woe's me! my aim was good."

The edge of the axe shone red with blood in the moonlight.

Barthold, beside himself with anger and terror, tore the frightful weapon from the stranger's hand, and swung it threatening over his head; but the latter glided backward into the gloom of the cavern and disappeared. From an immeasurable depth, the youth heard him—he knew not rightly whether laugh or weep. Barthold ran wildly forth, as if in feverish delirium, with the axe clasped convulsively in his right hand.

He sank down at last in death-like faintness upon the sweet-scented moss, by the border of a murmuring brook. A kind of sleep fell upon him. He was soon aroused again, however, by his anxiety about the fate of his parents, and that of his long-wished-for bride, as well as by the fearful thought that yon spectral old man, in case he bore a living soul within his body, had, to avoid his threatening, fallen into the abyss of the cavern, and had there miserably perished. Or was it a restless spirit that had been his fellow-traveller?

His senses were bewildered.

It now seemed to him, as if in a dream that he was lying upon a far softer couch than the moss upon which he had fallen, and as if a voice whispered near him, "He must sleep yet for three hours; then all will be well."

The voice sounded like a dear and familiar one. At the same time an odor of perfumed balsam breathed around him. Willingly yielding, he sank back into a deep and pleasant slumber; every trace of consciousness vanished from him.

When his senses returned, it seemed as if he were transported to his father's dwelling, everything around appeared so familiar to him. That, doubtless, was the old round oaken table, at which the family were accustomed to eat! There stood his mother's spinning-wheel, curiously wrought and carved. And ah, his Gertrude's lute, to which she was wont to sing so sweetly her sacred songs, hung in mild light against the wall.

Much around him, however, was changed. Instead of the little cottage windows, with the creeping winter-green, the sun now shone through a high and somewhat ruinous arched window into an apartment which resembled a hall rather than a chamber, and in place of the chirping of the merry finches in the branches of the wood without, solemn

choral music was heard as if from a neighboring chapel.

"Where am I?" he sighed at last. "Have they thought me dead, and placed me in a cathedral for interment—and does yon solemn music proclaim my funeral obsequies?"

"God forbid, my dear, my newly-found son!" echoed the soft, weeping voice of his mother, and from the head of the bed, where she had watched for his waking, the worthy dame bent fondly over his face. Refreshed by the dew of his mother's tears, as a flower by the dew of heaven, Barthold raised himself with a smile, and before him stood his father, Wahrmund, who grasped his hand heartily and said: "Up then wholly upon thy feet, as beseems a stout man, especially an armorer. He who would forge the weapons for brave deeds must bear a bold heart within his bosom, and prove it at every turn of his earthly pilgrimage. Yet think not, thou dear, long absent son, that I have spoken these words in rebuke. It is well known to me, that many a strange wonder harbors in our Hartz forest, which will disturb at times even those most familiar to them. But you have for a long while been unused to them, and besides this, were scarcely grown from boyhood when you parted from us. And that makes a serious difference. For the wonders of this old German land disclose themselves, as is but right, to those for the most part only who are not at once subdued and cast into the dust before them. They appear to the ripened youth, to the full-grown man; to weak boys seldom or never."

Barthold, who but a moment since was pale as death, now started from his couch, with a face crimson red, and cried: "How, father! The Hartz wonders were mistaken in me, then, when they approached me as a vigorous youth. For I sank overcome upon the grass, and fell into a swoon. Who was it found me there by the brook, and my shame with me?"

Collier Wahrmund replied kindly and gravely:

"It was I, my son, who found thee. But God be praised, I found no shame with thee. I brought thee hither with the help of two stout comrades of my craft. But, thank Heaven, neither now

nor ever have I carried shame into my house. That thou wast not vanquished and overthrown by yon juggling phantasms, that thou hast bravely withstood the foes of flesh and blood also, who at last probably mastered thee, as suits and beseems old Wahrmund's son—look, this is proved by the blood upon yonder axe, which thou didst hold firmly grasped in thy strong hand; so firmly that perhaps thy father's hand alone had been able to wrest the weapon from thee."

"Father," replied Barthold, while indistinct remembrance brought a shudder upon his frame, "the blood on yonder weapon is not the blood of an enemy. Ah no, it is blood very dear to us!"

"For God's sake, my son, what hast thou done?" cried his mother, weeping.

"I? Nothing which should terrify you," replied Barthold. "But the axe and he who wielded it, either years or months ago—yes, truly, the two between them have been the cause of mischief." Scanning his father more closely, and seeing a deep and still reddish scar between the gray locks upon his noble forehead, he cried, "Oh, father, the blood upon the axe is your blood in truth!"

"He has returned to us crazed!" cried his mother, and began to weep anew.

But Wahrmund said, when, after a rapid stride across the chamber, he had closely viewed the axe, "No, God be praised, he has returned in his sound senses. But it may be that he has met with things in the wood which might turn the wits of the strongest, unless aided by God's inscrutable power."

"You say truly, father," replied the young man. "You bear the fair name of Wahrmund* this time also not in mockery. But the goblin in the wood yonder, who with his wild words and juggleries drove me into a swoon, and almost into madness, he was in truth a lying mouth. Nay, he was crazed besides, from his own story, the poor mad phantom! Listen: he imagined that he had turned you by his sorcery into beasts; you, dear mother, and oh, a young, sweet creature beside! Forgive me, but the gloom that yonder goblin breathed upon me flutters again about my head, as upon the wings of a bat. And so I will ask the question outright,

* Wahrmund, literally true mouth.

Tell me truly, your sweet foster child, Gertrude, she certainly is not spell-bound?"

"Ei, Barthold, compose thyself. God preserve us!" said his mother, in an almost upbraiding tone. "Do such thoughts besecme the day of thy return to us, dear son?"

"Oh, dear mother," said the youth, "you blame me very justly. But have compassion, and tell me what has become of the sweet Gertrude."

"Hark! you can hear her sing in the choir of the cloister close at hand," replied the mother, solemnly. "Our present dwelling, as you can see, stands close against the chapel."

"Has Gertrude become a nun then?" asked the youth, and covered his face with his hands.

"Oh no! oh no!" replied his mother encouragingly. "But since a great misfortune befell the cottage and farm where you were born, Barthold, the compassionate nuns of the cloister have given us an abode here, in their once splendid, but now crumbling refectory; so that by partitions we have arranged it like a little house. And as Gertrude has cause for sorrow on account of many things—on account of your long absence among the rest, my own dear son—she joins her sweet tones every morning to those of the virgins of the cloister, and thus, with her glorious voice, discharges in part the debt of gratitude we owe them."

"How sweetly it sounds!" said the youth, "as yonder hymns echo over to us from the chapel. Oh, God be praised that all I love still live, and welcome me kindly and affectionately as of old! This is indeed the fairest and the best blessing that we can enjoy here below. It is true, then, that our old home lies in ruins? Father, in that the mad goblin did not lie. A fire broke out therein?"

"That was a frightful business, my good son," said his mother. "Thou must first rest and be refreshed before it saddens thy young soul."

"Not so," said the collier Wahrmond; "suspense is worse than death. My son is a sturdy man, and will bear all that is yet in store for him; how much more than past evils, which are like subterranean passages, that look frightful so long only as no one ventures into them with a light. Besides, it is better he should know all before Gertrude returns from mass. Am I not right, wife?

Therefore, in the mean while, prepare a dinner that may render this day of happiness still happier. I will lead Barthold out into the fresh air, where the heart discloses itself more freely."

"Right!" replied the good dame. "But our dear Gertrude has, as usual, already cared for our mid-day's meal before going to mass. Let me go out with you then. When it concerns a story full of woe and anger, as in this case, a kind-hearted woman, as it seems to me, is never in the way. If she grieves a little herself as she listens, yet she soothes others, perhaps, by her presence."

"As with the free mild air of heaven, so it is with you," said her husband. "Come then." Leading wife and son by the hand, he walked with them to a shady spot in the wood. Deep stillness reigned around, interrupted only by the wind rustling through the leaves, and by the murmuring of a brook in the valley at their feet. They sat them down in the grass upon the hillside, and Father Wahrmond related as follows:

"You know, my dear son, that I received the sweet Gertrude as my foster-child, while she was yet in swaddling-clothes, a fatherless and motherless orphan, about two years after you were bestowed upon us by Heaven. But under what circumstances has not been told you. I found her lying by the brook Ilse, which then ran red with blood over its pebbly bottom; for, a short time before, a battle for life or death had been fought there against a wild and lawless scum of marauders, who marched through mountain and valley, doing hurt and mischief to all honest people, until a few dozen of sturdy fellows agreed together to attack and disperse them. Of course, I was one of the number. The field was ours. You can imagine, Barthold, with what delight I took the pretty, weeping infant, and bore it as my sole portion of the booty homeward. Whether it belonged to one of the fallen ruffians, or whether it had been stolen by the band from some noble house, with all my inquiries I was unable to discover. And thus, you two grew up together in quiet happiness. I saw a band twine itself daily about your hearts that filled my own with joy, and does so still, for it is a sacred band, and pleasing in the eyes of God. Ye separated, in truth, half betrothed, when you went forth upon your wanderings."

"Aye, truly!" cried Barthold. "But speak out quickly, father; there has no obstacle risen in the way?"

"Thou wilt hear!" said Wahrmund, with some severity.

But the mother whispered in her son's ear: "Would I have come out so cheerfully with thee if things went ill with thy dearest joy? Be still and full of hope, my only child."

And the youth smiled brightly, as the collier proceeded with his story.

"More than a year ago a stranger came into our mountains, a curious old man, who was looked upon by some as a spell-bound dwarf, by others as a money-digger, and by others, again, as a maniac. It cannot be denied that he had a little of each of these about him. His diminutive size might be owing to his great age, which oftentimes shrivels up people to mere mummies. That he spoke often and mysteriously of a treasure which he was to find here in the Hartz forest, every one knew who came much in his way. Neither can it be denied that his manner and speech smacked somewhat of madness. But thou canst remember perhaps from earlier years, and hast probably found it confirmed in thy wanderings, that the inhabitants of mountain districts, whose dealings are with the tall woods, have hearts too fresh and active, to rack their brains about the creepings of wild, entangled vines. He was left to roam about unnoticed, and I should not have heeded him, had he not often crossed my path, in a strange and sudden manner, when I was busied in the mountains. It so happened at last that I could not avoid speaking to him. 'Comrade,' I said to him one day, 'whence come you, and whither are you going?'

"And he then had a long, sad tale of woe to repeat: how he had been robbed by a wild band of his only child; how he was wandering around to seek her—a useless torment to himself, and an object of scorn and mockery to the world. To my question, whether he looked upon me as the robber of his child, and why he so often crossed my path, he gave me no reply, except a shrug of the shoulders, accompanied by a groan of anguish, which seemed to come from the very depths of his soul. I turned away from him, overcome by an indescribable aversion. The little old man with a singular volubility, which almost caused my brain to whirl, then said, that he indeed had business with me; yet he himself knew

not rightly what it was. This was certain, however, he said: In my garden there bloomed a flower; this flower belonged of right to him, and until I had planted it upon his grave he could not revive again to true life, but must wander restlessly around, like a half-witted goblin.

"'Name to me thy flower!' I said, dreading lest the fearful man was in some way connected with our dear Gertrude. He replied with a grin: 'Aye, aye, who can say how you have baptized it? But I was a happy gardener, not far from the sunny hills of your Hartz mountains, when I possessed that flower. It was the gift of a lovely maiden, just nine moons after we were joined in holy wedlock. I was greatly pleased with the fair creature, for having bestowed upon me such a treasure. It was a token of a modest soul, of a child-like loving heart. For I was then a fellow of fifty years, and had just returned, after many a cruise and ramble, to my home; and in all my life indeed, I was never comely, as you may plainly see. But it was given to this maid to read the hearts of men, and so she read in mine that I esteemed and loved her above everything in the world, and that if I were ever to reach a cheerful old age, it could only be hand in hand with her. Then she gave me that dear hand. But scarcely had she presented me with yonder flower, when she herself returned to heaven, before I had clearly informed her how many stains of blood and fire cleaved to my poor soul from the career of my wild and warlike youth. Then, while I mourned over the departed angel, it happened that some wild Italian men, with whom I had had dealings in past times, came into this quarter, with various mad schemes in their black curly heads, to conduct which they had need of a captain. And they thought that no one could suit them better than I. But I would hear nothing of it. I wished to foster my little flower, and have nothing farther to do with the world. When I refused these people so resolutely, and they marked the reason, they, in a night of wild revelry, mingled something stupefying in my cup, and then stole the little flower from my garden, and went away with it. The next day by a secret message they gave me to understand that if I would bind myself to become their captain, I should have my flower again. But before I could resolve upon an an-

swer—my head may have suffered a little from many a pain and fright—the ruffian soldiers were attacked by you, ye sturdy mountaineers, and cut to pieces. My flower I supposed was trodden somewhat deeply into the turf—so deeply perhaps as a child's grave might reach. Then I ran all wild out into the world—at times also I have ridden, at times been borne in a carriage—but only when I was sadly wounded, after fierce fights, or sadly sick from bad dreams, or at times even dead from pain, and longing after the little flower, and after the angel. Once, after being thus dead, as I came involuntarily to life again, I found myself suddenly here in the Hartz woods once more, and learned that my little flower was not trodden into the earth, but bloomed all sweetly in your garden, my good collier, Gottfried Wahrhund."

"How then," interrupted Barthold, "can that fearful wanderer be our dear Gertrude's father?"

"It is to be feared so," said the collier. "Now, I felt, as you do, a great terror at the thought; it at first made me wild and violent, and I turned the little old man away with threats. He then declared that he would put a spell upon my household. To me, however, he would give a red cap, purple red, he said, like the electors' hats, and he would bring a bright guest into my house, so that for very joy it should dance around, like gnats on a summer's evening. And he kept his word. Not indeed with the spell. There thy mother's and our Gertrude's pious hearts resisted him, even if he had known such wizard tricks. But in a dark night he set fire to our cottage, and with such abominable craft, that all blazed up in an instant, and we may thank God's angels above that we three escaped from the fearful din; and to the aid of some night herds in the wood we owe the small portion of our goods that were saved from the flames. Soon after he found me high up in the mountain. Wearied with labor, I had laid my axe in the grass, and had fallen asleep. He seized the axe, stepped backward from me about ten paces, and commenced a frightful howling after his flower, which I kept from him in my garden. And as, upon awaking, I chided him, threatening him on account of his mad doings, he hured the axe toward me, and it struck me upon my brow. Then, snatching it up again, he ran wildly forth with it, and was afterwards seen in churches and

cloisters, praying that they would wash the blood from the edge. Were the steel but clean again—so he asserted—his soul would then be clean, and he could bless his child, and be reconciled to me, and all would then be well and good. At times they have tried to seize him, or at least to wrest the bloody weapon from him. But always without success; madness has furnished its vassal with such fearful strength. It is incomprehensible to me, my son, how he could have suffered thee to deprive him of the axe."

"A strange terror seemed to overcome him," said Barthold, slowly, as he recalled the singular occurrences of the past night, or rather, strove to recall them, like the vanished images of a dream; but suddenly he exclaimed in horror: "Heavens! if, startled at my threatening gesture, he has fallen into the abyss, into the night of death! It seemed as if I heard him moan! far down in the deep chasm!"

"God will not suffer it!" whispered his mother, pressing both hands before her eyes. But collier Wahrhund said calmly: "Now be silent of the matter. Yonder comes the unhappy man's sweet daughter, humming a morning song between her lips." And as Barthold started from his seat, he added in a severe tone, "Be quiet! wouldst thou frighten her also to death?"

"No, father, no!" replied Barthold, softly and quickly, as if with a winged tongue. "But she cannot possibly know of my return—she cannot have seen me, or have heard of my being here. See, she glances with her dear eyes around upon the earth, after the flowers! But what a meeting for me!—at this moment when I know not but I have"—He hesitated.

Collier Wahrhund placed his hand upon his mouth, whispering: "True, my son. Up, and seek for him!" And like an arrow, Barthold glided away through the shadows of the wood, hiding the bloody axe under his arm.

The youth did not return during the whole day. Father and mother listening in anxiety and hope, and at each sound gazing involuntarily at each other with inquiring looks, had still strength and love enough—both are indeed one, in the true heart—to hide from their dear foster-child the happiness that was so near, and still was threatened with such doubt and danger. When they were

about to sit down to a late dinner, the mother hastened to remove a fourth plate which she had placed upon the table, and the tears came into her eyes the while.

A gloom lay upon all like a dark, slowly-coming thunder-cloud. In addition to this, some inhabitants of the Hartz, who came by, and stopped to partake of the hospitality of their board, brought word that a furious wolf had been roaming for some days in the wood, and had committed dreadful havoc, especially upon unwarned strangers. Father and mother were silent. Toward evening, Gertrude took her lute from the wall, and tried some airs upon it. But she said, sorrowfully: "A noxious night wind must have blown through the hall during the night; I have never before found my cithern so dreadfully untuned." Whereupon, with a kind of sad forbearance, she laid the instrument aside—somewhat as we turn, for a moment, from a friend, who, this time, will not or cannot understand us.

As the evening began to grow darker and darker, collier Wahrmond stepped in silence from the house, and walked into the woods.

He wandered carefully around amid the depths of the forest. High up beneath a group of fir trees, far from coal-kiln or dwelling, he suddenly beheld a bright red glow ascend toward the dark, o'er-shadowed heaven. It occurred to him that a destructive conflagration might have arisen in the woods, and he hastened thitherward at a quick pace.

It was no fire in the woods, but a far stranger sight that now met his eyes. Upon a hearth made of heaped up stones, he beheld his son kneeling before a fire, and blowing it lustily. He then saw him rise again, and with a smith's tongs turn a piece of metal busily back and forth, the shape of which could not be discerned. But what collier Wahrmond very clearly perceived, and what delighted him in his inmost soul, was his son's cheerful face. It was turned toward heaven, and glowed in the light of the flame upon the hearth. Upon the spot from which Barthold had just risen, there sat a thing like a gloomy shadow, which rocked anxiously back and forth. But Barthold then said, or rather sang—

"Thou man of woe and night, j
Take heart; all will go well.

VOL. V.—NO. VI.

39

The power of fire and light
Full many a wound can heal.
It is not I who make it—
The Eternal makes it so.
Cleansed is the axe; here, take it,
Banished is all thy woe."

As he sang, he raised the piece of metal from the hearth with the smith's tongs, and held it aloft before the shadow that cowered near him. But this one cried in a whimpering tone: "Oh, woe's me! Now it burns my very eyes completely out. Thy father's life-blood has now become a flaming spectre to me. Oh, Barthold, I am now lost more than ever!"

"Be calm!" said the youth, quietly and kindly, as he lowered the glowing axe-head slowly toward the earth, so that it was hidden among the dewy leaves of the branches, and then laid it upon the grass to cool. "Be calm!" he repeated, still more kindly, and in a moment added: "When I found you, strange self-tormentor—recall it all calmly to mind—when I found you in the cavern, into which, timorous and yet angry, you glided down at my menacing gesture, you told me, that if the blood were but removed from the axe with which you struck my father, then all would be fair and mild and good. Do you remember it?"

"I remember," replied the little old man, now growing more calm. "Oh, I now remember far more. I may in truth have prated much wild stuff last night to thee, as I have done during many days and nights before to other honest people. But now it falls like scales from my soul, and the lonely anchorite looks out clear and bright, from her dwelling of clay—at least much clearer and brighter than for a long, long time before. Yes, my young armorer, I have given the men of thy noble craft much to do, while I marched fighting around the world."

And having murmured a few syllables indistinctly to himself, as if he were uttering a name, with a solemn gesture, which gave him an air of dignity, he laid his hand upon his heart, and said: "Yes, on my word and honor, thus I am called!"

"I have had dealings then, perhaps, with a very great warrior of our time, but one long since thought dead!" said Barthold, hesitating between reverence and compassion.

The old man replied with calm severity: "'Perhaps!' that is a silly word,

But I am he for whom thou dost take me. Lay thy hand upon thy mouth. By God's stern, yet gracious decree, the secret must remain deeply buried; do not thou, stout armorer, disturb the mine; enough if the ore is delivered up to thee. What matters it from whence? And if thy dear father, the stout collier, Gottfried Wahrmund, in all truth still lives, as thy words almost seem to declare"—

He stopped, and by the light of the flame, Wahrmund saw that he gazed with strange, inquiring glances upon the youth.

"My father lives!" cried Barthold, and raised his right hand in solemn asseveration toward heaven.

The old man then said in a tone between joy and terror: "If thou hast spoken truth, may God reward thee! Hast thou wished to deceive me here by this flaming hearth, may thy reward come from the—"

But he stopped, and added more mildly: "No, no! nothing shall be said between us two of him. I have, besides, thought too much of him during my wild campaigns. In my heart—God knows it—I have never willingly resigned myself to the hateful blackamoor. I hope, therefore, that I may find mercy; especially if the collier, Gottfried Wahrmund, really lives. Ah! and if he has my sweet little flower in his garden, who certainly will pray for her father, and will, without doubt, be heard."

"Right! right!" said Gottfried Wahrmund, with a mild, kind voice, as he stepped slowly forth from behind the bushes. "I live, and thy dear flower lives—thy daughter lives with me. Come with me to my present abode, that I may show her to thee."

With a scream of mingled joy and terror, the old man fell at his length upon the turf. But, raised again at once by father and son, he said, looking upward to the stars: "Yes, yes, thou eternal love above us, thy countless eyes of gold twinkle mildly down upon me, and say, that all is truth that I have just heard from the lips of this kind man, this man of heavenly compassion. But that he may know that he has no madman to deal with, come forth, my jewel, from the recess of my trembling breast. Behold! if my little flower has the counterpart of this, then all is right. But if she has not, all is but a phantom, a mockery of the—but hush! I will not speak of him—the worst of jugglers!"

With these words, he drew from his tattered garments a brilliant token, which hung around his neck by a cord.

In the darkness of the night and the flickering glare of the fire, Barthold could not well observe it. It seemed to him as if he saw two little golden dragons, with wings, entwined either in strife or in embrace, surmounting an ornament that looked like a high-pointed coronet, or like a hill strangely cut into steps.

But Gottfried Wahrmund said: "I know it. One like it was found in the swaddling-clothes of thy child. Whoever thou may'st be, come. I will lead thee to thy daughter. I will help thee to thine inalienable rights. Come!"

But notwithstanding all the kind earnestness, notwithstanding the air of command with which the collier at last repeated the summons, in words as well as gesture, the old man stood as if spell-bound.

"Do not vex me thus," he groaned at last. "I can never follow thee to my little flower until the axe is cleansed from thy blood."

The young armorer had in the mean while raised the now cold axe-head from the grass, and fixed it again upon its stout handle of ash. Holding the bright, silver-sparkling weapon before the old man, and turning it back and forth so that the reflection of the flame played upon either side alternately, he said, in a tone of confidence: "Well, if that is not clean, there is nothing clean here below upon this dark earth."

"Thou art right," said the old man, and with a mild gesture, he took the axe from the youth's hand, weeping tears of joy over it, and bending himself with the weapon lowly before collier Wahrmund, in the dewy grass. But the latter raised and embraced him, and the three walked, arm in arm, through the still night, back toward the collier's cottage.

Something now rushed through the firs of the valley on the right hand. Seized by his mantle, by some unseen power, collier Wahrmund tottered backward, and before Barthold could call out "What is the matter?" the old man's axe sparkled and whirled through the air, and a groaning howl came from something upon the earth. Collier Wahrmund leaped up vigorously. The furious wolf lay convulsed in death upon the ground. "See," said Gottfried Wahrmund, taking the old man's hand; "thy axe is once more dyed with blood, my

preserver! But what say'st thou? It need not now be re-forged again?"

"The blood shall remain upon it," said the old man with a strong, clear voice. "But axe and wolf shall disappear, for my life is now cleansed of blood."

Having said this, he placed his foot against the dead beast, spurned it over the cliffs, and then hurled the axe after it. Then marching vigorously in front of the two others, he said with a clear and cheerful voice: "Let us hasten. My dear daughter is waiting for us."

As they approached the building, they heard the sound of song and cithern. "It is Gertrude!" said Barthold, softly, and the old man restrained the two others with a gesture of entreaty. They stopped and heard the following words:

"In a near garden blooms a flower rare,
Unlike the flowers that bloom around it
there;—

It is a shoot from out a princely garden.
There many a seed fell scattered on the
earth,

The wild birds picked them up and bore
them forth;

Sportive they bore them from the princely
garden.

One seed they dropped out in the forest
wild,

It grew and blossomed 'neath the heavens
so mild,

Transplanted now into a quiet garden.

There blooms the flower, far from its native
skies,

Beloved and watched by friendly hearts
and eyes;—

Let none transplant it from the quiet
garden."

The voice was silent. The delicate fingers still wandered dreamily over the well-tuned strings, almost as if bees were humming over them.

The old man then whispered—"Oh, who has breathed this song into her soul? It stills the storm within my bosom. Every jarring sound is silent before it, and a sweet sadness falls upon me. But she sings indeed of herself."

"And she herself has breathed the song into her soul," replied Gottfried Wahrmund. "Since her earliest days, while yet a lisping child, she often spoke of a dream, in which it appeared as if a wondrous rose bloomed in our little garden, which had been plucked from some lofty, princely spot—and thence this mysterious song has by degrees arisen."

"Let it remain a mystery to her forever!" said the old man, solemnly, and then added, in a soft, sweetly humming tone, "Let none transplant her from the quiet garden."

With this the three entered the hall. So great was the joy of the good dame at the return of her husband and son, that it could only be expressed in a silent prayer of thanksgiving; and the sensation of fear, which she felt at the presence of the gray-headed stranger, vanished as collier Wahrmund said, "This old man, I hope, will be our guest for life." When she had fully heard how her good husband had been saved by his hand from the furious wolf, she said with unmingled delight, "Welcome forever, our most dear guest!"

Gertrude now entered the hall. A slight blush stole over her face at the sight of the dear companion of her youth, but she became pale again as her eye glanced at the gray-haired stranger. She approached the latter first, and lifting her folded hands toward heaven, she whispered, "The peace of God rest upon this venerable head!"

The old man then began to weep, and sank upon his knees. Striving to raise him, but in vain, Gertrude also knelt. And now the old man rose again, laid his hands in an attitude of blessing upon the maiden's locks, and said, "The peace of God rest upon this blooming head!"

Gertrude arose, trembling with joy, and said, with an enthusiastic, almost extatic smile, "Oh, father Wahrmund, what mysterious joy hast thou brought into our dwelling on this strange night!"

The collier was about to speak, and Barthold also; but the old man signed to them with a commanding gesture, and they were silent. He then placed his meagre forefinger, upon which there sparkled a brilliant seal-ring, upon his own lips, and it seemed as if he had closed them with magic power.

Not a word thenceforth escaped his lips, but a happy smile hovered perpetually about his mouth.

Preserving the same silence, he blessed the tie which after some weeks joined Gertrude and Barthold in wedlock. When the first boy bloomed from this union, the old man laid himself calmly down, and died.

Who and what he had formerly been in the world, no one could discover. This, however, is certain: after several

years, a richly dressed soldier, followed by a noble train, came into the Hartz forest, and desired to be led to the old man's grave. He there kneeled down, and Barthold, who had travelled in many lands, knew that his fervent prayer was uttered in some southern tongue. All he could plainly understand were the words, "Oh, my great leader!" uttered aloud to Heaven.

Whether these words referred to the silent old man is not known. But that the last blessing which his lips pronounced over Gertrude's head was heard in heaven, may be judged from the welfare and great abundance which rested upon Barthold and Gertrude, and their children and children's children.

MEMOIR OF JOHN R. VINTON,*

BREVET-MAJOR IN THE ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES, WHO FELL AT VERA CRUZ,
MARCH 22, 1847.

"In science, in erudition, in taste; in honor, in generosity, in humanity; in every liberal sentiment and every liberal accomplishment."—BURKE.

WHEN one of the countless shots thrown in a siege and defence, which might have spent itself in the air or on the ground, takes suddenly out of life a mature and accomplished man, we are made to feel how serious are the chances of war, and how heavily its issues of death may come upon the country and the public service, as well as on the distant circle of private life. Nor are we willing that the loss of such a man should receive only the official or temporary notices of the event and manner of his death.

A graduate of West Point, a Master of Arts in a leading New England college, a scholar in the Greek, Latin and Hebrew languages, carefully and extensively read in theology (for many years his favorite study), well versed in metaphysics, ethics, constitutional and international law, and in an unusual degree acquainted with the rules of municipal and technical jurisprudence, a master of mathematics and of the scientific part of his own profession, which he had practiced from a boy, well instructed and deeply interested in astronomy, chemistry and most of the physical sciences, so skillful and so tasteful with his pencil as to have given his pictures a rank among the works of professed artists, and made them intrinsically valuable gifts to his friends, with intellectual powers unusually good by nature, and scrupulously

cultivated and held under absolute discipline, with a grave and serious cast of mind from childhood, resulting in a deep-seated and mastering principle of religion, a father, a son, and a brother, with a heart set on the kindly affections, bound to life by every tie—such a man, so constituted by nature, and so elaborately fitted and adorned for future action, the cruel chances of war, an accidental shot (I speak as a fool), a senseless iron ball, has in a moment taken from life and the living, from the public service, the domestic circle, the Church, from children, friends and country!

The qualities of Major Vinton as a soldier are a part of the history of the times. His nomination by the President, put expressly on the ground of his heroic conduct, the confirming vote of the Senate, the dispatches of Generals Taylor, Worth and Scott, and the tenor of the private letters from the seat of war, the history of the march of our army into the interior of Mexico—all speak in the clearest manner of his skill and energy in the general campaign and his valor in the field. These qualities may indeed be little regarded by those men who, in the self-indulgence, and, may it not sometimes be said, self-complacency, of literary pursuits, affect to undervalue military virtues. They are, indeed, not the chief qualities

* We are very glad to insert, though somewhat aside from our general custom, the present graceful sketch of this accomplished gentleman, lately fallen in our destructive Mexican service.—ED. AM. REV.

of a character so unusual as his, yet we must not withhold from them our tribute of unfeigned respect. When valor is the result of principle and self-command, when a life of study and rigid performance of duty has begotten habits of mental discipline and of patience under privations and sacrifices, so that a man keeps himself hanging loosely on the world, with home, comforts, and every worldly good, ready to be left behind at a moment's notice, and holding his very life at a pin's fee, for the greater good of the national life, we feel that here are manly and honorable qualities, which the world ever has, and ever will, esteem, and which the men of the pen and the men of the tongue, force themselves as they may, must always treat with respect. When we meet a thoroughly educated and high-minded soldier, we feel that here at least is a man removed from the absorbing pursuits of wealth and luxury, and the ceaseless scramble of politics. With a salary honorable, but not sufficient to be coveted, he performs his duties for some other purpose than such as influence the mass of men. A governing sense of duty, a high estimation of the importance of reputation, and a desire for a share of fame, even if there be nothing more than these, are motives at least as respectable as those which we see at work among men of business, of the professions, and even of the closet.

General Scott, in his dispatch from before the walls of Vera Cruz, records the death of Capt. Vinton in these words: "That officer was Capt. John R. Vinton, of the United States 3d Artillery, one of the most talented, accomplished and effective members of the army, and who highly distinguished himself in the brilliant operations at Monterey. He fell last evening in the trenches, where he was on duty as field and commanding officer, universally regretted. I have just attended his honored remains to a soldier's grave, in full view of the enemy, and within reach of his guns."

He was landed with the first line, and was at once placed in a conspicuous and important command, at the lime-kiln, in a perilous situation, the place being a perfect target for the enemy's shot, and liable to attack at any moment. When the batteries were opened, he was called to a still more honorable post, that of field and commanding officer in the line of batteries and trenches. A letter from an officer of high rank, written before his death, says:

"I saw him a few minutes last evening, well and in good spirits. He has all the enthusiasm and ambition of a young soldier, and stands very high in the confidence of the general-in-chief." The same officer, writing again, says: "I am overwhelmed with grief! My friend, the gallant, gifted, accomplished Vinton is no more! The news has come from the trenches that he was instantly killed by a shell while at his post at the batteries. This sudden dispensation has spread a deep gloom through the whole army. I have been for several hours on a sand-hill, in a crowd of perhaps a hundred officers, who were uniting their voices in lamentation. Just now, at General Scott's tent, to a large circle of the staff, the general pronounced a most eloquent and feeling eulogium upon the deceased, that went to the heart of every listener. He spoke of his rare talents and accomplishments and high soldiership as placing him in the front rank of his profession. Before leaving Washington, the general recommended him for the appointment of Assistant-Adjutant-General, with the view of making him chief of his staff in the field. He (the general) mentioned this to me when I first joined him at Tampico, and no longer ago than yesterday lamented to me that he had received no advices of the appointment. He spoke of it again this evening, with highly complimentary reference to Vinton's gallant and distinguished services at Monterey. . . . General Scott repeated this evening that the instantaneous surrender of the city and castle would not assuage his grief nor compensate the country for the loss of such a son."

Towards evening of the 22d March, Major Vinton went out upon an exposed situation, to watch the effect of our shot and the direction of that from the enemy. He remained there for some time, came down, and said to Major Martin Scott, who commanded the covering party, "Tell the officers, major, as you pass the mortars, that our guns are working accurately." He had just returned to his post when a huge shell, striking the top of the parapet, glanced and struck his head, fracturing the skull. He fell instantly dead, lying upon his back, with his arms crossed over his breast, his face, as an officer writes who was present, "retaining its habitual expression, sedate and earnest, but not harsh." The officers and men rushed to him as he fell, and gathered about him: The shell did not

burst, fortunately, for it was found to be charged with a pound of powder and 320 musket balls. Upon his body were found letters from his children, stained with his life-blood, which flowed from a wound in his breast. He was buried in the military coat in which he fell. The funeral was attended by the general-in-chief and all the officers who could be spared from duty, and the service of the Church was read over him by a brother officer—a friend of many years—amid the roar of cannon, the falling of the enemy's shot, and the whirling of sand in the fierce North—snatched from the victory of the morrow, that his spirit might gain a greater victory over death and the grave.

Having had the melancholy privilege of reading portions of the journals and letters of the deceased, and having learned many particulars of his life from the best sources, I have desired to perform one of the duties a citizen owes to such a man, by presenting his character and services to the sympathy and admiration they so justly deserve. But I find it will be impossible, within the limits of these columns, to give even a rapid sketch of his life, with such anecdotes and extracts from his journals and letters as will exhibit him in the light in which he has always appeared to those who knew him. I abandon this course with the less reluctance, from the belief that his life and writings will be given to the public by those to whom the task will be a pious and grateful occupation. Indeed, it is almost impossible to make selections where there are so abundant materials, each portion of which exhibits some trait we are unwilling to omit. The evidence presented by these letters and journals, and the letters addressed to him at various periods, is of a kind not to be doubted. Opinions expressed after a melancholy or a glorious death are apt to be over favorable to the former life and character; but there is no severer trial and no more triumphant issue than when a man is weighed by contemporaneous evidence, furnished without favor or reference to future effect. Tried in this balance, all will agree, nay will ardently proclaim that, in Major Vinton the country has lost a man of extraordinary qualities of mind and heart, who, had he lived, would have adorned the highest stations in his profession in a manner not to be always expected of merely military men.

The son of a lady of uncommon powers of mind, joined with great worth and

influence of character, the elder of four brothers, now distinguished in the church and the army, he was a boy of unusual promise at school, and was celebrated at West Point, where his instructors, in letters written at the time, pronounced him "unrivalled" in genius, acquirements, and high tone of moral character. He received a commission when scarcely seventeen, was employed for several years on topographical duty on the Atlantic coast and the Canada line, and yet was so good a tactician, that at an early age he was appointed by Gen. Eustis adjutant at the school of practice, and gave entire satisfaction, in that arduous office, to a fastidious commander. While residing at Washington, as aid to Gen. Brown, he was employed by the government in several duties of a special nature, and certain papers which he prepared were so generally admired in Congress, that in a leading speech in favor of the Military Academy, Lieut. Vinton was referred to as an instance of the kind of men the system of that institution could produce.

Indeed, success might be predicted in everything he undertook; for he had too much self-knowledge to undertake what he was not fitted for, and an energy, method, and high spirit, which yielded to nothing short of necessity. Until the breaking out of the Florida war, nearly all his life was passed in garrison duty on the seaboard, where he had great advantages for the pursuit of his studies. His furloughs were spent in travelling, or in the refined society found in the large cities, and among libraries and works of art, in which he delighted. His chief recreation was with his pencil, in copying from nature or the great masters, chiefly in landscapes or scriptural subjects, and his passion for this art seemed to grow with every year of his life. But he constantly bent the powers of his mind to hard and systematic study. The secret of his success is to be found in a few lines of a confidential letter to a young friend, written about this time: "I have been thought over rigid, and even heartless, in my requirements for the formation of excellent character; but it is because I have seen how idle, how senseless and pernicious, are the ordinary habits and views of young men, that I became so *exigunt* in my beau-ideal. I could repudiate all pleasures that do not please on reflection, and abandon every pursuit that does not lead to substantial

results. I speak now of precepts applicable to young men of ambition—those who wish to be useful or distinguished in the world. As to drones, I make no rules for them."

By the pursuit of such a course of rigid self-denial and discipline, he was able to perform labors in various departments of art and science, in such a manner as to command the respect of men to whom those pursuits were professional. The works of his pencil are received among artists; his correspondence upon astronomical subjects was valued by men of science; his general scholarship procured him a degree of Master of Arts in a leading University; his edition of the work on military tactics was highly satisfactory to the government and the general-in-chief; and in the second volume of Mr. Sumner's Reports, the lawyer will find an argument prepared by him in a case in which he was personally interested, depending before Judge Story, to which that judge paid the best compliment of following, in his decision, the same course of reasoning pursued in the argument.

His letters show him to have been as remarkable for the soundness of his views as for his acquisitions. With reference to several political and theological subjects of those times, they show us how a thoughtful man, removed from the strife of parties and the whirl of events, may take the same views at the which the actors come to after the retrospection of years.

But that which most interests us in his character, is the tenderness and depth of his affections. He had married a lady of distinguished merit and beauty, who died early, leaving three children, two daughters and a son, who now survive both their parents. In his relations as a father, a husband, a son and a brother, he was sensitive to every impression, and gave and received exquisite pleasure in the interchanges of affection and esteem. In one letter we find an earnest plea for the paternal affection, in answer to a suggestion that it might interfere with the love and duty we owe to the Most High. He speaks from the heart, and will not permit the natural affections to be severed from religion, and set over against the love of God.

Indeed, the tone of his mind was grave, and its tendencies religious and peaceful. So far was he from falling into the error, common among young military men, of supposing it necessary to profess fond-

ness for war, that he never hesitated to deprecate it as the greatest evil. At the time of the threatened rupture with France, and again with Great Britain, his letters are full of expressions of hope that peace may be preserved, and of suggestions as to the mode of securing it; while he was faithfully preparing himself for duty in the field. But still more earnest is he when, during the South Carolina difficulties, a civil war seemed impending. "Supposing victory to crown either standard, there is nothing to be hoped for in the subsequent acts of the prevailing party which will promise much for the welfare of the country or of the human family. Arms, therefore, is an alternative to be deprecated beyond measure. The lessons which are read to us daily from South America are sufficient to teach the dullest understanding on this point. This is not a government to be supported by bayonets, nor the controversy one of physical prowess. Any arbitration is better than successful contest in the field."

While in Florida, in the prosecution of the war, his mind came under the influence of religion far more than ever before. His whole soul was warned into a new life, and for a while, like the bewildered apostles, he seemed to "stand, gazing up into heaven." His journal and letters during this period are of the most intensely interesting character. Nothing, in the famed life of Martyn, more touches the heart, than the humility, self-accusation, and child-like devotedness of the high-minded, heroic man. At a secluded post, in the midst of the interminable pine forests, the solitude and silence of which he describes as awful and almost oppressive, far from his family and friends, his mind and affections ripened into the highest state of Christian experience and discipline. He then turned his thoughts, or rather, they were turned for him, towards the office of the Christian ministry. His letters are full of doubts, hopes, and plannings for taking holy orders. He fears that his health will not enable him to follow a sedentary life; he doubts his fitness; fears that selfish motives, the prospect of being with his family and friends, may combine with others; and examines himself in the most thorough and humble manner. He cannot honorably quit the army then in the field, and the prospect of retiring from it was somewhat distant. His pecuniary affairs, too, were hardly such as to war-

rant him in yielding up all income for three or four years, and the banks in which his property was invested were embarrassed and in danger. Then, too, he doubts if he is not too old to begin the study of a new profession; but modestly considers his acquirements in the languages, and avers that he aims at no distinction as a scholar or a preacher, but only at that degree of fitness which the rules of the Church require, to enable him to do his work in some humble part of the vineyard. To lose no time, he sends for books, and in his tent and in the forest he pores over the Greek and Hebrew, the commentators and sermonizers, and devoutly uses the best books of meditation and reflection. He prepared several outlines of sermons, and in his choice of subjects leaned towards those of a pathetic and personal character, that are more likely to bring tears into the eyes than to tax the understanding. As another preparation, he used to read parts of the service aloud, by himself, in the forest. He says, in his journal: "It requires time and habitude for one to become reconciled to the sound of his own voice. It throws one, at first, into absolute trepidation. In the solitude it is sufficiently appalling. What must it be in an assembly of people, a silent auditory, where a thousand eyes are fixed upon you, a whole congregation of faces bent upon you, ready to criticise and condemn the slightest fault?" This from a man who could stand with firm nerves a three-hours' fire from concealed Indians, scale the heights and walls of Monterey, and face the blazing batteries of Vera Cruz!

In a letter from Fort Taylor, he says: "Since I have been here, which is five or six weeks, the following has been my daily course: Rise at reveillé—private devotions—study Greek and Hebrew. Walk to my palmetto temple, a mile distant. Church services aloud. Return to reading. Dinner. Reading aloud with Major G. Study Greek an hour. Walk with Major G. to palmetto temple—social prayer and hymn. Return to tea. Bible class of twenty soldiers and two or three officers, in the evening. After tattoo, retire to my tent—Greek and Hebrew, or religious reading—private devotions and bed. On Sundays we have public worship, with good attendance from the men and officers, the major and I officiating alternately. Our interruptions are so few, that the foregoing

routine is carried on with great regularity day after day." It is proper to remark, that this is from a letter written to one whom he had selected as a confidential adviser in his religious habits and studies.

But it is in vain to attempt to do justice, in the short space of these columns, to this period of his life. Perhaps it had been better to pass it by in silence. It is of a sacred and private nature, and may not be understood or appreciated when so hastily noticed.

It was Captain Vinton's fortune to be engaged in one of the few battles of that distasteful war—the action at Lake Munroe. The event, and his own feelings, are faithfully described in his letter of Feb. 12th, 1837: "I have at last been an actor in the trying scenes of a battle. Hostile bullets have whistled their strange music in my ears, and my hitherto untried nerves have been tested by the crisis, which puts them to the severest trial. The ordeal has been passed, I may say successfully. I am assured of my ability to be composed and self-possessed, though my comrades were falling on my right hand and my left.

"Early in the morning of the 8th inst., half an hour before light, we were aroused by the war-cry of the savages, and a fire was poured into our camp on all sides, except that toward the lake. Our men, though recruits, almost without exception, repaired with alacrity to their posts, and returned upon the enemy full volleys of musketry. The morning was rendered still more obscure by a dense fog, which, with the smoke from the fire-arms, nearly concealed the enemy from our sight. But we had the direction with sufficient precision, and poured in our shot with interest. For three hours this conflict continued, with only one or two slight intermissions, our men gaining confidence and enthusiasm every moment. At length the savages began to slacken their fire, and made off, carrying their dead and wounded, but leaving behind many articles which they would never have relinquished but for discomfiture and necessity. They came down upon us with all their force, thinking, perhaps, to take possession of our camp. Their numbers were large, variously estimated at from three to five hundred, and their fire was sustained with a vigor and pertinacity unprecedented." In this action Captain Mellon was killed, and Lieut. McLaughlin and thirteen privates wounded. One man was struck

down at Capt. Vinton's side, so near as to cover him with his blood.

Although officers were brevetted and promoted who did not see an Indian man nor hear the crack of a rifle during the whole war, and appointments were made, from political motives, over the heads of the regular officers, yet Captain Vinton received no favor from the source of official honor. This has always been considered a gross injustice. Doubtless it was so; but there were reasons which account for, though they do not excuse it. He would never make, nor permit his friends to make for him, those efforts through lobbies and ante-chambers which so often determine official favor. But chiefly, it should be considered, that his intention of leaving the army, and taking holy orders, was well known; and on applying for a furlough at the end of the season, he had intimated his intention to resign his commission.

The continuance of the war in Florida, and the financial difficulties of the country, as well as his uncertain health, obliged him to abandon his cherished hope of the ministry, and he made up his mind to devote the remainder of his life to the duties of his profession, to general studies, and the education of his children.

Being at Providence during the Dorr insurrection, he entered ardently into the cause of the State, and saw the necessity of military organization and discipline to save the lives and property, and what is more than life or property, of the inhabitants from the recklessness of an armed mob. He hastened to Washington, and asked authority to offer his services to the State. This was not given, and he was told that he must act on his own responsibility. As he was not forbidden, he took the responsibility; and had he been called to account, would have made any sacrifice for the good of his native State. He knew the risk he ran, for it was generally feared that if the Dorr movement prevailed in Providence, it would also prevail in Washington. The people of Rhode Island well remember and appreciate the value of his military counsels in that crisis, of his incessant disciplining of the volunteer companies, and the spirit and intelligence infused into the young citizen soldiers by his course of military lectures. And we rejoice to know that Rhode Island is to pay to his memory the highest honor a republic can pay to one who has served his country faithfully unto death—the honor

of reverently transporting his remains from the field of his fame to the land of his birth, and of interring them among his kindred with the testimonials of a public funeral. She may be congratulated on being able to add his name to those of Greene, Perry, Olney, and others of her sons, who in every war, on sea and on land, in every part of this continent, from Lake Erie to Vera Cruz, have up-borne the honor of that high-spirited State.

While stationed at the arsenal at Augusta, Georgia, he received orders to join the army of General Taylor on its march from the Rio Grande into the interior of Mexico. During this march, he performed the duties of a field officer, often with a separate command, a proof of peculiar confidence in an enemy's country. He was sent to take possession of Mier, which it was thought would be defended, and to act as governor of the place during its occupation. This he did, and remained there until the main army passed on, and then rejoined it in season to act a conspicuous part in the battle of Monterey. His letters, journals, and pencil sketches, give excellent descriptions of the scenery and inhabitants of his new country, their religion, dress, habits, and characters, and present a fine illustration of the uses to which a man of thought and science may put a toilsome and oppressive march. But his letters are yet more marked by his characteristic strength of affection. At every stage he corresponds regularly with each of his children, giving most excellent and affectionate advice, and often touching upon the holiest and most sublime topics. From the rude furniture of his tent, surrounded by armed men and the strongest and coarsest developments of life, in reply to an inquiry from his daughter, he writes a beautiful, critical, and sober-minded essay on the presence and agency of the spirits of departed friends, in which he gives his views of the subject on scriptural grounds, and upon reasons drawn from natural religion and philosophy. Another, to his daughter, contains some valuable remarks on the choice of companions in a large school, and one to his son presents in a clear and simple manner, suited to a boy's capacity, the difference between envy and emulation, and gives earnest warning against seeking for relative distinction. All are marked by a sense of the reality of a superintending Providence, and a full belief in an intelligent, per-

sonal, sympathetic Supreme Being. In all, he endeavors to instill the governing principle of his own life, a sense of duty. To other friends, he writes with vigor and animation upon the campaign and its results, and confesses himself deeply interested in it. After alluding to the hardships of the march, he says: "Yet there is excitement and manly emprise, and on the whole I am far better pleased here than when luxuriating in the polished halls of Augusta Arsenal." On the night before the battle of Monterey, he writes to his daughter, showing a spirit of preparation for the duties and chances of the morrow, which could not but ensure him success in whatever might fall to his lot to attempt.

He was with Gen. Worth's division, and was actively and prominently engaged in the operations of each day. He was with the troops as they passed so long under the fire from the two heights in the storming of those heights, the capture of the palace, and the penetrating into the town, the digging through walls, and firing from house-tops. He was in five several engagements, in each of which he was exposed to severe fire from the enemy. In the storming of the second hill, he led a battalion on one side of the hill, while Col. Childs commanded on the other, and after forcing their way up, over rocks and brambles, amid a shower of musket balls, they drove the enemy from the top, at the point of the bayonet, and forced them to retreat to the stronghold of the bishop's palace.

The part performed by him in the capture of the bishop's palace was of so distinguished a character, and attracted such admiration at the time, that it deserves a full recital here. We cannot present a juster description of it than is contained in a letter from Capt. Blanchard, who served under him at the time. "I found Capt. J. R. Vinton in command of the advance, and he then told me that his plan was to try to draw the enemy from their position, in and near the palace, and when they were fairly out, to rise and charge them vigorously, and, if possible, to get possession of the palace. The advance was covered as much as possible behind the rocks, to protect them from the dreadful shower of grape and musketry which the enemy kept up from their defences. I asked him if we should advance or fire. He told me that I might advance if I did not expose my men too much, and that he wished me to fall back whenever I saw

the enemy coming out, until we were upon his line of ambush, and then to close on him and rush on them. It was a well conceived plan, and the result showed that it was well executed. The enemy were induced to come out and charge, and as they came up the hill, Capt. Vinton shouted, 'Now, my men, close and drive them!' With a will they closed to centre, delivered their fire, and with charged bayonets rushed on the Mexicans. They were thunderstruck, and, after a moment's stand, broke and ran. Our men were in the palace and fort before they all escaped, and in ten minutes their own guns were turned upon them. The main body under Col. Childs came down in solid column, and we were the victors. It was a stirring, thrilling scene, and I cannot do it justice, for it should be seen to be felt. Capt. Vinton derived all the credit which his position enabled him to obtain, and I shall always be of opinion that his plan was an admirable one. I hope he will be promoted, not only for his skillful and gallant conduct on that day, but for his general meritorious conduct as an officer."

This manœuvre, so well planned, and so consummately executed, was distinctly seen by the officers of the brigade on the opposite side, who spoke of it as brilliant in the extreme, and the first reports that reached us, brought his name as conspicuous among the heroes of the day.

After some time spent at Monterey and Saltillo, he was ordered with the greater part of the regulars to join General Scott in the attack on Vera Cruz. Here it was that he wrote his last letter which has already been given to the public. Those who knew him know how truly he speaks of his past life. His country will not forget in what spirit he gave his life to her "in her time of appeal." "I have hitherto lived mostly for others—but my children will reap some of the fruits of my self-denial, by the means I shall leave them of living independently, and securing a good education. I commit them, in full reliance, to the care of their Heavenly Father, and I hope their trust in him will ever be at least as firm as my own. My confidence in the overruling providence of God is unqualified, so that I go to the field of action assured that whatever may befall me will be for the best. I feel proud to serve my country in her time of appeal; and should even the worst, death itself, be my lot, I shall meet it cheerfully."

In the opening of this memoir, I noticed the manner of his death, and the high opinion entertained of him by the general-in-chief. It is gratifying to know that this regard was not owing to accidental intimacy, still less to anything in the nature of favoritism. On the contrary, without intruding into private relations, I may be permitted to say that Captain Vinton earned, by proofs of a high tone of character and uncommon abilities, addressed to the mind of an honorable and discriminating commander, the favor and confidence he received.

It is painful to reflect that Captain Vinton died without knowing that his services at Monterey had been appreciated and rewarded by the government. It was six months since the capture of Monterey; Congress had been in session nearly four months, and the session was drawing to a close. Ten regiments had been added to the army. Men of every sort and kind, taken from all imaginable situations in life, favored by some political or personal influence, had obtained high titles and commands, overtopping the educated gentlemen of ten and twenty years service; and the men who had fought and bled in the field, the heroes of Monterey, remained unnoticed. Men, too, who had never set a squadron in the field, never given or executed an order, were appointed at once to stations which the regular officers could hardly hope to reach in a long life and after many campaigns. An officer writes: "The army feels keenly that the officers who have so nobly distinguished themselves in the field, receive neither brevets nor promotions. Why should not such men as Childs, John R. Vinton, and C. F. Smith, and others of that class, be placed at the head of the new regiments?"

Towards the close, if not on the very last day of the session, the tardy act of justice was performed but too late to gratify the proper pride of one at least of those to whom it was directed. His appointment as Major, confirmed in March, and dating back to battle of Monterey, reached the besieging army a few days after his fall. He died in the belief that his services were overlooked. But to such a man, with whom duty and not opinion had been the ruling principle, this little honor was not necessary. He made no complaint, but again took his life in his hand, and stood among the murderous shells and balls that ploughed the ground about the devot-

ed post, proud of being thought worthy of a trust so conspicuous and so critical. "I observed," says a writer, "the look of gratified pride that lighted up his thoughtful countenance, when the general answered to him that he was appointed to that command."

His habits of order were singularly preserved to the last. On the leaves of a pocket-book he made daily and almost hourly memoranda in pencil, which he afterwards transferred, at leisure, to his journal. These notes are carried down, in a clear hand, to within less than an hour of his fall, and being found on his person are now in the possession of his friends. The last entry is as follows:

"March 22d.—Ordered to the trenches to command the batteries, early. General Scott sent in a flag for the city to surrender, at 2 P. M.; refused. Seven mortars opened at 4 P. M. Heavy cannonading"——

These were his last words. In a few minutes he fell.

I almost regret having attempted a sketch of a man to whom so little justice can be done in so short a space. His life and character deserve the study of his countrymen, and it is hoped the opportunity to profit by their examination will be given us in due time.

To those who have questions as to the military calling, it may be said that Major Vinton followed his profession with no unsatisfied or uninquiring conscience. He had settled it in his own mind that the office of an armed magistrate, for such only is the soldier of a Christian civilized state, is an honorable and necessary one in organized society, distinctly recognized in "the ways of God to men," and approved by the best and wisest of all ages and nations. With the devout Fuller he could say, "A soldier is one of a lawful, necessary, commendable and honorable profession," and with the author of the "Kingdom of Christ" he might add, "And what I say further is, that if we attach any sacredness to the Jewish history, as containing the divine specimen of a national life, we cannot refuse to believe that the other nations of antiquity were justified in their deep inward conviction that God has not given swords to men in vain, but that there are occasions on which the magistrate is bound, by his allegiance to God, to cut off offenders against the majesty of law."

It is not alone to the God-fearing and accepted warriors of the Old Testament,

whose lives are written for our example, nor to those whom John the Baptist taught to be just and merciful bearers of the sword, nor to the devout centurion, to whom, in the midst of the Roman camp, the angel could say, "Thy prayers and thine alms have come up as a memorial before God," nor to St. Louis and other hero saints of later ages, that we are to look for illustrations of the great truth, that the application of force, under the solemn sanctions of the highest earthly tribunals, to protect from wrong and enforce right, whether against our own citizens, or against our neighbors, in

tribes or in nations, is a legitimate and recognized portion of the divine government upon earth, administered by human responsible agents. Until the kingdom of peace shall be fully established on earth, every age will present for our regard its Christian warriors, as well as its jurists, scholars and statesmen. For the coming of that kingdom, no one prayed more sincerely than he whose beautiful, refined and chastened life terminated, by what we might almost call an incongruity, amidst the uproar of a field of battle.

Who is the happy warrior? Who is he
That every man in arms should wish to be?
Who, doomed to go in company with Pain,
And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train!
Turns his necessity to glorious gain;
In face of these doth exercise a power
Which is our human nature's highest dower;
Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,
Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
A constant influence, a peculiar grace;
But who, if he be called upon to face
Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined
Great issues, good or bad for human kind,
Is happy as a lover; and attired
With sudden brightness, as a man inspired;
And, through the heat of conflict, keeps the law
In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw;
Or, if an unexpected call succeed,
Come when it will, is equal to the need;
He who, though thus endued as with a sense
And faculty for storm and turbulence,
Is yet a soul whose master-bias leans
To homefelt pleasures and to gentle scenes;
Sweet images! which, where'er he be,
Are at his heart; and such fidelity
It is his darling passion to approve;
More brave for this, that he hath much to love;

This is the happy warrior; this is he
Whom every man in arms should wish to be.

THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF PHILIP YORICK, Esq.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

CHAPTER XXII.*

STORY OF EGERIA. (*Continued.*)

"We raised him in our arms," continued my narrator, "and bore him into a private apartment in the house. After a little time, with proper attentions, he recovered so far as to change his dress, which was thoroughly wetted by the absurd assiduity of those who endeavored to revive him. When his senses were perfectly restored, he began to recollect the reason of the sudden oblivion of his faculties, caused by the too violent operation of hope, rushing over the nakedness of his despair; nor was it the only instance I have known of such effects from that delicious and powerful passion.

My companion informed the young man in the gentlest manner, and by degrees, of what had happened, re-assuring him of his hopes, and insisting on the necessity of self-command. Meanwhile, the nurse and physician were busy above, successfully cherishing the life of the apparently deceased, until signs of animation began to appear.

When the young man was assured of their success, his countenance discovered a passionate joy, and he would have instantly gone up to his mistress, that he might be the first to meet her eyes, when they should be opened again upon the world; but on our representing to him the possible injury of such a course, he refrained, and sitting down, began to converse in an under-tone with my companion, relating, as I suppose, by what coincidences they had met together in so remote a place; with other particulars in regard to the lady. But as it was not my part to listen, I could gather nothing connectedly from their discourse.

This conversation had not continued long, when it was interrupted by the entrance of a little black-haired girl, who burst into the room, and delivered a half-breathless message from the physician, importing that the young lady had per-

fectly recovered her senses, and desired to see some person, whose name the messenger had forgot. Without waiting to hear out the message, the stranger rose quickly, and leaving the door ajar behind him, hastened to obey the summons. In an instant we heard a very sweet but faint voice exclaiming as if with the greatest joy; but the door closing at the instant, we could make out nothing of what followed. Though the evening was far advanced and darkness began already to occupy the vales, my companion proposed that we should walk together in the coolness, to recover ourselves from the impression of the events which we had so unexpectedly witnessed. Just as we were about to leave the house, the stranger joined us.

"As I am forbidden the company of my best friend," said he, with a smile, "for they put me out of the room, allow me that of her deliverer, who gave her back to me when, as I thought, death had snatched her away. It were vain to attempt to thank you," he continued, as we walked together along the green road; "the darkness might more easily describe the light, than my words the gratitude I feel. Let my life answer it."

"All that is very well," replied the other, laughing quietly, "but you will allow, had I done less, I should not have done what mere nature and duty required. But my joy is for the good fortune which threw the chance upon me of doing you so great a service without deserving any particular thanks for it. For that, you know, affords you an opportunity of giving me more than my due; which is a kind of giving to which you have always been addicted." So saying, he put one arm in mine, and the other in the stranger's, being a little less in stature than either; and then, to give ease to his feelings, "Come," said he, "if I

* Continued from page 490.

have done you any service, you shall be out of my debt from this hour, by doing a service in turn, which 'will be as much greater in merit, as it involves you in more trouble."

The stranger inquired eagerly in what particular he could serve him; pledging his honor to comply with anything within the bounds of possibility.

"I desire only," said my friend, "that you will relate to me and to this gentleman, who is a piece of myself, all the circumstances of your connection with the lady whom you say I just now gave back to you, having, like another Hercules, rescued her from the monster Death, who was just about to convey her to the Shades."

"You make me shudder, dear Clem," replied the stranger, "by alluding to the fate I have escaped; and, indeed, what a miserable fellow I should have been. But see! the moon is fully risen, and begins to look brightly over the tree-tops; let us turn aside here," said he, inclining to the right. "Walking here, years ago, I remember to have found a seat under a hemlock tree, whence you may look out over the valley."

Going a few paces from the road, which was shut in by low hazels, he led us to a point from which, under the streaming light of a full moon, we overlooked a glade in the forest; and when we had seated ourselves under the great hemlock, reclining against its vast bole, and secretly delighted with the resinous perfume of its leaves, he began his story:

"When we left the university together," began the stranger, addressing my companion, "I told you, that my plan of life was to live a bachelor, devoted to the elegant occupation of letters, which I held then, and do still hold, to be the noblest, if we except the kingly functions of a statesman, that any man can engage in. Not that I might acquire the readiness of an impertinent critic, such as abound in words, and are forward with a sentence on every subject, whether they understand the matter or not; I meant rather by a long-continued application to the works of the greatest writers of all ages, to become familiar with wisdom beforehand; that, by their description, I might know her features when I should meet them in real life. It is now five years since I formed this design, and although accident, and the intervention of other motives have prevented its accomplishment, at least in as complete and admi-

nable a manner as I could wish, I have never repented of entertaining or attempting to pursue it."

"Pray, sir," said I, "inform me;—To what branch of science did you devote yourself?"

"To no one part," replied he, "more than to another. My design was to run the circle of human knowledge."

"Is it possible," I answered, "for any man to be so bold as to attempt that labor?"

"I should have informed you," answered he, "that I divided my labors into five periods, allowing one year to the sciences, one to philosophy, one to classical learning, one to history in general. The fifth I reserved for the reading of the sacred writings, and those who interpret them. Of law and medicine I already had a smattering."

"And pray," said I, "how far have you advanced in the execution of this fortunate scheme?"

The stranger was silent for a moment, and then answered: "To confess the fact, I did not find as much pleasure in the sciences as I had anticipated. So, throwing them aside, I was soon buried in history and morals, and there I am at present. My term is up, and very little of the work accomplished."

I did not know which to admire most, the confidence of the stranger's attempt, or the simplicity with which he confessed its failure. Presently he resumed, as follows:

"In pursuit of this scheme, I purchased a cottage, in a retired nook, not far from the city, intending to live unknown and forgotten, until, by learning and meditation, I should have raised my intellect to such a pitch as might enable me to astonish and instruct mankind. To this retirement, thought I, neither care, nor vain desire, nor any human passion, shall pursue me. By simplicity of diet, I will subdue the desires of my body, and by books and meditation, exalt the powers of my mind. I will combine the seclusion of the hermit, the occupations of the scholar, and the meditations of the sage. The world shall see in me an example of a young man superior alike to the allurements of society and the temptations of solitude.

"Bidding adieu to my friends, under pretext of a journey to the South, I retired unperceived, and burning with pleasurable impatience, to my philosophical abode; thinking no less than, on a sudden,

and by the easiest of all sacrifices, to have attained the felicity I sought.

"An old woman who had formerly been the servant of my mother, and had nursed me in infancy, consented to act the part of housekeeper in the cottage, so that nothing should hinder the prosecution of my grand design. This was nothing less than to attain wisdom, the alchemy of the soul.

"To apply instantly to study, after a winter's dissipation in the city, was not easy; and resolving to inure myself by degrees, I began by reading a few pages of Plato every morning, and spent the remainder of the day in hunting or fishing. The cottage was situated in a glade, or opening among forest trees, on the slope of a kind of natural park, which inclined with a gradual fall to the borders of a deep and narrow lake. If you have ever seen Sallmon lake at this season, I need not describe its beauties to you. Nay, to describe them in any language save that of painting, would be to do them wrong. The depth and crystal clearness of the crooked lake tempted me often upon its surface. Winding from headland to bay, along the dripping shores, with the forest on one hand and the mountain on the other, I floated hour after hour, sometimes reading, sometimes musing, but always happy with the contemplation of the glorious future, of which I seemed to be the heir. Meanwhile, the habit of study did not return with all the vivacity and force I had expected. On the contrary, musing, and a kind of warm anticipation, devoured the nervous energy of my spirit. I became sad and visionary, indulging recollections of the past.

"One sultry afternoon, being in this mood of despondency, I had sailed and drifted in the shallop nearly to the extreme end, or head, of the lake, which was at least four miles from the cottage. Here the channels of a tumbling brook bring down the waters of the springs of the mountains. Leaving the shallop to its own direction, I lay looking upward at the skirt of a dusky cloud that led the van of the evening-summer's storm. The edges of the cloud folded and writhed themselves, moving rapidly from the west, and half the sky was already overcast. The hills grew dark, the wind sounded, the waters swelled; yet, absorbed in dull wonder, I made no movement to come nearer the shore. On a sudden, the cloud lengthened itself down-

ward toward the mountain, on the right, and, accompanied by a vehement wind, dragged its narrow skirt over the surface of the lake, not far from the boat. The waters rose in a confused and tumultuous surge, which dashed over the shallop, and filled it nearly to the brim. Leaving it to its fate, I threw off my coat, and with difficulty gained the shore; for, though the distance did not exceed three hundred yards, it was increased in effect by the irregular motion of the waves. Landing in the edge of a glade, on the east side of the lake, I found the termination of a footpath which led up from the shore. Following this path, in a wet and somewhat disconsolate condition, I came at last into an open field, beyond which was a country road, and a rude hut or cottage, on the hither side, built against the declivity of a low swell. The view opened beautifully toward the west, over a line of moist meadows, bounded northward by a series of rocky headlands, that shot out at intervals from a mountainous region. These headlands were of basalt, and showed broken precipices crowned with cedars."

"Sir," said I, interrupting the stranger in his story, "while we are eating melons, you talk of figs."

"You mean to say," replied he, "that one kind of scene is described, while we are enjoying another kind; which is in very bad taste, I admit, but it seemed quite necessary to the story; and to confess the truth, I saw nothing but what I was describing."

"Very well," says my friend, "that is the way of your scholars; they spoil the pleasures of the sense with the pleasures of the imagination."

"While I stood enjoying the view," continued the stranger, "a rustic wench, in a very slovenly costume, came out from the cottage, with a bucket on her head, and would have taken the way across the field; but seeing some one in the path, she retreated. It was now about an hour before sunset in the afternoon"—

"I thought you said it was evening," said my friend, interrupting him again.

"I said," replied he, "that an evening storm came over the lake; but these, storms begin, in our district, at four or five in the afternoon, and last till sunset. We have a great number of them in the hot days of summer and in autumn."

"Pray, sir," said my friend, somewhat impatiently, "could you not omit some

of these circumstances, and come sooner to the personal adventures. I am really eager to hear them. And now I think of it, how could you pretend to be enjoying a prospect, when you were soaked to the skin?"

"For that matter," continued our narrator, "I forgot the circumstance. You must know, I am particularly insensible to such accidents. I verily believe, if I were to fall into a lake in winter, it would not affect me disagreeably."

"That," said I, "is truly surprising. But pray, proceed."

"The girl with the bucket had no sooner entered the hut, when a meagre kind of hag came out of it, in the most miserable country costume I had ever beheld. Nor was her person less miserable than her dress. Her eyes were bleared, and the lid of one permanently everted; her toothless jaw almost touched her nose, which also went farther than it ought toward the jaw; she could not have thrust a spoon between them. If anything more extraordinary was to be noticed about her person, it was her hands and arms, which resembled the shanks of a long-legged water-fowl, so black and bony were they. This sibyl issued from her den with the same bucket, as I thought, which had been carried by the ragged girl; and coming toward me, she would have gone by in the path, but seeing my wet condition, she uttered an exclamation of surprise. I very civilly requested her permission to dry my wet clothes by her hearth. She replied in the shrillest voice imaginable, with a volley of questions and exclamations; but presently led the way to the hut, and set a chair for me by the fire. I will not weary your ears with a description of her wretched tenement: poverty in all countries is the same; but rural poverty seems to be less miserable than that of cities, because we associate it with the romance of the country, and the pleasures of solitude and summer's idleness. To the rustic poor themselves, there are no such associations, but only those of long years of solitary wretchedness."

"I beseech you," cried my companion, "do not mix all this matter with your narrative. You ruin the interest of the story by these melancholy additions!"

"I sat," continued the other, "by the sibyl's hearth it may be a half hour; during which time, she appeared occasionally at the door, but the girl kept herself out of sight. Rising to depart, I inquired

the shortest way to the high-road: where-upon the sibyl called the girl, who at that moment appeared with the bucket on her head, and bid her go before, as the path she said was hard to find, but Cherry knew it well enough. In a word, Cherry set down her bucket and led the way."

"How long," said my friend, with a start of impatience, "do you think it would take you, Mr. Clementine, to relate the incidents of your life, by the rate at which we are now moving?"

The stranger paid no heed to this remark, but continued his narrative as follows:

"Cherry walked very modestly before me, keeping well in advance and quickening her pace as I did mine. Her step was light and her movements had an air of grace which struck me with surprise. She seemed to be about seventeen, was of medium stature, slender figure, and delicate proportions. Her feet and naked ankles, though brown with exposure, were small and of an elegant shape. Her hair, of a rich chestnut color, fell in natural ringlets below the shoulders. A rent in the sleeve of her miserable dress, discovered an arm of incomparable whiteness.

"These particulars struck me as I followed her, with such force, I must needs, thought I, come near enough to see her face, and quickened my pace nearly to a run; but to no purpose; for, without disturbing the natural elegance of her motion, she tripped lightly in advance, never once looking back, and would by no means suffer me to come near. When we had gone on in this manner, by the winding path of the wood, for a distance of a quarter of a mile, or more, my curiosity grew to an irresistible pitch, and as there seemed to be no possibility of coming up with the tormentor, I called out to her to stay, stopping at the same instant myself. It was after sunset, but the shadows of the wood did not wholly obscure her features as she looked behind her, nor were they less agreeable than my fancy had anticipated. On the contrary their expression of united sweetness and melancholy, veiled with an agreeable reserve, more than compensated for a sunburnt hue, and a certain rusticity, the effect of ignorance and fear.

"Pray, my girl," said I, sitting down by the path, as if out of breath, "is not your name Cherry?"

"Yes, sir."

"And what is your mother's name?"

"I have no mother?"

"The old woman is not then your mother?"

"No, sir, she says I have neither mother nor father, and that she is no relation of mine."

"Pray, how does it happen that you live with her?"

"I have no parents nor friends."

"And how long have you lived with this old woman?"

"Ten years. My father brought me to her when I was a little girl. She says he was a rich man, and that he ran away from the city and hid himself in her house and died there. His grave is near by in the wood."

"And that was ten years ago, was it?"

"Yes, sir."

"While questioning my wood nymph, I approached her as if unintentionally; but, I assure you, it required all the resolution I possess to conceal the effect of her replies, for her voice had a particularly sweet tone. I had by this time gathered a handful of the pyrus which grew thereabout, making the air rich with their odors, and tying them in a nosegay, I placed them in her hand. She thanked me with a courtesy, and after showing me the path I should take to gain the high-road, (it was but a stone's throw further,) she turned and left me."

"I followed the girl with my eyes as she entered the wood, and when her form was no longer visible, I listened to her footsteps and the rustling of the branches as she turned them aside in the path. When the sounds were no longer audible I would have gone after her, but shame held me back. With a heavy step I regained my cottage. Everything here seemed to have changed its appearance. To read, or even to open a book, had become mysteriously difficult. Sleep did not come with darkness, and the first light of the morning found me again in the path that led to the hut. The old woman was at work in her garden, but the girl did not appear. All that I had heard the day previous was confirmed, with additional particulars, which the old woman was easily persuaded to communicate by a small present of money. It seemed that about ten years before that time, a man in very coarse attire, but with a polished address, had taken shelter in the hut at night. He had with him a little girl of great beauty, but clad, like himself, in a coarse disguise. For a certain sum which he paid her, the old

woman had consented to keep the stranger concealed in a loft, under the roof of her hut, and at the same time to take charge of the child—that he remained all the day hidden, and came out only at night, when he would wander through the woods or endeavor to amuse himself with working in the garden. He lived in this manner concealed for a month or more, when one morning she found him lying quite dead, with the child, whom he called his daughter, fast asleep in his arms. As the girl, she said, was docile and active, she resolved to keep her as a grandchild, and had passed her off as such to the neighbors. That now, her poverty had grown upon her, and she did not wish any longer to keep the secret; but, if young master wished to do a kindness to a poor woman he would find the girl a place at service, or get her work in the new factories!"

"I heard the old woman with attention and endeavored to learn from her all that she remembered of the conduct and appearance of the father, and not neglecting opportunities of inquiring into the character of the daughter also, gathered many particulars which it gave me the greatest pleasure to hear; for you must know I was actuated by a secret resolution to remove the girl out of her present miserable condition, and after giving her the advantages of an elegant education, to conclude by making her my wife."

"The representations of the old woman convinced me that the man who had taken refuge in her hut was some person of ability and consequence in the city, who had fled into concealment from the suspicion of some terrible reproach, of the nature of which I could not form the least conjecture. So much, however, was certain, that his manner and figure were elegant, his conversation courteous and affable, and his bearing that of one who knew the world. His affection for his daughter was so intense, he would not spare her a moment from his sight;—which she repaid by the most endearing and dutiful behavior."

"In fine, for a sum of money, I fairly bought the orphan of her foster-mother, and added a *douceur* for secrecy. My protégé was easily persuaded to accept my offer to educate her in the city. Having procured a suitable dress for my protégé, and a disguise for myself, we hurried to the city at night, and took private lodgings in a retired quarter. After a sufficient inquiry, I procured a respectable

ble governess, and passed off my companion upon her for a niece of my own, the daughter of a Western planter, who had committed her education to my charge. A story not ill supported by the singular mixture of rusticity and elegance in her manners. At this time, my Cherry could not read with ease, and barely wrote her name in a cramped fashion, though the old woman assured me of her capacity, and of the pains which her father used to take in her education, when her childish conversation was his only solace.

"For the first year, I took care to visit my pretended niece but seldom, maintaining instead a very regular and judicious correspondence, under the eye of the governess. This continued for a year, until by my own inadvertency the lady discovered that her pupil was not my niece—a fact which she had suspected from the first; and having not the best opinion of me or my intentions, threatened, on a sudden, to betray me, as you shall hear."

Then, taking out a letter, the stranger read from it the following:

"MR. CLEMENTINE:

"Sir,—I have to inform you that it has become necessary for me to resign the charge of the young lady, whose innocence God protect. I have reason to think she is no niece of yours, but that you are educating her with dishonorable intentions.

"I am, sir, respectfully yours,

"VIRGINIA ———."

"This letter gave me very little uneasiness. I received Miss Virginia's resignation without regret, and made her a handsome present for secrecy. Meanwhile my *protégé* had made wonderful advances in her studies, so that in less than two years' time, with the help of excellent tutors, I beheld her transmuted from a rustic wench into a beautiful young lady. Dancing and music she acquired with perfect facility. I provided for her instruction a German teacher, who led her quickly, with the aid of her natural genius, into the right taste of music, and gave her such hints as might enable her to become a perfect musician—a particular which it gave me exquisite satisfaction to think upon; for you must know, I cannot find it in my heart to like a woman whose taste in melody is vulgar, or who uses a shallow and affected, or a coarse and nasal style of singing. It seemed to me, that a cultivated mind

and a true sentiment is more discoverable in the musical, than in any other expression. If people have neither ear nor voice, they are not to blame; but to exhibit one's defects before persons of discernment, out of vanity or hope of pleasing, is an unpardonable folly.

"In other parts of education, she discovered equal diligence and ability. She acquired a perfect taste in dress—or rather she possessed it by nature—and showed the happy talent of uniting simplicity with elegance. Having a fine figure, full of natural grace, she knew how to set it off to advantage, by a proper choice of forms and colors; a talent which her governess immediately discovered, and used to her own advantage, while she did not fail to caution me against it in my *protégé*, as a vicious peculiarity. Indeed, in every particular, this very worthy lady used her best endeavor to prejudice me against my Cherry, representing her rusticity as an incurable awkwardness, her simplicity as silliness, her curiosity as vulgar, her taste as vanity, her arch humor and attractive conversation as the signs of a naughty and meretricious temper. Indeed, through her repeated misrepresentations, my first passion had very much cooled, and would have been quite extinguished, but for a visit at long intervals; when the growing beauty of the girl—her modest confidence in myself—her gratitude, expressed in a manner irresistibly moving—her joy at my coming, and her ill-concealed grief at my departure, together swept aside suspicion, and confirmed me in my first resolutions anew."

"Pray, tell me," said I, "if the question be not impertinent, by what name you passed off your *protégé* upon her governess?"

"By my own," replied the stranger. "Of her real name, and by what fortune I discovered it, you shall hear anon."

Our narrator would have continued his story, but stopped, on observing that my companion appeared very much agitated. He sat with his face buried in his hands, and at intervals heaved a sigh so profound it seemed to come from the bottom of his heart.

"Why, Frank," said I, "what is the meaning of this?—when were you wont to be so very sympathetic?"

"I was thinking," replied he, making an effort to repress his emotion, "of the loneliness and misery of the poor child; for indeed, the particulars of her history

are as new to me as to yourself. But proceed; let us hear the rest, and do not observe my humors. I was merely indulging in a little sentiment;—the place and time moves one. Besides, your manner is infectious," said he, laughing hysterically, and wiping his eyes.

As we knew our friend for an oddity, and full of singular conceits, we made no farther inquiries, and the stranger resumed:

"Being now actuated by an intense desire to make a perfect woman of my *protégé*, I cast about for information on all subjects connected with education. During the first year, I was chiefly occupied with letters, which I wrote with the utmost care, weighing every word, that it might produce the best impression on her mind. I endeavored to fill her imagination, and if possible impress her heart, with sentiments of religion, though I confess to you my own notions were not in the most settled condition: but as the idea of an irreligious woman was intolerable to my soul, and the age is now replete with every species of detestable heathenism, appropriating to itself the language and notions, without the spirit of the Holy Faith, I wished early to defend her against it, by wakening a deep reverence for the Holy Scriptures, as the fountain of the most ancient truth. To that end, I dwelt chiefly on such texts as convey maxims and secrets of divine morality, as distinguished from commonplace philosophy of the schools, or the shallow sayings of public men. Nor did I neglect the education of her fancy and sentiment, by that most admirable and indispensable means, the drama, which I place next in importance to books of religion:—for that it is the voice of the human heart left to itself and operating under the vehement instigation of the loftiest passions. As she attended the church by my order, so, at rare intervals, she visited the theatre in company with her governess: but I would never suffer her to hear a play until she had first read it aloud, and understood it in the sense of the author. The governess informed me that at her first visit, when the tragedy of Hamlet was represented by several excellent players, she was silent with astonishment, and seemed to hear nothing until the last act, when her attention suddenly became fixed upon the scene. At the close, during the relation of Ophelia's death, she wept: but at the lines

'Now cracks a noble heart.—Good night,
sweet prince;
And flights of angels ring thee to thy
rest'—

she burst into an agony of grief, and could never be persuaded either to hear or read the play again."

"Charmed with these evidences of sensibility in my *protégé*, I was not the less cautious to avoid betraying my pleasure. I listened with an air of doubt, and never addressed myself to her in terms of flattery or acquiescence; but endeavored—though you may laugh at the thought of it—to assume the tone of a grave friend, or an elder brother. Nevertheless, it was not possible for me wholly to conceal my passion; and I had the satisfaction to see, or fancy that I saw it returned.

"It was, then, a trust of extreme delicacy to receive this orphan from the hands of her suspicious governess. To avoid the least appearance of evil, I endeavored to persuade her, before resigning her charge, to find some other fit person who would undertake it. She professed to have done so; and gave me a direction to a very reputable-looking house in a retired quarter, where she said my young lady might be placed under the best imaginable influences; for that the family were very religious, and the mistress herself a woman of excellent discretion and good attainments. Being very well satisfied with her recommendation, and with the family themselves, who made a good appearance, I allowed her to place my Cherry with them; and soon after went thither to see that everything necessary had been provided for her comfort and improvement. I purchased a choice collection of books; hired the best teachers; deposited money with the new guardian, and retired to my country cottage with feelings of the most exquisite satisfaction—not unalloyed, however, with impatience.

"I now recollected my plan of study; and began again to lay out a very systematic course of improvement; but the irksomeness of solitude forced me again into the world, or led me to draw whatever friend I could persuade into my retirement. It was you, dear Frank, who first came to my retreat. You will well remember our excursions, our readings, our conversations;—How, at midnight, when a serene heaven of stars shone in the abyss of the lake, we discoursed

of things eternal—the essences, the beings; and soaring in our heavenly mood to the very height of reason, how we found forms of imagination subtle and vast enough to body forth divinity itself; nay, to identify our own with God's essence."

"But all this time," groaned the other, "you said nothing of her."

"Of whom?" replied the stranger.

"Of Egeria!"

"No," continued he, "I made a secret of that, because no man could know my intentions."

"Go on," said my friend. And the stranger proceeded.

"A wider acquaintance with men, through books and conversation, only served to convince me of the excellence of my choice. The letters I received from Cherry, persuaded me equally of her wit and her simplicity: my own, in answer, were of such a grave, didac-

tic tone as it seemed necessary to assume.

"At length, after waiting an unusual time for an answer from her to a letter, I became impatient, and hastened to the city. It was noonday, in the heat of summer; and the quarter, where she lived, seemed to be quite deserted of inhabitants. I walked slowly on approaching the house; anticipating, with the intensest joy, the pleasure of beholding her sweet face. Already, her voice, melodious as the note of a thrush, seemed to welcome me; her fair hand was clasped in mine, her large dark eyes cast downward, or tremblingly raised to mine, seemed full of the sweet union of mirth and affection; my step was on the threshold—I knocked gently—no one came—again—no footsteps—again, more loudly; and the empty street gave back a resonant echo—I looked up; the shutters were closed, the house deserted.

CHAPTER XXIII.

STORY OF EGERIA, (*Continued.*)

"I went from house to house," continued the stranger, "to inquire to what place the tenants of the mansion had removed. All were deserted—except a wretched looking tenement hard by in a close alley, from the upper window of which an ill-favored female, with a shrieking voice, informed me that it was useless to inquire, for that every one had left the neighborhood because of the fever which had appeared thereabout with great virulence. Sick with disappointment and alarm, I paced slowly and wearily back to my lodgings, under the hot sun. A feeling of desolation, and an intolerable weight about the heart, followed me through that day and the next. I shunned society like a man struck with infamy, and spent my time wandering through the streets of the half-deserted city, in the vain hope of meeting some person who could give me the information I sought. The former governess, whom I found, could tell me nothing; she said the family would no doubt return in the cool season, and the young lady with them. As I had kept the secret from my friends and relations, I could say nothing to them, and my altered looks, forced gaiety, and marks of real despair, impressed them with a feeling of dread and suspicion. Some attributed the

change to mania; others to the use of narcotics; others hinted at a loss of property, and the dangerous company of the borrower; others, more judicious or knowing, complimented me on the romance of my look—that I had the aspect of a true disconsolate knight discarded by his lady.

"Finding no consolation in the great city, I travelled to watering-places, and conned over hundreds of hotel records, in hopes of lighting on the name of the governess. After losing several weeks in these fruitless inquiries, I bethought myself on a sudden of the owner of the house; concluding that he, if any person, would be able to give me a clue to the course taken by his tenants. After a long and troublesome journey into the interior, I at length found him, and learned that the house had been returned upon his hands, and that the former tenants had left the country—gone, he knew not whither. Noticing the grievous effect of his information he yet made no inquiry, and offered no sympathy. I returned to my cottage, and through the joint effect of grief, disappointment, and fatigue, fell into a species of marasmus, which, in a few weeks, reduced me to a skeleton. I believe it was the longing for sympathy that produced this

effect; for, by an absurd kind of infatuation I concealed everything relating to the lady, and even invented probable matter to account for such part of my conduct as seemed singular. As the disease was an inheritance, no one suspected the real cause. At one period, as I well remember, my secret became a burthen too heavy to bear, and I felt compelled to seek out some person who might be trusted with it. Passing by the house of a physician in a principal street of the city, I remembered to have heard of his humanity and wisdom. Here, thought I, is the man to give me consolation and advice. I entered, and, after some desultory consultation about diet, and general health, I inquired of him if he had made any study of heart diseases, or knew of any cures for that class of griefs. Understanding me literally, he said he had some experience in that way, and could give advice, but added, that he saw no tokens of anything of the kind in myself. His want of penetration disgusted me. I paid him a double fee to be clear, and departed without a word of the business.

"Summer glided into autumn, while you, dear Frank, watched over my miserable carcass, striving, often against my will, to keep the life in it. Winter succeeded autumn, but still no tidings of my girl. 'Gone! gone! gone forever!' But still the voice of hope, more penetrating than the wildest outcry of despair, continued to rouse and cheer me. To search was useless. All attempts failed. Another year passed and I began to recover a certain measure of health. A third year restored me so far I was enabled to fulfill a resolution, secretly taken, of quitting these scenes of my misery, and by new experience, in a foreign land, of subduing, or at least mitigating grief. A resort to books of travel stimulated an old and very natural desire of visiting France, the country of my ancestors. Allow me to pass over the less important particulars of my voyage and journey, and imagine to yourself a village on the hither slope of the Alps, situated between two oval hills, that were then green with rows, not of maize, but of vines producing grapes, covering and investing their sides and summits. Between, on an eminence above the village, stood the ruins of the chateau of my fathers, once the delicious home of noble refinement and wealthy hospitality; now the whole was a heap

of blackening ruins. While I stood among the fallen rafters, in a mood of sorrowful meditation, contrasting the glorious past with the gloomy present, I felt myself to be the last of my race. A race of soldiers, of courtiers, perhaps of heroes and statesmen, was about to die with me. A feeling of boundless desolation—a solitude not only of space but of time—for is not the past a mere mockery separated from hope, and only the harder to bear when its shadowy forms suggest what might, but shall never be?—a loneliness, awful, in that it was an obscure and remediless extinction of all that is best.

"O sordid Radicalism, what knowest thou of liberty, rejecting the splendid consolations of honor? Consider, half-souled demoralizer—Deity itself is venerable only because it is eternal—darest thou, then, worm of a day, compare thy shallow happiness against the deep-founded bliss of ancestry? Thou dardest not be proud, having the earth for thy parent; but ancestry takes its origin from God! The name of Israel, old as the Holy Book—old as the race of man! they preserved, in a great reverence of ancestry, the image of justice and of truth. The race of Rome! by veneration for the virtue of their fathers, they became masters of the world. The race of Normandy! remembering their father's honor, they made the letters, the religion, the arts and the arms of France, and, with their brother Saxons, of England—and art thou, sordid Radicalism, the bouncing slut that insults all this grave glory of the world?

"Then falling into a mode of reflection more restrained, I thought thus:—

"We revere what is old, because it resembles what is eternal. A venerable old man is a kind of deity to us—we know not his beginning.

"A thing is lasting by reason of its strength. What is absolutely strong should last eternally.

"So, in the reverse order, vastness is admirable; for whatever is vast has a proportionate weight. As a large and strong man has an evident, so an old man has an inferred, and imagined superiority; the more sublime as it is indefinite.

"A family must contain the old, the middle-aged and the young; the mean is educated by the extremes while it sustains them. Innocent youth excites love and hope, venerable age a reverent solicitude.

"Youth and infancy make us proud of ourselves; age makes us humble; ancestry, devout. The one fosters authority and beneficence—the other religious care. Piety, in its ancient meaning, referred only to the veneration for our parents, even in remote generations. The rites of the old religion began with honors to the dead, and concluded with a worship of that to which their spirits had returned.

"The painters represent God with the features of age. The poets name him the Ancient of Days.

"Old men are just; the young, ambitious and insolent. A young generation delights in the destruction of all the barriers against vice, that it may sin with

less reproach. For, as all men feel that sin is the transgression of the law, their inclination is to subvert the law; that they may not be contradicted, declaring that there is no sin.

"Old age is querulous; but its complaining is the plaint of the soul against the body; the murmurs of youth are of the body against the soul.

"The vilest of men have no reverence for the sacred and the founded; like beasts they rush in and defile the sacred things.

"To say of age and venerable virtue that they are useful to us, is impious; for they begot and made us, and we are theirs."

THE MIGHTY MEN OF OLD.

BY MISS MARY M. CHASE.

The shepherd-king of Israel sat on his gleaming throne;
Around him crested helmets waved, and burnished bucklers shone;
And the trumpet, and the cymbal, and the clarion's stirring peal,
Were mingled with a thousand shouts and clang of glittering steel:
The bravest band of all the land are in that proud array,
For the king will choose his mighty men from out their ranks to-day.

They come from far Beersheba, from Judea's utmost bound,
From where the silver springs of Dan burst forth with pleasant sound;
From Gilead's scented groves of balm, from Carmel's wooded hill,
From Jordan's banks, and from the shades by Hebron's sacred rill;
They come from Lebanon's dark heights, and Sidon by the sea,
From Gibeah's towers, and from the shores of radiant Galilee.

The king sits in the city gate, and all the gathered town,
From battlement and parapet are looking eager down.
And Judah's maids with raven braids and tresses flung aside,
Are gazing from their lattices upon the concourse wide;
The pale cheek burns, the dark eye glows, as standing there they see
The proud young warriors who have sued to them with bended knee.

The trumpets cease, the monarch speaks in accents stern and loud,
And a sudden stillness falls upon the murmuring restless crowd:—
"Stand forth, ye brave of Israel! your deeds of valor show;
That rich rewards and honor high your proud deserts may know;—
Stand forth, ye valiant captains! and the mightiest of your band
Shall be your chief, and from this day sit down at my right hand."

Uprose a tall, dark warrior ere the Monarch's speech was done,—
There strode not through Jerusalem so haughty-paced a one :
He stood and leaned upon his spear before the admiring king,
While murmurs of applause went up from all the martial ring ;
And they whispered to each other, with reverential air—
“ There's none that with Adino for prowess can compare.”

He speaks, and all are hushed, his brief and wondrous tale to hear—
“ My lord ! I slew eight hundred men, one time, with this good spear !”
Then what a shout went up to heaven ! and loud the monarch cried—
“ There is no such in all the land— now sit thee by my side !
The brazen shield upon thy arm shall be exchanged for gold,
And unto pale Philistia's coasts thy story shall be told !”

He ceased, and all the warrior host a solemn stillness kept,
As a fierce and lion-featured man into the circle stepped ;
And he spoke :—“ Hast thou forgotten, my leader and my lord !
How side by side in desperate strife we drew the avenging sword ?
Philistia's host had filled the land, our men had gone away,
But four alone, of Judah's bands, defied them to the fray.

“ I rose, the Spirit of the Lord had filled my arm with might ;
I smote them till their stoutest men turned back in headlong flight ;
I smote them till unto my sword my hand clave with the toil,
And Judah's men returned again but to divide the spoil.”
“ Thou hast fought well !” the king exclaimed, “ and for thy service done,
Thy place among my mighty men shall be the second one.”

Another stood amid the throng ; defiance stern and high
Dwelt in his darkly shaded brow, and in his haughty eye—
“ Thy people fled before their foes, and left their harvest field,
To proud Philistia's trampling hoofs its bounteous store to yield ;
I stood alone and slew them there, I saved the golden plain,
And the Lord wrought us a victory over our foes again.”

“ Stand thou beside me,” said the king, “ and for thy noble deed,
The third place in my valiant band shall be thy well-earned meed.”
Then from the assembled throng came forth into the monarch's view,
Three of Judea's noblest sons, all warriors tried and true :
Within Jerusalem's palaces, her soldier-crowded street,
No stronger captains drew the lance, no braver bosoms beat.

They looked upon each other's face, each strong hand grasped the sword ;
They looked upon the monarch's face, but never spake a word ;
Then rose the king from his high place, laid off his golden crown,
And cast his royal mantle by, and from his throne came down,
And took the warriors steel-gloved hands, and met them face to face,
Before the hosts of Israel, in brotherly embrace.

“ These are my friends ! long, long ago, in far Adullam's cave,
I thirsted, and I pined for drink, my fevered lips to lave :—
I longed for water from the well by Bethlehem's city gate,
But round about my harbor lay the Philistines in wait ;
But these three men broke through their ranks, and slew them as they passed,
And drew the water from the well, and brought it back at last !”

Then spoke the eldest of the three :—“ My lord ! not ours alone
Was all the glory of that day ; the chiefest was thine own ;
For when into thy hand we gave the dearly purchased draught,
‘ Not by *my* lips,’ thou saidst, ‘ shall this, the price of blood be quaffed ;’
And there upon the cavern floor the precious drops were poured,
“ Because our lives were jeopardd for thee, before the Lord !”

Loud shout the assembled multitude—a thousand echoes ring:—
 “God save the Lion of Judah! God save our Lord the King!”
 Oh! many another tale was told of battle-field and fray,
 And many another name was placed upon the list, that day;
 But none had such a thrilling tale of hardihood to tell,
 As they who drew the water up from Bethlehem’s sparkling well.

DANGERS TO BE GUARDED AGAINST IN THE PROGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES.

WHEN we see so close an analogy between the natural body and the body politic, in their gradual advance from infancy to maturity, in their healthy and diseased action, and in their self-preserving power to remedy the evils they may chance to encounter, we are naturally led to extend it still farther, and to suppose that, as the animal body has, by the laws of its structure, a certain term of existence which it cannot transcend, so must political communities have their old age and death, as well as their infancy and manhood. But this is carrying the parallel too far. Governments may be more correctly compared with species than with individuals—while the latter flourish for a time and then pass away, the former have the power of perpetual renovation.

The dissolution of a government, then, not being a necessary condition of its existence, it behoves a people who have one created by themselves and fashioned to their tastes and circumstances, to consider the remote as well as present evils and dangers which they may meet in their progress, that they may devise means of prevention where practicable, and mitigate what they can neither prevent nor cure.

Our inducements thus to look ahead are peculiarly strong when we recollect the extraordinary capacities of our country, and the career of glory for which it seems marked out. Its destinies are, in some sort, in the hands of the present generation.

Here, too, the great problem is to be solved, whether man is capable of self-government, or whether those artificial forms which prevail in the old world, and which seem to us adapted to that state of ignorance in which they originated, are necessary in an advanced stage of intel-

ligence. Most of us are, indeed, apt to consider that this question has already been settled. Our present government has been tried for half a century, during which our success, when examined by the ordinary tests of good government, has been unexampled. But the rest of the world refuses to abide by this experiment, and they insist that what we claim to be a merit of our political institutions, is due to the peculiar circumstances of our country—that since these are temporary, our government is destined to encounter trials of which it has as yet had no experience.

We are bound, we think, in candor to admit this. The frame of government which has worked admirably in one state of society may be unsuited to another. Let us, then, both as patriots and honest searchers after truth, seriously inquire into the dangers which we are likely to encounter in those changes of condition to which we may look forward, see how far they may be obviated, and what will be the probable extent of the mischief, where they are irremediable.

The dangers which may be supposed most to threaten the success of our great experiment, may be referred to the character of our polity, both as to its complexity and its democracy; to the diversity of feelings and interests in the different States; and to the diversity between classes of the people in the same State. These comprehend all that is or may be peculiar in our government, and all that may occasion its downfall. On each of them we propose to bestow some consideration.

One of the most obvious dangers to which the permanency of our system seems exposed, arises from the complexity of its structure, by which the attributes of sovereignty are so distributed

between the general and State governments, that some of them are exercised by one of these governments exclusively, and some others by both concurrently. This part of our polity has always been viewed by us with peculiar favor, from its enabling us to combine the highest degree of civil freedom with our vast extent of country. In any other system than ours, the two things would be utterly irreconcilable. No single national government could make laws or execute them so as to suit the diverse tastes and circumstances of the several States; and though it could, the power and influence required for those objects would be greater than could be safely trusted. Overcoming, either gradually or by sudden violence, all checks devised for its control, it would finally become despotic. By means, however, of our present system, every State is left free to make all its laws which more nearly touch the individual interests and concerns of man—those which establish rules of property, regulate contracts, define and punish crimes, provide for the preservation of morals, the means of instruction, the facilities of intercourse—and to adapt them to its local circumstances, its usages, its feelings, and its tastes. The functions of the general government are, on the other hand, limited to the subjects of national defence, of foreign intercourse, and two or three minor objects, in which peculiar considerations made uniformity desirable, as in the post-office, coining money, and naturalizing foreigners. We may form some idea of the benignant character of our local legislation by reflecting upon the large proportion of those State laws which have long held an undisturbed place in the State codes, because they were suited to the circumstances of their respective States, and which would never have been enacted by a national legislature.

In our ordinary estimates of the distribution of power between the government of the Union and the several States, we are under an illusion produced by this very excellence of the State governments. Questions relating to the national government generally excite a livelier interest among our citizens than mere local State questions. Yet this is not because they are intrinsically more interesting, but because the others are commonly so regulated as to give general satisfaction. They faithfully reflect the feelings and opinions in each State. Let us only

suppose the improbable fact that a State legislature should make a radical alteration, not called for by public opinion, in the law of descents or in the criminal law. We should find that the sentiments of the community would not be confined, as in our federal politics, to newspaper discussion and occasional public addresses, but that one general burst of indignation would break out in every corner of the State, cause the prompt repeal of the odious law, and consign the faithless representative to lasting ignominy.

Yet this machinery, which produces such admirable results, is liable to disturbance from the delicacy and complexity to which it owes its excellence. For our political engine to perform its destined part, each government must exercise its due portion of power, and no more. If the States appropriate more than their share, the general government cannot discharge its high national functions. If the latter arrogates undue powers the citizen is affected in his dearest interests, and the safeguards of liberty are weakened. In either case, the stability of the system is endangered.

The framers of the national government have endeavored to secure us against these hazards by a written constitution, in which the powers assigned to it, and thus, virtually, those retained by the States, were, as they hoped, so carefully marked out, as to preclude uncertainty or dispute. But this was, in the nature of things, utterly impracticable. From two causes, inseparable from man, their purpose was unattainable. These are, the impossibility of foreseeing all the cases that may arise, and consequently, of devising rules adapted to such multifarious occasions; and, in the next place, the impossibility of making any constitution that will not admit of different interpretations, both from the inherent uncertainty of language, and the disposition which men have, both purposely and unconsciously, to interpret it according to their passions and interests. Is this a mere speculation of fancy, or does it accord with our actual experience? During the half century that the present form of government has been in operation, how many are the laws passed by the federal legislature which some of the States have regarded as inconsistent with the Constitution, and in some instances, have been tempted openly to resist? There was the law which laid a tax on carriages, that which established

a bank, the sedition law, the law repealing the judiciary act of 1799. Then the power of affording direct protection to manufactures; that of laying an indefinite embargo; the power over the militia of the States, of making roads or canals, of appropriating money to a purpose not specified in the Constitution, of admitting new States not comprehended within the limits of the original territory, the extent of the power of exclusive legislation, and of the jurisdiction of the federal courts, have all been subjects of warm and obstinate dispute, besides many others of minor interest.

Though on several of these questions ambitious politicians, in their struggles for power, and mercenary men, looking only to emolument, have taken sides, without much regard to what was the true meaning of the Constitution, yet it is reasonable to suppose that most of our citizens honestly differed about them, and in the sincerity of their convictions some of the questions have agitated the public mind to its centre, and threatened nothing less than open resistance to authority. Even the sedition law, which has been pronounced unconstitutional by the most unequivocal evidence, was deemed to be clearly constitutional by one of the most honest and acute men we have ever known, and he held and avowed that opinion to the day of his death.*

Nor is the mischief from this source confined to acts of the general government. The States too may assert contested powers, and may even transcend their prescribed powers. But the balance is as effectually destroyed by putting a weight in one scale as in the other. The State legislatures are likely to interpret the Constitution in their favor in all cases that are doubtful, or can be made to appear so; and, in some cases, so as to frustrate salutary powers given to the general government. Thus, many believe that the Constitution meant to prohibit any State from making a paper currency of any kind; and, consequently, that, in creating banks with State capital, whose notes constitute much of the money of the State, and were so intended, they violated this prohibition. So they may pass laws violating the obligation of contracts; refuse obedience to federal laws, passed for regulating the militia, or for pur-

poses of revenue. Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, New York, Virginia, Illinois, Georgia, &c., have all passed laws which have been pronounced unconstitutional by the Supreme Court of the United States; some of which laws have been carried into execution. The questions which have thus arisen may again arise. If the States are right in the power they assert, the General Government has exceeded its authority when it has attempted to restrict that power. If, however, they are wrong, the States are disturbing that equilibrium which they all agreed to establish.

It is easy to see from these examples, stated from memory, and which it would require no great diligence of research to extend, that our written Constitution, however indispensable in organizing the government, and quieting the jealousy of the States, has been as yet very fruitful of controversy, and may be expected to continue so. Yet we must submit to this evil, if we would prescribe a law to the legislature. We could not have had union without a written constitution, and we cannot have such a constitution without differing and disputing about its interpretation.

It is true that most of these questions have passed away with no more serious mischief than the temporary effervescence they produced, and some of them are already forgotten. Yet we cannot confidently pronounce that they will always prove equally innocuous. The oak, which has withstood the storms of a hundred winters, may yield to a more furious hurricane at last. It behoves every good citizen, who wishes to perpetuate the government which secures to us so many blessings, to do what he can to mitigate these dissensions; we cannot hope to be exempt from them altogether. With this view some well-meaning persons offer a notable recipe, which they call *strict construction*. Yet, so far as we have observed, those who are very rigid in their interpretation of some parts of the Constitution, are equally liberal in construing others; for the great cause in the difference in the interpretation of that instrument is the difference of men's feelings and interests; and, since they differ about the distribution of power between the general and State governments, he who is strict in construing the

* Philip Doddridge, formerly a representative in Congress from Virginia.

powers he wishes to abridge, will be latitudinous in construing those he wishes to enlarge.

On this point men may be always expected to disagree; but to those who feel no strong bias either way, we would venture to suggest what seems to be the only practical and consistent rule, and that is, to give that construction which seems most obvious to common sense—that which the people, when they ratified the Constitution, may be presumed to have attached to it; and that which they will be likely to give it, when appealed to in the last resort. With this view, philological niceties, ingenious subtleties, and wiredrawn distinctions, such as we often see pressed into the service in constitutional discussions, should be peremptorily rejected. Accommodating ourselves to the rule of action of our ultimate arbiter, we should endeavor to give that interpretation which, without deviating from the words, will best promote the great ends of national security, liberty and prosperity for which the government was created.

Although we cannot confidently pronounce that agitations from this source may never prove more disastrous than they have done, yet there are many circumstances that are well fitted to soothe our apprehensions on this point. In the first place, it may be presumed that the questions concerning the legitimate powers of the general government, which are first in importance, are very likely to have already occurred; and, in whatever way they may have been withdrawn from the forum of the people, they will not probably be revived. What Congress would again enact a sedition law, or lay an indefinite embargo? If, however, some of these questions should be again agitated, or others of equal interest should present themselves, they will be somewhat less likely to inflame the passions of our citizens, from the recollection that similar questions, once deemed vital, have proved comparatively insignificant, or have passed into oblivion. The soldier acquires firmness in battle by being familiarized to danger, and by finding that the hazards of death, which seem at first so imminent, are far less than those of escape. Dangers to the Constitution, like all others, are alarming in proportion as they are new. When the amended Constitution of Virginia was under discussion, and the question whether the slaves should make part of the

basis of representation, threatened to break up the Assembly in confusion, Mr. Madison, who felt as deeply for the public welfare as any member of the body, but was not misled by his fears, coolly remarked to some of the alarmists, "I have been in a convention before." Besides, good and brave men, who watch over the safety of the State, and regard their country's welfare as yet dearer than their own, become both more confident and more skillful in healing these irritations, and in lighting upon some happy compromise, by which the enkindled passions of men are soothed, their jarring interests reconciled, the plighted honor of heated partisanship is saved, and a spirit of mutual conciliation restored to the community.

The opponents of a law deemed unconstitutional are further encouraged to forbearance by the conviction, drawn from many examples, that, if they are clearly right, the peaceful, but efficient remedy of a change of the public agents is at hand; and the more satisfied men are of the truth and justness of their views, the more confidently will they expect this redress, and the more patiently will they await its arrival; just as we find that those injuries which in savage life could be atoned for only by the blood of the aggressor, are, in a state of civilization, quietly left to the avenging power of the laws. And lastly, time will have its accustomed effect of increasing the veneration of our citizens for the Constitution. It will be associated in their minds with every great and glorious act achieved under it, whether civic or military; and with the prospect of national greatness which lies before us. What is now the dim future to us will be the well-defined past to them, and these interesting reminiscences will give new fervor to their love of country, and to all that is connected with it.

We are aware that a late intelligent traveller in this country has expressed the opinion that the power of the individual States is increasing, and that of the national government diminishing; and that, in this way, our system carries with it the seeds of its own destruction. Though M. De Tocqueville has shown himself an honest inquirer after truth; though he has examined our institutions more in the spirit of philosophy than any other European traveller, or rather, we may say, he is the only one who has so examined them; and though many of his specula-

tions, both favorable and unfavorable, indicate a depth and soundness of reflection remarkable for one of his years, yet some of his most important views manifest that want of accurate knowledge which is to be expected in a stranger. He mistakes accidental and varying circumstances for uniform and permanent results of our social system. Where he is right as to their character, he sometimes mistakes the cause; and he prematurely forms a theory from too small a number of facts. Of this description is the opinion in question. It is probably as yet too soon to decide which power will preponderate in the equilibrium our Constitution meant to establish, but many of our profoundest thinkers believe that the general government is gradually gaining, and the States gradually losing, their relative weights in the system. ¶ They believe that every new State added to the confederacy is an additional band to the Union, and gives additional power to the general government.

¶ It is true that we have seen many instances in which States have disregarded or contravened acts of the federal government; but many of them not being of general moment, and exciting but a transient interest, they have been unnoticed. The play was not worth the candle. It is also true that, where a number of neighboring States combine to oppose important measures of the national government, that government may sometimes find it prudent to temporize, and not attempt to enforce what it believes to be its legitimate authority. This was the case when most of the New England States refused to place their militia under the control of the national Executive. But that case was singular in all its circumstances. It may never again happen that the general government will put the loyalty of so large a portion of the Union to so severe a test as did that embargo; or that equally strong considerations of prudence will prevent the general government from enforcing its authority. Such combinations may be expected to be extremely rare; and though the sympathy of States similarly circumstanced, would seem to be a natural and powerful motive of co-operation, we find that, on these occasions of resistance to the laws of the Union, the other States promptly rally round the national standard to compel obedience. The insurrection in Pennsylvania was put down, not by a standing army, but by the volunteer militia of other States;

and during the resistance of South Carolina to a tariff which she regarded as unequal, unjust, and unconstitutional, we believe that, in all the neighboring States, though they had the same cause of complaint as herself, and some of them yet greater, there was a majority of the people who disapproved her course, and would not have supported her in the event of an appeal to force. Our government is now in a course of experiment, and the reflecting portion of our citizens, justly appreciating its merits as to civil liberty, and the thousand blessings she brings in her train, watch its movements with unceasing solicitude, and are ready to throw their weight into the scale of the Union or of the States, as time and circumstances shall show is required, and to weaken or strengthen the powers of the component parts—to restrict or retain the executive veto—to alter or continue the appointing power—to regulate the elections to the federal legislature by the national government, or to leave it to the States, as they think that a weight should be added here, or taken away there, for the proper adjustment of the complex machinery. This conservative power, active, sagacious, unceasing in its vigilance, and, though marked by no badge of office, silently pervading the whole community, seems to have been overlooked, or not sufficiently appreciated by M. De Tocqueville. As to the evil auguries of other European commentators, they are, compared with his, the *niaiserie* of children, and of spiteful children too. There seems then to be nothing in our frame of government which is inconsistent with its permanency; on the contrary, it is endued with the faculty of correcting those abuses or irregularities which may occasionally arise, and this faculty it will retain as long as the character of the people for intelligence and love of freedom remains unchanged.

¶ But prolific sources of dissension meet our view when we look at the diversity of interests and pursuits among the several States. Some are largely engaged in shipping and foreign commerce, while others are shut out from the ocean. Some are extensively employed in manufactures, others principally in agriculture. Some permit domestic slavery, others prohibit it. Some contain large quantities of the public lands, others, not an acre. Some are in contact with the Indians, others are so separated from them as

hardly to know of their existence. In some, the population is homogeneous; in others, it is made up of foreigners and natives. Some, being large, have much more than an equal share of political power; and others, being small, have much less. In these several points of diversity, we find most of the principal sources of discord among communities; and it would seem that there could be no law or public measure which would not have different, and even opposite effects in different States.

Here are certainly many causes of disagreement, but let us not overrate them. It is often the diversity which produces harmony, not discord. Some of the most striking points of difference are fitted to draw the States closer together, rather than to separate them, and to bind them in the strongest of all bonds, that of mutual benefit. The difference in their leading occupations and pursuits is the foundation of a profitable commercial intercourse, and consequently, of good feeling, instead of that jealousy which sometimes arises between communities whose productions and pursuits are the same. The manufacturing States find in the agricultural the best vent for their fabrics, while these again find in the others a growing market for their redundant produce; and in this way, the peculiar advantages possessed by each portion are imparted to both. Whatever doubts may be entertained about the benefits of free trade between different nations, there can be none about those between the different parts of the same nation.

Such is the natural relation in which the States stand to each other, by reason of their diversity of interests and pursuits; but this diversity has incidentally been, and is yet likely to be, the parent of dissension in another way. Many of the States, not content with the advantages they intrinsically possess, seek to enhance these advantages by asking of the general government the total or partial exclusion of foreign competition, by which means the other States would be shut out from the greater cheapness of foreign articles. In this way those other States consider themselves virtually taxed for the benefit of the manufacturing States, whether they buy the foreign article subjected to the tax, or the similar article made at home.

We shall not now stop to inquire whether these complaints of injustice are well founded, or, supposing they are, whether the injustice is compensated. It is suf-

ficient for our purpose that the question has made the States seriously differ about the policy of the general government—some insisting that foreign industry and capital should be excluded from competition with domestic, and others urging their right of buying wherever they can buy cheapest.

On a sober view of this question, it seems, under existing circumstances, to present no serious ground for difference in practical policy. It is admitted that the ordinary expenses of the general government, which must naturally somewhat increase with the increase of population and extension of settlement, cannot be reduced under twenty-four or twenty-five millions a year. To raise this revenue, there is no way so easy, both to the government and the people and so economical, as by the impost. But to raise it on articles exclusively produced abroad, such as tea, coffee, silk, wine, and the finer fabrics of the loom, as the opponents of the tariff wish, and as would unquestionably bear equally on all the States, would be utterly impracticable. Low duties would fail, from the insufficiency of the amount imported, and high duties would equally fail, both because they would be evaded, and would lessen consumption. We must then, of necessity, resort to an impost on those articles which are both produced at home and imported from abroad; and all duties thus laid must operate as an encouragement to the domestic producer. Of the duties thus laid, if the manufacturing States pay less than their proportion, the inequality admits of no remedy which would not be worse than the evil itself.

In addition to the consideration which has just been mentioned, there are causes which will more and more tend to allay the irritation produced by the subject. The States which can advantageously engage in manufactures will increase with the increasing density of population, and the motives for asking protection will be less strong, as the market furnished by the consuming States is diminished. Manufacturing industry and skill too, are making more or less progress in all the States, and to the same extent that they are diffused is the inequality among the States reduced.

A further, but more distant, ground for expecting the influence of this question to decline, is to be found in that reduction of the price of labor which awaits a denser population. That will give a security for the home market which will defy

all foreign competition. Our distance from the workshops of Europe and Asia already profits our domestic manufacturers more than the tariff—and this protection the smugglers have no means of evading—but when the price of labor in those countries, and in this, shall lose somewhat of its present disparity, the distance will be decisive. The same effect will be accelerated by the increasing substitution of machinery for human labor, and the rapid accumulation of capital in our country. And lastly, we may hope that sound principles of political economy will be better understood, and more strictly pursued, by the mass of our citizens, than they have been heretofore. Though much of this vexed question may, doubtless, be resolved into one of local interests, yet very many also embrace erroneous opinions concerning it from an honest conviction of their truth. A better knowledge of the science will tend to harmonize many of those who now stand in the relation of angry disputants.

The difference of the States in their relation to the public lands did once threaten to produce discord between the Atlantic and the Western portions of the Union, but the wise policy of discontinuing sales on credit, by which so many of our Western citizens were placed in the delicate relation of debtors to the government, arrested the danger; and now, on the subject of these lands, most of the Western States, and a large majority of their population, have precisely the same interest in the disposal of these lands as the Atlantic States.

There is, however, a difference in the interior polity of the States which is more threatening than any we have mentioned, and which it behoves every man who regards the Union as the anchor of our political safety to watch closely and unceasingly. It so happens that one half these States, continuing the usages of their ancestors, hold in domestic slavery another race of men, and, believing that race to be inferior to their own, they are unwilling to admit them to an equality with themselves, and think they cannot safely liberate them without such equality. Many citizens of the States who are exempt from this class of persons, in their zeal for civil freedom, or abstract claims of humanity, endeavor, by every means in their power to bring about the emancipation of these slaves; and, when their passions are thus enkindled, their animosity to the master is often in proportion to their sympathy for

the slave. Their taunts and reproaches naturally react on those to whom they are addressed, and thus the breach is ever widening between them.

Time, however, is silently at work, and will bring a remedy for this source of internal dissension. Before the lapse of the present century, most of the States now permitting slavery, will be impelled by self-interest and a moral necessity to put an end to it. In that time, human labor, obeying the general law of declining in value with its increase in quantity, will have so fallen as to make the rearing of slaves unprofitable, when, of course, slavery, in some mode or other, must terminate. In the mean while, the thorough conviction of the misapplied sympathy of the abolitionists, of the unwarranted interference of the citizens of one State with the interior policy of another, are so deeply impressed on a large majority of the citizens of every State, and especially of those who are most intelligent and respectable, that this source of civil strife can never produce any more serious consequence than to afford materials to those who follow the craft and mystery of politics, to inflame the prejudices of one part of the country against another, and so far to adulterate the purity of our popular elections.

But is there not a real danger to the peace and integrity of our confederate republic in that party strife which rages here so furiously and unceasingly? Without doubt, in all free countries, there are always arising questions, before which, for the time, all others disappear, and which divide the people into two distinct and hostile communities. This war of opinion gives new force to all our affections, good and evil, and if party attachments and sympathies draw men more closely together than any other bands—even than the ties of blood—so party animosities are more bitter and unappeasable than any other. If this feeling has Samson's strength, it has his blindness too. Swayed by its illusions, merits are enhanced or diminished, faults are exaggerated or overlooked, as they belong to men of one sect or the other. Scarce any talent, service, or merit is acknowledged except where it is accompanied with orthodoxy or party questions; nor is there an error or vice, or hardly even a crime, over which party zeal will not throw its protecting shield; and we may every day see such instances of its illusive power as was afforded by a female supporter of Wilkes, who, in de-

fence of his horribly distorted vision, denied that he squinted; "if he did, it was not more than a gentleman ought to squint."

Since, then, this propensity in men to differ and dispute, to love those who agree with them in feeling and opinion, and hate those who do not, is too deeply implanted in our nature for us to hope to eradicate it; so long as we take an interest in public affairs and are free to discuss them, it may be thought that we should be reconciled to its mischiefs, grievous as they sometimes are, for the blessings of that civil freedom, of which they are the certain sign, and the never failing attendant, just as we reconcile ourselves to the occasional explosions of steam engines by the recollection of their preponderating benefits, or are not disposed to forego the uses of fire because it sometimes causes ruinous conflagrations.

But it is urged by some, who admit that party conflicts are inseparable from civil liberty, that they are here carried to an unexampled excess—that, in other countries, this fevered state of the public mind is only occasional, while here it is constant. In others, such agitations merely ruffle the surface of society, but here they upheave the whole mass from the bottom; and that this excess is the more dangerous in this country, because there is less here to control popular feeling, and to prevent its being carried out into action.

Of this excess there can be no question, and it is plainly referable to the character of our people, as well as of its government; for nowhere does the great body of the community think, and feel, and speak so much about public measures as here. Party spirit, then, animates the whole mass; and every citizen, whether he points to the north pole or the south, obeys the magnetic influence. And although a regard to the public interest is the motive which actuates most men in uniting themselves with a party, yet, after a while, according to a well-known principle, what was first regarded as means becomes afterwards the end; and thus the interests of the country are merged in those of the party. When these divisions are once formed, pride, emulation, the desire of distinction, the contagious sympathy with numbers, and that disguised form of self-love, the *esprit de corps*, all concur to swell the tide of feeling, until the desire of party success becomes the master passion of the human breast.

It may be further remarked, that party disputes are never more violent than when they are founded on mere differences of opinion, and of no opinions so much as those of a general or abstract character. Thus, where party zeal has turned on religious doctrines, it has exhibited peculiar force; and questions about the forms of government and the proper distribution of political power, have kindled livelier passions than the immediate acts of the government. Now, we cannot say what questions of this kind are in store for us—what quilllets of constitutional law—what new principles of policy or morals—what ultra doctrines of political freedom may hereafter arise; and, intoxicating men's minds with their subtle essence, hurry them into the wildest excesses of madness and folly. Who could have believed thirty years ago that the circumstance, whether a man was a freemason or not would more affect his supposed fitness for the office of President, than whether he preferred beef to mutton—wore a black coat or a brown one? With such an example as is afforded by anti-masonry, we know not what dogmas may be erected into tests of merit, nor what reaction such arbitrary caprices may produce.

Such are the reflections which are likely to present themselves when we look at the operations of party spirit in this country. But, on a further consideration of the subject, we may find much to make us more tolerant of the evil, and to allay our fears that time will aggravate its mischiefs. Besides that party strife is an incident to civil freedom, it now also serves to satisfy a want of our moral nature. According to that nature, we must feel as well as think; and however men may differ about their capacity for thought, their powers of feeling are substantially the same. The mind craves emotion of some sort, and must have it. With the uncultivated, if it is not found in pursuits of gain, in war, in love, in spectacle, they are apt to resort to the bottle, or the exciting hazards of the gaming table. Political parties supply the place of these excitements, and have the more force with us from the present circumstances of the country. They thus may sometimes prevent vicious stimulants, and yet wilder fanaticism; and as our country advances and improves, a part of this moral heat may be conducted off by the gentler excitements of literature, of the arts, and other refinements of civilization.

In the mean time may we be permitted to make a suggestion, by which some of the asperity of party spirit will be smoothed? Every one must have observed that in the frequent shiftings of party questions, and of the relation of individuals to them, men are, ever and anon, finding themselves with new associates: to-day estranged from one who was yesterday his friend, and fighting side by side by another who had been his bitter opponent. In such a situation he is sure to see, if he has been honest in his change, merits in his new friends, which he had previously overlooked; and he is likely to feel no small self-reproach for his former injustice. It will then serve to mitigate this moral virus of party prejudice to bear in mind, that he whom we are now disposed to regard with alienation, will, in all probability be by and by our friend, to whom, though now he turns on us a frigid if not a hostile look, we shall be warmed by kindred feelings, and be linked in some common cause of public interest. In like manner, when we become separated from those with whom we once acted, let the remembrance of our former friendly relations keep down our rising wrath. In this course there is a concurrence between Christian benevolence and worldly prudence that does not always exist. What, we would ask, is there in party contests—what in the triumphs of victory—what in its vain applause, to compare with those feelings of kindness and forbearance which give to the cup of life its purest pleasures and most uncloying sweets?

There is another source of civil discord, which is independent of all political measures, of all party contests for power, or of speculative opinions, but has its seat in the human heart, and which may be supposed to increase with the increase of the destitute class. In every community those who are distinguished by talents, public services, wealth, or the lustre of their connections, arrogate a superiority over those who are less favored, and form themselves into a separate class; while the others are impatient of these claims, and are ever contesting them. Society is thus divided into the *ἀριστοί* and the *πᾶντες*, of whom, as was said of Cæsar and Pompey, one cannot bear an equal, and the other a superior. The seeds of this aristocratic pride and democratic resentment exist everywhere, but they are most developed in countries that are most free. One of them exceeds in moral strength, the other in physical; and there might seem to be danger of their conflicts

producing civil commotion. Now, the prominent questions which are ever agitating the public mind here—such as the choice of a President or the distribution of political power—make so many cross divisions which break up the other parties into fragments, so that the multitude cannot combine against the *aristoi* nor the latter against the people. Though these parties are ever on the watch to assert and maintain their respective sentiments, and readily incline to that side in the other divisions which seems to have most affinity with their own, yet on almost all great questions, the greater number of both are found co-operating warmly and indiscriminately on the same side. And thus our vehement party disputes, with all their mischiefs, save us from the danger from this deep-rooted and permanent source of dissension.

As our population advances not only very rapidly but at very unequal rates in its Atlantic and Western portions, we should be on our guard against the effects of those changes of relative weight which must necessarily ensue. Hitherto the Atlantic States have had the preponderance of numbers, and consequently of political power, and our national policy has been adapted to that state of things. But in twenty years, or less, the Western States will have the ascendancy, which will be constantly increasing. At present we may see no serious mischief from this change—no political storm that is likely to arise when power shall thus pass the equinoctial line. Yet it is possible that views peculiar to the Western portion of the confederacy may present themselves, and that it may use its power in conformity with such views. Suppose, for example, what is, however, very improbable, that the Western States should be disposed to adopt the Chinese policy as to foreign commerce, and, inviting all nations to trade with us, to withdraw from the ocean, and thus save ourselves the expense of supporting a navy. Such a policy would seem to the Atlantic States suicidal, and would be opposed as all vital questions are.

But we will state a more probable cause of difference. We see that the tide of our population presses on to the West with a force which nothing but the Pacific can arrest. Will this mighty current deflect to the right, so as not to touch the territory now occupied by our red brethren, and solemnly guaranteed to them forever? Not only national honor will answer the question in the affirma-

tive, but humanity and justice will confirm it with the right-minded portion of our citizens, both of the East and the West. Yet will these liberal and just sentiments prevent bickerings and disputes between our citizens and the Indians, where their respective territories touch? Can any measures of precaution secure us against such collision? And when a continued course of mutual aggression, such as has always taken place under similar circumstances, has inflamed the passions of both parties, what can prevent the quarrel from extending to the neighboring States, and growing into open war? a war which we might consider would be one of extermination, and of short continuance, if we had not lately seen that a few hundreds of this brave people, when driven to despair, and favored by the localities of the country, may defy the efforts of more than as many thousands of our well-appointed troops. And, though our reiterated attacks would, no doubt, finally prove victorious, yet at what a prodigious cost, not only of money but of our own blood, would it be purchased; and, what is yet more to be deprecated, at what a cost of national character.

When such a disastrous issue seems so probable, ought we not to prepare in time to adopt the only course by which it may be prevented, and that the incorporation of these Indians with the people of the United States? Let us assign to them a term of probation, at the end of which they may become, according to their numbers, members of the federal union. On this subject we have little popular prejudice to encounter—none that cannot be easily overcome.

This race is remarkable for some of man's noblest virtues. Courage, both in daring and suffering; veracity, fidelity to engagements, and an indomitable love of freedom. We have, in them, no evidence of that intellectual inferiority commonly attributed to the African race. There are but few of their descendants among us, but of those few, an unusually large proportion are among the distinguished of the land. Three we have seen members of Congress. One of them was afterwards a Governor of Louisiana; another is now a Judge in Virginia; and the third had the power of enchaining attention by his bold imagery, his burning words and cutting sarcasm, beyond any man of his day. Who has not noticed the unusually fine appearance of their

deputies to this city, and especially of those who traced their descent both from the white and the red race? Their robust, well-proportioned frames, their manly beauty, their inborn dignity of demeanor, and their excellent sense, little aided, as it is, by instruction, was well calculated to suggest the theory that the mixture of the two races was an improvement on both. Be this as it may, it may be safely asserted that we should not be discredited by the association; and the bill, a few years since submitted to the consideration of Congress, of giving the tribes, lately established beyond the Mississippi, a federal government, to prepare them for admission into the Union, appeared to me to be as much marked by wisdom as liberality; which, we would add, are not only children of the same family, but are much seldomer seen apart than some of our legislators seem to suppose.

Of the dangers, of which we have hitherto spoken, we have already had a foretaste. The dissensions of our citizens, arising from collisions between the general and the State governments, and those growing out of a difference of interests, pursuits or opinions, have been experienced in more force, in some instances, than they are hereafter likely to exert. But we may, in the process of time, encounter dissensions of a different description, which may put our political system to a yet severer test. Our population is, at present, in most of the States, very thin, and will continue to be comparatively so, until our whole vacant territory is occupied. Its density will then, everywhere, steadily, though slowly, increase, until it reaches, or approaches, that of European countries of similar climate and fertility. In this state of things, there must be here, as we see in other countries, a class of persons possessing property, and a much larger class without it. Can these two classes live together in peace and harmony, when they possess an equal share of political power? or must our government change its character, and have infused into it new vigor and means of restraint, suited to the new order of things? And, lastly, suppose such a change requisite, will it be practicable? These are questions about which reflecting minds may be divided, and their momentous character well justifies us in pushing our speculations into the future, for the purpose of anticipating the effects of this change in our social condition, especially when it is not so remote but

that some of the present generation may live to see it.

However favored may be the circumstances of a country, and whatever its aggregate wealth, the great mass of its people must be poor. Even in England, with a degree of opulence such as the world has never before seen, if her whole annual income were divided among her people, the proportion to each individual would not amount to more than from seventy to eighty dollars, which would be barely sufficient to give to each one the means of plain and comfortable subsistence, at the price they bear in that country, and not enough to do that, according to the standard which prevails in the United States. In this country, though, on such a distribution, the proportionate share would, in quantity, be larger than it is in England, the money price would be less; that is, from sixty to sixty-five dollars—enough to furnish the comforts of life on a very simple scale, and nothing more.

But this income is, and must ever be, very unequally distributed. Fortune blindly rewards some men, but the virtues of industry, integrity and prudence, a far greater number; and in the same degree that some have more than their proportionate share, others must have less. We know that many have an income one hundred times as large as the average, and some in England a thousand times as great. The number, then, who have less than the average, must be proportionate. Thus, if there be one in a hundred who have but fifty times the average income, then the average income of the rest of the community, that is, ninety-nine hundredths, would be reduced to one half the average—a pittance barely sufficient to sustain life, which many obtain by honest labor; but some are fain to seek it by crime, or fraud, or beggary, and a portion, not obtaining it, experience the miseries of hunger, disease, and premature death.

Such would seem to be the condition of every civilized community. By far the largest portion are dependent upon their daily labor for the means of subsistence; those means are necessarily small, and gradually diminish with the increasing density of population. The gradual rise in the price of raw produce, or the gradual fall in the price of labor, are but different modes of expressing this fact.

Such a class as we have here sup-

posed, has always been unfriendly, if not formidable, to the peace and well-being of society, by its numbers, its necessities, and the vices and crimes engendered by its ignorance and wants. Looking with envious discontent on those who are in affluence or ease, desirous of change and confusion, by which they may gain, but cannot lose, they will be ready to follow any leader who will give them bread, or promise it. Nor is it necessary that the worst passions of this class should be appealed to, since plausible pretenses for reformation can always be devised by the cunning and unprincipled demagogue, sufficient for minds so indiscriminating, and so easily yielding to impressions, so that the better portion of the destitute class often unite with the worst, in riot, outrage and disorder. Such is the character of the populace in Europe, and signs of the rise of a similar class may be occasionally seen in our largest cities.

To guard against these mischiefs, which strike at the root of society, and which have their seat in the appetites and passions of men, wherever ignorance is associated with want, government, it is urged, must be armed with an adequate physical force; and political power, moreover, must be withheld from those who are so incapable of rightfully exercising it, and would be so sure to abuse it. Even the system of representation affords no security with such a constituency, for the representative will faithfully reflect the feelings and opinions of those who have chosen him. If they favor a liberal and enlightened policy, so will he; if one that is narrow-minded and unjust, as certainly will he. If they wish to defraud their creditors, he too will be a repudiator. If they wish to lay an unequal tax on the rich, he is their willing instrument. The government must then have the power to quell commotion, or rather to keep it from rising; and that power must be exercised only by those who have intelligence and independence. So far you may, in a densely peopled community, extend the elective franchise, and no further. Such is one view of the subject.

But these remedies and precautions imply a considerable change from our present political system, and a far less degree of civil freedom than we now possess. They would not only disfranchise a large part—perhaps much the largest part of the community—but it supposes a degree of power in the Executive which sometimes may be brought to bear upon

the honest and loyal, as well as on the vicious and lawless, and which may lead to further encroachments. It has been from such small beginnings that military usurpation, profiting by the proper moment, has taken its rise, and that monarchies have been reared on the ruins of republican government. This remedy may thus create a worse disease than it cures.

But will it be necessary to alter the distribution of political power? and when our population becomes dense, may not our democratic institutions be retained in their present form, or with only such slight modifications as experience shall clearly point out? There are many circumstances to favor these agreeable anticipations. In the first place, the class which will be without property is likely to be proportionately smaller in this country than it is in any part of Europe. Equality of civil rights, though it cannot produce equality of property, tends to lessen the inequality. It keeps the avenues to profitable employment, whether in public office, or by the efforts of industry, open to all competitors, and it cherishes the pride of personal independence. Here are no laws of primogeniture—no privileged orders—no enormous salaries—no monopolies to favorites—no means of perpetuating property in the same families—as exist in other countries; by all of which the inequality of property is increased and maintained. On this account, property, which is now more equally distributed in this country than in any other, is likely to continue so, and consequently, the class of the destitute to be proportionally diminished. Nor is this all. Many of those who are without property, seeing the field of competition open to all, and that a large proportion of those who have attained affluence or distinction, were once as poor as themselves, are encouraged to hope for similar favors of fortune, and such hopes afford the same security for their obedience to the laws as would the possession of property.

But in the next place the poorest class with us is not likely to be so poor as the correspondent class on the old Continent, from the peculiar circumstances of the American people. We know that, in the regular progress of society, the population of a country is in proportion to its means of subsistence, and that this has been no less the case when its people were in the condition of hunters, as the aborigines of this continent, with scarce-

ly one to the square mile, than when they amount to two or three hundred. The population is thus always up to the level of the food, and, without doubt, the increasing demand for food, occasioned by increasing numbers, has been the parent of husbandry and all the other arts by which human aliment is augmented.

The state of things has, however, been very different in this country. Here, a people possessed of those useful arts which can support a dense population, settled in a country which contained not more than one to a square mile. Hence, while in other countries population has been determined by subsistence, here subsistence has been determined by population. In consequence of these peculiar circumstances, there has always been here a liberal rate of subsistence, such as is not seen, and probably never has been seen, in any part of the Old World. Now, when a people become habituated to so liberal a standard of comfort, they are likely to cling to it, and thus the preventive checks to redundancy may be expected to operate sooner here than they have done elsewhere, and to keep down our population to the means of liberal subsistence; or, if they cannot reach that point, they will greatly tend to reduce the number of that needy, ignorant, and desperate class of which we have been speaking. Our last census shows conclusively that the moral checks have already begun to operate in this country, though the means of subsistence have been all the while increasing instead of diminishing. It must also be recollected that if, in the progress of society, the influence of intelligence and property is, on some accounts, diminished by the increased numbers and votes of the ignorant and necessitous, that influence is, on other accounts, augmented by the increased dependency of the destitute-class on the others for employment and subsistence. Every large land-owner or ship-owner, every great manufacturer or miner, has an influence over those he employs, far greater in a dense, than a thin population; and this influence, having its foundation in the nature of man, furnishes a further security against the supposed danger from the class without property.

We are likely to have another security which must not be overlooked; as popular ignorance is one of the principal elements of the mischief, it is consoling that the ignorant class will ever probably be

unusually small in this country. The policy of diffusing instruction among the people is of such obvious benefit, and is so vital in democratic governments, that it is a popular measure in all the States. There is accordingly no country in which elementary schools are so general as in some of the States, and in the others, they are steadily increasing. Greater density of numbers, so far from checking the diffusion of this benefit, will give new facilities to it, as experience has already shown us.

May we not also count something on that extraordinary respect for the laws which is manifested by our citizens, and which generally characterizes democratic governments? By far the greater number of the laws being promotive of the public interest, and, in fact, dictated by the popular will, the people have the strongest motives to respect, as well as obey them, and thus the sentiment becomes by habit engrafted in the character of the people. Hence it is, that at our largest and most tumultuous assemblies, one may see thousands yield the same obedience to a constable as in most countries is yielded only to the armed bands of the government. On all these accounts the fears entertained by some that our political system is not suited to a dense population, seem to be unfounded.

There are some evils to which we are even now exposed, without carrying our speculations to a distant future. The great merit of a democratic government is, that the people will, for their own sakes, aim at good laws—laws which are suited to their circumstances—which impose light duties, and secure personal rights; and although they may, sometimes through ignorance, mistake their true interests, in most cases the sagacity of self-love is too unerring for this. But the preceding theory, it must be recollected, supposes only that the interests of the majority will be promoted in good faith, and with effect. Now, it may sometimes happen that the *interests*, as it often does, that the *wishes* of the two parties into which all free States are commonly divided, will be directly opposite, and on these occasions, there is always danger that the majority will be unjust to the minority—we do not mean by disappointing their wishes, but by departing from those principles of right which all recognize and profess to respect—that, in a word, the impulses of feeling will

prevail over a sense of duty. Thus, to give examples, the majority of a State legislature may so unequally arrange the election districts as to secure to themselves more than their fair proportion of political power. They may appropriate to themselves all the public offices, and put incapable men in the place of those of tried skill and integrity, on the ground that “to the victors belong the spoils,” and they may so adjust the revenue laws as to make them bear more heavily on the minority than the majority. In these ways may minorities be deprived of their just share of political power, and robbed of their property. These flagrant wrongs are not peculiar to any party. They arise in all free governments, and are incidents of human weakness. Is there any remedy for the evil? There can be none by any device of organization, which might not at times, as formerly in Poland, paralyze the necessary action of the government. Would constitutional provisions avail? Party leaders are too ingenious not to find means of evading such provisions, sufficiently plausible to satisfy their indiscriminating followers, and are sometimes reckless enough to make boldness supply the place of ingenuity. There then can be no remedy for this injustice, but improving the moral sense of the community. All good men must endeavor to give new force to that rule of action which is written on the human heart, and is man's law to himself.

The very lively interest which the people of the United States take in the election of their chief magistrate threatens also, as some think, the future peace and stability of the Union. At every successive election, this interest is likely to increase, both from the increase of the President's patronage, and the growing power and importance of the nation of which he is the head; and as the weight and dignity of the office augments, the voters not only increase in number, but also somewhat alter in character. The recollection that the contest, in this election, is one in which millions are engaged, will, of itself, powerfully operate on the passions of the people, and produce a fervor of feeling which may lead to the most serious civil commotions. The rapid growth of our cities, and the steady increase of the needy, ignorant and vicious, who are the ready instruments of the ambitious intriguer, greatly enhance the mischief. When we see the causes of

danger thus increasing, who can say that we shall be always able to escape them? While the storm is yet rising, we cannot be sure that the ship may not continually founder.

Such are the gloomy anticipations, not only of those who look with unfriendly eyes on our institutions, but of many of our citizens, whose love of country shows itself in over-anxious fear about the future. That the presidential election will be an object of increasing interest we cannot doubt, but that the interest will be at all in proportion to his increase of power, or that of the nation, may well be questioned. In the contest of 1800, between Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Adams, or even in that of 1796, when our numbers were less than a third of their present amount, the people were as much excited as at this time. Even if the interest were to go on increasing, it is too much to suppose that it would lead to the predicted consequences. Such an opinion is utterly inconsistent with that love of order, and that habitual respect for the laws which mark the character of the American people, and which temper their deportment in the wildest paroxysms of party zeal. Broken heads and bloody noses, so familiar in some countries in popular elections, are unknown here, except now and then in some of the cities, and where too most of the actors are foreigners who have not yet been disciplined into sobriety by a government of equal laws.

This part of our political system has ever been the favorite occasion of evil augury, whether men predicted what they feared or what they hoped. They first insisted that the weight of General Washington's character kept the frail structure of the federal government to-

gether, and that after his death it would fall to pieces. When it was found to go on as well under his immediate successors, the effect was then ascribed to the great names of the Revolution. But these have passed away, and it is found that for its safety and healthy action it is indebted to its own inherent *vis medicatrix*, and that strong as it has already proved, it is ever gaining new strength by time.

Yet the interest taken in the election of President, though not fraught with such disastrous consequences, is still mischievous; and it would be desirable to lessen somewhat of this absorbing feeling, which not only painfully agitates the nation, but in no small degree diverts it from objects of more intrinsic importance, and more direct bearing on the national welfare. How can this be done? We know of no means except those of abridging the term for which he is eligible, and lessening his power and patronage. The framers of the Constitution seemed to fear that the federal Executive would be too weak for the legislature, but experience has shown that their fears were groundless; and the power which he has exerted against majorities of both Houses in Congress has been far more frequently used of late than formerly. Should this exercise of executive power become familiar, it would give to that branch of the government a share in legislation, and even of initiating laws which would destroy the lines of separation its framers thought it wise to draw. Though these and similar changes might not cure the evil of excessive popular agitation in electing a President, they could scarcely fail to mitigate it.*

If there are dangers to our government, in common with all others that are free, from the sway of sinister passions—from

* We are strengthened in these views by the reasoning of a late conspicuous member of this Institute, who perished by that terrible accident on board the Princeton, which threw the nation into mourning, and deprived Virginia of three of her most cherished sons. Judge Upshur, who was fast attaining the same eminence as a statesman, he had previously reached as an orator and jurist, in his able tract on the Constitution of the United States, maintains with great clearness and force that the Executive has a growing power, which ought to be diminished.

Concurring with him in these views, we were far from concurring in all, more especially as to the rights which he asserts for the individual States; and we had promised ourselves the pleasure of conversing with him on some of the political topics on which we both had reflected, and of learning from him whether, since he had seen the working of the government from a new position, some of his former opinions were not materially modified, but alas! all that we expect, as well as all that we possess, hangs by a brittle thread:

"Omnia sunt hominum tenui pendencia filo
Et subito casu, quæ valere ruunt."

His work, already a text-book to the advocate for the rights of the States, may be profitably read by all who would be well acquainted with the theory of the federal Constitution.

agitations and commotions—from that sudden ebullition of feeling in which the virtue of moral restraint evaporates, and right and wrong are melted down into one indiscriminate mass—may there not be dangers of an opposite character? May not our political system perish by paralysis as well as by fever? May not our splendid hopes be eventually marred by our too great strength instead of weakness? It is easy to see that these States will, in the course of two or three generations more, attain a degree of power and wealth of which the world presents no example. In this state of confident strength, shall we engage in a career of conquest, or shall we gradually fall into a state of torpor? For the first, there appears to be no adequate field, even if democratic jealousy should see no objection to it. Long before the period to which we advert, the destinies of Canada and Mexico will be determined. They will give us no provocation, whether the one remains independent and united, or the other becomes so. They will either have been incorporated with these States, or, more probably, neighbors too far inferior to them to excite fear or jealousy, or even to keep alive a military spirit. In this state of things, is it not possible that the energies of our people may decline, for want of adequate causes to call it forth, and that we may sink into a listlessness similar to that of the Chinese? Though that precise result should not take place, is there not danger that we may want sufficient motives of national emulation when we have greatly surpassed in numbers, wealth and strength all the nations with which we have intercourse?

Every species of human excellence is mainly the effect of exercise and the desire of excelling—from the art which makes a nail to that which produces a poem or a statue—and to this emulation between individuals must be added national rivalry to call forth the utmost powers of which man is capable. What nations of this earth have elevated our species to the highest point of excellence in letters, arts or arms? They are, first, the Greeks, among whose little States there was an unrelenting struggle for superiority or independence, and also for distinction at those remarkable institutions, the Olympic and other games,*

where men of extraordinary endowments of body or mind assembled from every part of Greece, to attain honor for themselves and their country. And those States with which the rivalry was the greatest, because they were most nearly equal in power, were the Athenians and Spartans, who both, though in very different ways, exhibited human nature in its greatest exaltation. Then the Romans and Carthaginians, in their struggle for superiority, excelled in the art of war, and those virtues it most favors, all their contemporaries. The Italian States, long afterwards, produced the same result in painting, sculpture and architecture. Who have taken the lead among the moderns in letters, science, arms, and the useful arts? England and France, who, by the emulation stimulated by neighborhood, and the animosity it is so apt to engender, have put the higher faculties of our nature in requisition, and given them the most energetic and unremitting exercise. Spain and Portugal were never so great as when they felt this same animating principle in their commercial enterprise. Holland, too, excited by the same spirit in her contest with Great Britain for naval supremacy, exhibited a degree of vigor and power altogether disproportioned to her numbers, and [which was] truly astonishing. It would not be difficult to extend this list, and perhaps it would not be going too far to aver, that no nation ever attained a high place in the scale of human greatness, in which the force of this principle of national emulation may not be distinctly traced.

But it is indispensable to this spirit of rivalry that there should be some approach to equality between the parties—some ground for hope that extraordinary efforts will be crowned with success. As soon as the disparity is too great for dispute, and to be above the probability of change, the emulation ceases. It has continued longer between France and England than in the other instances, and therefore the effects have been greater in advancing both nations. Shall we not, then, be likely to want this great, and, as it would seem, indispensable incentive to the exertion which alone produces human excellence? We dare venture to say we shall not. The source of it is to be found in the separateness of the States of our con-

* The Greeks, says Cicero, thought it nearly as great an honor to obtain a prize at these games as a triumph at Rome: "*Hoc est apud Græcos prope majus et gloriosius quam Romæ triumphesse.*"

federacy, together with the important attributes of sovereignty retained by them. By reason of their large powers and numerous important functions, they are felt to be distinct communities; and they are, with their respective citizens, much more the object of love of country than the general government. This will be yet more the case hereafter, when the migrations of our citizens, which greatly weakens this sentiment, will be less considerable than at present; and in the same degree that their native States are objects of affection and pride, will be the emulation among the citizens of the different States. Signs of this rivalry may already be seen, and it may be expected to grow as we increase in numbers and advance in the race of improvement. Emulation has everywhere been most strong in communities most advanced. In one part of our country, or with one class, we may expect to see rivalry in commerce and manufactures; in another, in the arts; in another, in literature. The master-poet of Ohio will be compared with that of Massachusetts or Connecticut; the historian of New York with that of Illi-

nois or Michigan; the architecture or sculpture of Pennsylvania with those of Maryland; the orators of Virginia with those of South Carolina or Kentucky. In this way the *amor patriæ* and the *laudum immensa cupido** will lend new force to each other, and all the human faculties will have the incentives and the exercise necessary to their full development. Thus viewing the benefits of rivalry, we find consolation for the occasional dissensions among the States, and we see a further argument against their consolidation. It would indeed be better if our citizens could follow the noble advice of Aristides, when he proposed to his ancient rival that they should contend who should render most service to Athens; but such cases of disinterested virtue are too rare to be relied on, and our hopes of the well-being of States must rest on principles of action that are common, not on those that are extraordinary. It is, then, to State pride and State patriotism, alloyed as it may be with State jealousy, that we are to look for the full development of all our faculties, and the ultimate fulfillment of some of our most splendid visions of national glory.

ENGLISH UNIVERSITY LIFE.—No. II.

A TRINITY SUPPER.

"SHADY rather this composition: you never know where to put your *ä*'s. I think we *may* get you a First though, by a triumph of art, that is— How are you off for mathematics?"

"Very mild."

"Ever read Euclid?"

"Rather. Say eight years ago. Can get that up in two days."

"And Algebra?"

"When I was a boy, but never very brilliant in it."

"If you can get ten marks out of five hundred, it is better than nothing. Better go to Dunny (Dunbar) first and see what he can do with you. Don't try too much at once. I cut the Algebra and Trigonometry papers dead my first year, and came out seventh."

"*Verremos. δειξέον.*"

"Nay, stop the revolving axles of

your feet a minute. Have you anything to do after tea? No? then come up and you'll find a few men at supper."

I went back to Letter E, New Court, read 80 lines of Aristophanes, and did a few more bits of illustration, such as noting down the relative resources of Athens and Sparta when the Peloponnesian war broke out, and the sources of the Athenian revenue, (we had a book of Thucydides for one of our subjects,) all which occupied me till half past nine.

"There will be some quiet bachelors there, I suppose," thought I, "and a Junior Fellow or two, some of those I have met in combination," and so thinking, I substituted a dress coat and boots for the loose slippers and George-Sandish half frock-coat, half dressing-gown, which figured prominently in my ordinary evening costume. It was about six

* Vincet amor patriæ, laudumque immensa cupido.—VIRGIL.

steps across New Court, and three to Travis' staircase in the cloisters. He kept in the third story, but long ere this ascent was completed the sound of voices and clatter of knives and forks gave token that the grub was under discussion. The outer or "sporting" door was of course wide open; passing through an interior one of green baize, I blundered up a narrow and totally unilluminated passage, and rapped instinctively at where the third door ought to be; then, scarcely waiting for the emphatic "come in," plunged into the jovial assemblage. Dead sell for the Nugee and patent leathers! *Abandon* reigned throughout. One man was in a blouse, another in his shirt-sleeves, the amphitryon himself in a shooting-coat. There were not a dozen of them but they made noise enough for thirty. As quietly as possible I slipped into the chair reserved for me at the host's right hand.

"Ah, Benson!" and Travis squeezed my hand with a solemn and business-like affection. "Just in time. What will you take? Ducks—grilled fowls—lobster *grating*, as our cook calls it—Lawson, here's a young gentleman here will trouble you for some duck. Try some champagne—not so good as you get in America, I'm afraid; we're waiting for free trade."

The duck and champagne went to their appropriate place, and then, as every one was fully occupied, I had time to look about me and study the company. At the head of the table sits our worthy "coach," Tom Travis. His fine person is not displayed to full advantage in a loose plaid shooting-coat, and his very intellectual but decidedly ugly features are far from being improved by a black wool smoking cap of surpassing hideousness. Take him as he is, he is a rare fellow—with American versatility and English thoroughness. He knows nearly a dozen ancient and modern languages, more or less correctly, and when you bring him out on Greek he would astonish a room-full of Yankee Professors. His mathematics are decidedly *minus*, but the use for them is past long ago. Two years ago he got up enough of his low subjects to go out among the Junior Ops (are you quite sure you understand this, reader mine?) and then the way was easy to a high First class in the Tripos; and, as he is well up in metaphysics, you may count on him for a fellowship, probably his second trial. And after that what will he do? He is gay; a puritan

might call him dissipated, but it is not wickedness aforethought, but an incurable passion for seeing *character* which drags him into all sorts of society—once he went off among the gipsies, Borrow-fashion, and staid there long enough to learn their lingo and find that he couldn't seduce any of their women. He is independent in politics and *juste milieu* (by his own account) in church matters, very fond of law and equally so of theology—fonder of the theatre than either. Perhaps he will be a nominal barrister and an actual writer for Punch and the Magazines. Perhaps he will go quite mad and write a tragedy. Perhaps some of his liberal friends at "the University we've got in town," profanely called *Stinkomalee* by Oxonians and Cantabs, will make him Professor of Greek—or English or Zincale, it's all the same to him—in that great institution. Or perhaps (here the reader, if a New-Englander, is requested to pull out his handkerchief, and borrow a *flacon* of salts) he will stay here for three or four years as an M.A. pupillizing constantly, and his clothes will gradually grow blacker and his cravat whiter, till some day there will be stuck up on the Hall screen a small notice to the effect that "Mr. Travis requests the college testimonials for orders." And after all there are worse parsons than he would make—yea, even in old Connecticut—for there is great earnestness in the man and benevolence extraordinary; he takes much interest in the poor and is very generous to them—too generous indeed, for he sometimes gives them his tradesmen's money—and he always minds his own business, but to be sure that is not so rare and Phoenix-like a virtue in England as with us. Any of these things Tom Travis may be, (I ought not to omit the opinion of his *gyp*, who holds him in absolute veneration, that "Mr. Travis will leave the college a Fellow, and come back a Judge,") at present he is a bachelor scholar and a "coach" (private tutor) of rising reputation, in which last capacity it is that Carl Benson has the most intimate connections with him, that young man being in a violent state of cram for the May examination, and very nervous about the result.

The Vice is Effingham Lawson who puts you in mind of Bob Sawyer, "a dissipated Robinson Crusoe," generally dispensing with gloves and wearing a red P-coat, and an enormous stick. But under that unpromising exterior there is

much learning, more common sense and even considerable warmth of feeling. Break in upon him during the day, his deportment will be brusque and his replies monosyllabic; but give him a cigar and some whiskey-toddy on a winter night and after the third tumbler he will "discourse most exquisite" politics, literature, or theology, till morning chapel. He is older than Tom by a few years, say three, which will make him twenty-six, and has only one more chance for a Fellowship, which, however, he is pretty safe for, as he will do very well all round, his classics being good enough to let his mathematics in, and his metaphysics brilliant.

On his right, diagonally opposite me, is a handsome little man with a predominating aquiline nose. Quite a youth, to look at, is Horace Spedding, but he is considerably older than you would take him to be—older in every way—and a very hard customer you would find him, not at all easy to sell or come over. He was an Etonian, and of course is an elegant Latin versifier, and captivatingly innocent of mathematics, which does not in the least prevent him from being an acute and dexterous logician. The most remarkable thing about him is his *εὐρωμία*. This is a peculiarly Cantab quality, inexpressible in English save by a periphrasis; you may call it the *opposite vice to hypocrisy*. Thus to hear Spedding talk in a mixed company (particularly if there are any freshmen or country clergymen to astonish) you would think him a monster of depravity, just fit for one of Eugene Sue's heroes; whereas he is in private life a very quiet and temperate man of high principles and steady practice. The Rugby men can't abide him, taking this *εὐρωμία* for natural wickedness; he in return laughs at them, and calls them *Arnold and water*. There is American blood in Horace, but you will not easily find a man with a more thorough abhorrence of democratic institutions. N. B. His father lost £20,000 by U. S. Bank. To-morrow he is going in for a scholarship, and is sure to get one; for, much as the Dons dislike him, they always elect the best man. No one ever dared charge them with unfairness. And his Fellowship will follow in time. Then he will probably invest his small income judiciously, for he has a great talent for statistics and finance, and in some four or five years you may find him in town, coming home from "Change to read Plato. After a while, his connection, which is a

good one, will procure him some attaché or legationship, and then woe to the foreign diplomat who comes in his way, for a *leerier* man than Horace is not on this side sundown.

That escaped-convict looking man, next Spedding, is the Hon. G. Dutton, Captain of the First Trinity. Though a peer's son, he has come up as a pensioner, not an unusual step now, the expenses of a Fellow Commoner being so great. He is an Eironiast, like Horace, but with him it takes a more practical turn. There never is a gay boating supper party without George Dutton. The Barnwell girls know him well, and the Dons look askew at him. But the man is always walking through the fire and never getting burnt. Immoveably capacious of liquor, cold and passionless as Pitt or Paracelsus, he is the wonder and the admiration of his weaker companions. To hear him talk now, you would think his only object on earth was the Boat; working his men up the Long Reach at the top of their speed; running round the hall after dinner to see that none of them take sizings (pastry is bad for the wind, say the knowing ones); prowling about in all sorts of places, by night, and pulling them out of all sorts of places to send them off to bed at a proper hour. Yet that rowdy, reckless boat-captain manages to clear his seven-hours' reading every day, and no one stands a chance for Senior Classic alongside of him, except one steady, well-trained Shrewsbury man. (Marsden and Dutton are sworn friends, by the way, each worshipping the other; so much for the evil effects of emulation, &c.) In more thorough bodily and mental training you cannot conceive a man to be; and there is no doubt of it, that he will take a high stand at the bar—probably be, as was his father before him, a law-lord, some day—if there are any lords at all by that time—which there will be, the Democratic Review to the contrary notwithstanding.

And who is next Dutton? Who but the redoubted Romano? Is that man an Englishman, or an Anglo-Saxon at all? Short, dark, and much be-whiskered; his name too—*Romano*. Yes, he is very foreign, but an Englishman for all that, though he has lived much on the continent, where he learned to speak three or four languages, play an instrument or two passably, and not only *tell* French dishes but absolutely *cook* them. Clever enough is Romano, but his university course has been a shipwreck, and he will

probably end by going out unnoticed among the πολλοί. He stood well his first year, chose to be vexed his second, because he did not get a scholarship at the first trial; migrated to a small college; couldn't stand that, and came back again—just too late for a Trinity scholarship. The only tangible result of his migration and re-migration was a joke from Spedding. Benson had unthinkingly asked, one day, "What could have made Romano migrate to Pembroke?"

"Why," quo' Horace, "when Rum 'un obtained the dignity of a Junior Soph, he suddenly became religious; so much so, indeed, that he thought of going as a missionary to the South Sea Islands, when it was suggested to him that there existed an extensive field nearer home, in the Small Colleges."

Finally, on Travis' left sits Wilkinson, another shipwreck, so far as University distinctions are concerned. He came from Eton beautifully fitted. Even now the classic poets are at the top of his tongue, and when the fit is on him he will reply to you in extempore verse. For instance, I once met him in our beautiful grounds, just before four, our early dinner hour.

"Well, Wilkinson, are you going to devour beef in the hall, or shall we take a stroll here in the sun?"

"Suave vorare bovem, sed suavius apicari,"

replied the unhesitating manufacturer of longs and shorts. Could there be a prettier spondaic line? But alas! Wilkinson has little ability and less taste for mathematics. He will never get up enough of his low subjects to pass the Senate-house; so the Tripos is a sealed book to him. Still he *must* get his scholarship, and *may* get his fellowship; for in Trinity mathematics are not a *sine qua non*, though imperious Whewell is doing his worst to make them so. But it is more probable that he will take a disgust at the whole business, and do something very mad; learn the flute, fall in love, or turn Romanist.

And now who is there on my side of the table? A stray freshman or two like myself; a fat, beer-drinking captain of one of the second crews—Marsden; a quiet Scotchman, irreproachable as a classic and a whist-player, but not very brilliant in any other department; and—yes! that man asleep on the other end of the sofa is Fowler the Australian. He has just got out in a bye-term after being plucked once, and has been getting—something that begins with D or I, on the

strength of it. The effects of the first spree he is sleeping off; by and by we may perhaps see him in his glory.

While my survey was going on the substantial have been consumed, the last morsel of the indispensable cheese demolished, the last stoup of beer emptied. The decks are cleared; Porcher, Tom's faithful gyp appears with a mighty bowl. That στήλη σαμια, Mrs. Porcher, produces the lemons and other punchifying appurtenances, and Travis himself hauls out from a "wee sly neuk" two potent bottles.

"Do they make punch in America?" says my fellow-pupil, Menzies (pron. Ming-ee), opening his mouth for the first time.

"O yes; and other drinks manifold. Egg nogg—sangaree."

"What is sangaree?"

"What yon call negus."

"Negus is *ne gustandum*," broke in Wilkinson.

"Do open the window, Horace, and let that pun out."

"Sherry cobbler, mint julep, and"—

"Do tell us how mint julep is made," and Travis in his curiosity actually looked up from the bowl, with whose contents he had been busy for the last five minutes; the third lemon remained uncut in his hand, and the knife fell vacantly on the table.

"You don't know!" I took confidence and drew myself up in conscious superiority of knowledge. "It's the drink of Elysium. The gods combined their energies to concoct it. Bacchus gave his most potent spirit. Venus sweetened it with her most precious kiss. Pomona contributed her most piquant fruit, Flora her most aromatic herb, and Jove shook a handful of hail over all." As I concluded this prose version of Charles Hoffman, a burst of applause went round the table.

"Bravo!" quoth my coach. "Fancy Flora walking up with both hands full of mint like Demeter in the Thalasia—

δράγματα καὶ μάχνας ἐν ἀμφοτέρῃσιν ἔχουσα.

"Benson, what does δράγματα καὶ μάχνας mean?"

I gave the proper answer, and Travis stirred up the beverage for the last time.

"By the way, Travis, as we have begun to talk shop, is that popular edition of the Agamemnon worth anything?"

"Æschylus made easy from the German of Herr Filzauf?" inquired Tom, a.

he filled three glasses at once for
 οἱ ἐχθροί.

"Even the same."

"Bad, bitter bad; it's not too much to
 say d—— bad."

"Who's that?" asked Marsden, who
 had been pricking up his ears for some
 time.

"Filzauf. I say, Horace! He's the
 man that calls Mitchell an accurate
 scholar."

"Ah! what will George Bennedy say
 to that?"

"Send Filzauf a copy of his pamphlet,
 I suppose."

This was a *brochure* of B.'s, showing
 up some half hundred of Mitchell's
 countless mistakes in syntax, etymology,
 and history.

"Talking of Bennedy, Tom, did you
 hear the last story about him?"

"No, Horace, what is it?"

"Bennedy met Cateson the other day
 and said to him, 'Do you know, Cateson,
 I've been reading the New Testament in
 the original.' 'Indeed!' said Cateson,
 looking surprised; 'and pray, what do
 you think of it?' 'Why,' said Bennedy,
 'it's strange—it's really astonishing—
 that fellow, Mark, will use *errors*
 with a future.'"

A growl from the vice interrupted us.
 Lawson had been for the last ten minutes
 ornamenting the fine features of the
 sleeping Australian with a huge pair of
 burnt cork moustaches. He now looked
 up from giving his victim the last touch,
 and muttered, "Blow Filzauf! Let's
 have a song!"

"Very well!" responded Travis, to
 whom nothing ever came amiss, "Romo-
 mano has just got a new one by letter
 from Oxford. Come Rum'un!" And
 Rum'un did as he was bid. Be it pre-
 mised, for the benefit of the uninitiated,
 that Oxonians call the sporting door "the
 oak."

"Here's a song to my oak, my brave old
 oak,

That was never yet left ajar;
 And still stand he a stout bit of tree,

All duns and intruders to bar!
 There's strength in his frown when the
 sun goes down,

And duns at his portals shout;
 And he showeth his might in the broad
 daylight

By selling the tutor's scout.

CHORUS.

Then here's to my oak, my brave old oak!
 That no heels, sticks, or pokers can mar;

And still may he last as in days long past,
 All duns and intruders to bar.

When I came up to Queen's I knew I was
 green,

But I swore I would ne'er be gay,
 So I sported my oak and read for a joke
 Full sixteen hours in the day:

But care comes to all, being plucked for
 my small,

And finding but grief for my pains,
 I next like a brick ran up all sorts of tick,
 So sported my door remains.

Then here's to my oak, &c.

I once knew the times, when the silvery
 chimes

Of a well-plenished purse met my ear,
 When 'your small account, sir,' and 'very
 large amount, sir,

To make up,' for me had no fear.
 Now duns rule the roast, as I find to my
 cost,

And a merciless set are they;
 But they ne'er shall get in to ask for their
 tin

While my door can keep them at bay.
 Then here's to my oak, my brave old oak!

That keeps me all safe alone,
 And still may he last, as in days long past,
 Till a hundred duns are gone!"

After some applause and a moderate
 pause Dutton was called on to volunteer
 (to speak Hibernicé), and promptly came
 forth with "Vilkins and Dinah," a rich
 cockney ditty, one version of which may
 be found in Bentley's *Miscellany* for '43
 or '44. It goes off very musically, even
 like a chime of bells, somehow thus:

"It was a lickermarchant in Londing did
 dwell,

Who had one only darter, a beautiful young
 gal—"

"Ob-serve the accuracy of the rhyme,"
 says Travis.

"Her name it was Di-nay, 'bout sixteen
 years old,

Who had a fine fortune of sillivere and
 gold;"

and then proceeds to relate, with much
 humor and pathos, how "Villikins"
 wooed the lovely Dinah; how the gover-
 nor (as governors always do) had ano-
 ther "lovyere" waiting for her; how he
 mildly expostulated with his refractory
 offspring in these moving terms:

"O Dinay, my daughter, I pray you don't
 vex me,

For if you do, 'tis ten to one, I die of the
 apoplexy;"

how

"Villikins, vile vollocking (walking) her garding around,"

discovered the "cold corpus" of his true love, and thereupon drank up the "pison" always provided in such cases; and then the melancholy conclusion was speedily relieved by a *chœur foudroyant*, so long, so loud, that it actually woke the Australian. Being woke up, Fowler was satisfactorily put through his paces, talked an indefinite amount of nonsense, rubbed his face in happy unconsciousness of its extraordinary appendages, and thereby blacked it all over, to the inexpressible delight of the Freshmen; sung a Parhyponcean song which will hardly bear

transportation, and finally extemporized a vigorous hornpipe, doubtless to the great comfort of the small, precise Don, keeping immediately underneath, whom Tom had dubbed "Bloody Politeful," and was in the habit of paying various delicate attentions to, such as stealing his bread and drowning mice in his milk jug. This concluded the evening's entertainments, and the company broke up at half past twelve, except Lawson and Benson, who staid with Travis till three, talking theology. Fortunately no one in Cambridge need go to morning chapel unless he chooses. Who shall say, after this, that England is not a land of liberty?

CARL BENSON.

A SUMMER IN THE WILDERNESS.*

THE title of this book is attractive, to us, at least, and to many others, no doubt, who seek with avidity whatever is well written of the wild portions and aboriginal features of our country. Probably, to every youth of lively fancy in our land, that part of our history which comprises the story of the Indian, of his habits of life in the wilderness, and of the mournful fate which is urging him towards the setting sun, is endowed with superlative attraction. Still more: there are many who will turn away from the old pictures of old times on the eastern continent, to gaze upon the wild and rugged freshness of a ruder sketch of this new and undefaced world. They who love nature most keenly in this country, are always seeking those portions of it where man has done the least—where the mountains and plains are yet strong with the primeval forests—where the beasts and birds, and the fishes "of a silver being," are yet in their full freedom and greatest plenty. May it not be true also that this love of the wild and pure is more general than is supposed, and that it is not merely the love of gain, or the impatience of law, but the attraction of the wide natural independence of forest and border life, which impels our countrymen so constantly to leave the places where conventional forms have become uppermost, and restraints

are becoming more and more numerous. How many there are among those who are reared in the lap of refinement, who feel the desire to wander away and to live in the forests and prairies and untouched mountains, greater than the disposition to live in the old and still homes of their youth.

We do not think that we are saying untrue or visionary things, but believe that *now*, at this period of the world's history, the love of country, the pride at the thought of one's native land, is stronger in our own than in those where the hills and the rivers are studded with castles and old domains, which have clustering about them the associations of centuries. If we have any feeling as a nation, any *American* feeling as inhabitants of this new continent, it cannot come from those things in which we are far outdone by every nation of the Old World, in the richness of our history, in the antiquity of families, or the splendor of works of art. It must be born of the thought of our vigorous growth and rapid story, of the activity and energy of our inhabitants, and, more than all, of the thought that we have so short a past, that all has not been done, but that all is yet to be done, and that we must help to do it, and that our future is yet so boundless and full of hope, and that the fears which have croaked

* A Summer in the Wilderness; embracing a Canoe Voyage up the Mississippi, and around Lake Superior. By CHARLES LANMAN. New York: Appleton & Co.

into the ears of the men of the Old World for ages, never whisper into ours, or if they do, are not heeded. And our love of country, too, is nurtured and beautified by the thought that our land, in its physical features, is newer, and fresher, and more beautiful, than the Old World—that there are features in our scenery which owe nothing of their glory or their interest to man's hand—and that we have it always in our power to leap into the vast freedom of a life in the wilderness.

In all this we are original, and our country and our character is our own. In all this too lies the way for excellence in literature and art. With our quick growing minds, and scantier education in books, we shall scarcely equal the students of the Old World in the themes they have been busy about so long. And we may not be able to produce works of art which shall reproduce the old past with such excellence as the artists of the countries whose story is but a continuation of that old past. But in our own history—brief, eventful and vigorous as it is—in our own physical land, so strong and fair, may literature find occasion for new excellence. Here may poetry flourish, and plume and adorn itself with beauties endless and as yet unused. Here may painting achieve those triumphs which alone shall indicate the originality of our artists. We would not wish, indeed, that the time should come when the old past and the old country shall be regarded by us with an unmoved and incurious eye—for History is eloquent, and Antiquity is immortal; and Art and Literary Creation have need of all that is gone, beautiful and great enough for its memory to remain. But we may hope that our love and enthusiasm will never fail to awaken at the story of our own bright youth, and the pictures of our own beauty. We are among those who always love to read our own authors, and who find a charm in any truly American book.

Far away in the grand old wilderness yet lie the Upper Mississippi and Lake Superior; and here is a young author of no little enthusiasm who has ransacked their beauties, and comes to seek a response in the hearts of others to the delight with which they have filled his own. He tells us his story somewhat heedlessly. The youth and careless enthusiasm of the author is everywhere peeping forth, usually to our greater enjoyment, though that may subject him to greater severity at the hands of criticism.

We have no desire to criticise the *spirit* of this book. An ardent and ever-present love of Nature—a minute attention to her changes and imagery—a memory which is constantly storing up little pictures, yet seems capable of holding greater ones—which gathers and delights in interesting relics and traditions; all this is so much positive merit, for which the author deserves praise. His material is interesting, his mind active, and his heart in the subject. We believe that the book is capable of interesting one in all that it treats of. There are too many inelegancies of style and language, and some other faults which we lack space and time to point out. We especially object, among minor things, to the continual use of the word "perfect," tacked as an appellation to all kinds of substantives. It is, so used, a mere vulgarism, and, with similar things, is altogether too frequent in our writings. But Mr. Lanman is a young and promising writer, and may easily remedy these, and the graver faults of his style.

The author journeys up the Mississippi from St. Louis to its very sources, noticing all the remarkable points of scenery in the way, and all the memorable parts of the history which is attached to the country through which he passes; preserving, too, every Indian tradition which comes to his knowledge, and everything remarkable in the condition and habits of these (to us Americans) most interesting people. Then he visits all the beautiful lakes which lie in that region; then crosses over to Lake Superior, of which he makes the entire circuit, in his bark canoe, still having the same object in view.

Much of the journey is performed in a canoe, with Indians, when frequently he is the only white man, and the sole patrician of the party. He makes some geographical discoveries, too, of waterfalls, &c., hitherto unspoken of. And even the utilitarian may find some little information, if Mr. Lanman writes carefully and accurately, as he ought to do, of the fertility or sterility of the country, or gives a true picture of the copper region; for all this is no theme of romancing. We have hunting and fishing stories, too, in great number, which, if accurate, will be of great interest to sportsmen. Not that we have any reason to suppose that they are not perfectly truthful; but judging from our own experience, the charm of a hunting or fish-

ing story is greatly enhanced by our having a perfect faith in it; whereas any suspicion of its falsity or exaggeration will cause us to lose all interest in the story, and often to distrust and dislike the narration. Men do not love to be humbugged in this, and writers of all marvellous adventures, whatever, would consult their own interest by checking any disposition to romance, when telling what pretends to be a true story. All this in a parenthesis, for we are not in the least inclined not to give full confidence to Mr. Lanman's narrations.

There are, as we said, many very interesting Indian traditions and legends, and very graphic descriptions of what must be surpassingly beautiful scenery. Frequently, however, Mr. Lanman stops the current of his narration, or description, to paint us a picture, in words, of the scene before him, at some point of time when the unusual interest which he feels is not the result of any superior beauty of what is before him, but is simply to be found in his own mind, unnecessarily excited. We think Mr. Lanman has erred in introducing these things too frequently. Those who would not read his book indulgently, might be apt to smile and be displeased at the continual obtrusion of his own feelings and emotions, especially as they are often such as very few could sympathize with or understand. This iteration is sometimes unpleasant even to those who well comprehend and have felt every emotion which he describes; and one feels somewhat cloyed when we find the author so often overpowered by what is before him, and so very sensitive to physical grandeur and beauty, as once, in so "blissful" a "phrensy," or "bewilderment," to "stagger to the ground" and become "insensible."

But this is the fault of all young poets and writers of rhapsodical prose; a fault which experience generally corrects, and teaches them that the highest excellence is to keep *themselves* out of view as much as possible. The world never will sympathize with these idiosyncracies of the few. For an author so to paint a scene, as to arouse, in a measure, the same emotion which he felt himself, without refining upon, or even speaking of, his own feelings at the time, is a true triumph of art.

And such pictures in this book are often well painted; and we have often a charming landscape in words; and sometimes one around which is found the at-

mosphere of true imagination. We will endeavor to present a few extracts, of no greater merit perhaps than the rest, but which may induce our readers to read the book itself. Here is a sketch of border life:

"Major Campton is the name of a noted character, who once resided at Galena. He is a powerfully built man, who has spent his whole life among the wildest of mortals; and whose various occupations have caused him to be well known from the banks of the Ohio to the shores of Lake Superior, where he is now figuring in the copper line, having made and lost a fortune at Galena. A natural consequence of his peculiar experience is, that he perfectly understands the art of fighting; though he is so much of a gentleman, that he could not be called a bully.

"It so happened that, while travelling in his own conveyance, and accompanied by his wife, during a pleasant day last summer he came to a halt on the margin of a certain river, and shouted for the ferryman. In due time the indispensable gentleman was ready, and while inquiring the news of the day, he was suddenly smitten by a new thought, and dropping the painter of the old scow, looked inquiringly into the major's face, when the following dialogue ensued:—

"'Stranger, isn't your name Major Campton?'

"'Yes, sir, it is. What business have you to transact with me?'

"'You are the very man I have been wanting to see; for you must know that I am the Bully of the North.'

"'Indeed! What do I care for that?'

"'I've heard tell that you are a famous fighter, and I should like to have you give me a thrashing, if you can.'

"'Why, man, I have nothing against you, and do not want to make a fool of myself.'

"'But you shall, though, my honey; and you don't cross this ferry until it is decided who is cock of the walk.'

"Remonstrance on the part of the major was all in vain, the ferryman was determined to fight. The major held a short consultation with his lady, who was, of course, in great trouble; but taking off his coat, and unbuttoning his straps, he stepped out upon a grassy spot, and waited for the ferryman's attack. To shorten a long story, the fight was a tedious one, and ended in the total defeat of the challenger; who presented in himself, after the struggle, an admirable picture of a mispent life. He had strength enough left, however, to ferry the champion over the river; and when the major offered to pay the accustomed fare, the latter held not out his hand, but making a rude bow,

he exclaimed;—"Not a dime, sir: good afternoon."

There are many amusing sketches in the book—pleasant passages of hunting and fishing, and a number of Indian legends, but too long for quotation.

The following extracts give an idea of the Great Lake of the North—the most splendid body of fresh water in the world:

"Lake Superior, known to be the largest body of fresh water on the globe, is not far from four hundred miles long from east to west, and one hundred and thirty wide. It is the grand reservoir whence proceed the waters of Michigan, Huron, and Erie; it gives birth to Niagara, the wonder of the world; fills the basin of Ontario, and rolls a mighty flood down the valley of the St. Lawrence to the Atlantic. It lies in the bosom of a mountainous land, where the red man yet reigns in his native freedom. Excepting an occasional picketed fort or trading-house, it is yet a perfect wilderness. The entire country is rocky, and covered with a stunted growth of vegetation, where the silver fir, the pine, hemlock, the cedar and the birch are most abundant. The soil is principally composed of a reddish clay, which becomes almost as hard as brick on being exposed to the action of the air and sun. In some of the valleys, however, the soil is rich, and suitable for purposes of agriculture.

"The waters of this magnificent lake are marvellously clear, and even at midsummer are exceedingly cold. In passing along its rocky shores in my frail canoe, I have often been alarmed at the sight of a sunken boulder, which I fancied must be near the top, and on further investigation have found myself to be upwards of twenty feet from the danger of a concussion; and I have frequently lowered a white rag to the depth of one hundred feet, and been able to discern its every fold or stain. The color of the water near the shore is a deep green, but off soundings it has all the dark blue appearance of the ocean. The sandy shores are more abrupt than those of any body of water I have ever seen; and within a few feet of many of its innumerable bluffs, it would be impossible for a ship to anchor. It is a singular fact that the waters of this lake are much heavier than those of Huron, which are also heavier than those of Erie and Michigan. I am informed on the best authority that a loaded canoe will draw at least two inches more water in Huron than in Superior.

"The natural harbors of this lake are not numerous, but on account of its extent and depth it affords an abundance of searoom, and is consequently one of the safest of the great lakes to navigate. The only

trouble is that it is subject to severe storms, which arise very suddenly. Often have I floated on its sleeping bosom in my canoe at noonday, and watched the butterfly sporting in the sunbeams; and at the sunset hour of the same day, have stood in perfect terror upon the rocky shore gazing upon the mighty billows careering onward as if mad with a wild delight, while a wailing song, mingled with the 'trampling surf,' would ascend to the gloomy sky. The shipping of the lake, at the present time, is composed of one steamboat, one propeller, and several small schooners, which are chiefly supported by the fur and copper business.

"The winters are very long, averaging about seven months, while spring, summer and autumn are compelled to fulfill their duties in the remaining five. During the former season the snow frequently covers the whole country to the depth of three, four, and five feet, but the cold is regular, and consequently healthful. But the climate of Lake Superior at midsummer is delightful beyond compare; the air is soft, and bracing at the same time. The common diseases of mankind are here comparatively unknown; and I have never seen an individual whose breast did not swell with a new emotion of delight as he inhaled the air of this northern wilderness.

"The Canadian shore of this lake abounds in rocky islands, but of all those which I visited there is only one deserving of a particular notice. It lies in the north-eastern part of the lake, and is unquestionably the greatest natural curiosity in this wilderness,—not even excepting the Chippeway Falls, the St. Louis River, or the Pictured Cliffs on the southern shore of Superior. I visited it with a party of Indians and miners, and the former informed us, that we were the first white men who had ever ventured to explore its interior. It is found about twenty miles from the main coast, and is supposed to be about a dozen miles in circumference. The shores are of sandstone, and for the most part rise abruptly from the water to the height of four or five hundred feet. But the wonder is, that in the centre of this island lies embosomed one of the most beautiful lakes imaginable. It is about a mile long, and the perpendicular cliffs which look down upon it, are not far from seven hundred feet in height. It has an outlet, which is impassable for a canoe, on account of the rocks and trees that have blocked up the narrow chasm; and at the opening of this outlet stands a column of solid rock, which we estimated to be eight hundred feet high. The base is probably one hundred feet in diameter, and it gradually tapers off to about twenty feet in thickness, while the summit of this singular needle is surmounted by one solitary pine tree. The waters

of this inner lake are clear, but have a blackish appearance, and are very deep. It is so completely hidden from the surrounding world, that the passing breeze scarcely ever ruffles its tranquil bosom, and the silence which reigns there, even at noonday, is intense, and almost frightful. In some places the walls which surrounded the lake appear to have been recently rent asunder, and partly demolished; as there were immense piles of broken rocks lying at their base; while in other places the upper points and edges are overgrown with moss, and from their brows occasionally depends a cluster of fantastic vines, drooping perpendicularly to the tranquil water, which reproduces the beautiful pictures in its translucent bosom. The lake, so far as we could ascertain, is destitute of fish, and the island of animals; but when we were there gulls of every variety, and in immense numbers, were filling the air with their wild screams. The entire island seems to be composed of rocky materials, but is everywhere covered with a stunted growth of vegetation. I spent one day rambling over this singular spot, and one night slumbering by our

watch-fire in the shadowy cove at the mouth of the ravine; and at dawn, on the following morning, we boarded our feathered canoes, and were joyfully skimming over the 'deep waters of the dark blue sea.'"

The last in the book is a very well written and racy chapter upon Michigan, the author's native State, in which he inducts the reader into the story of his early life.

Altogether, the book will repay a perusal. Its style is easy and flowing, though too often careless and inaccurate. It is a book, however, for entertainment, and not a work to be studied, and it is not, therefore, amenable to much closeness of criticism; though we cannot help remarking, that no book, however light, or sketchy, should be written in other than an accurate style. But Mr. Lanman's improvement upon what he has formerly written, is so marked, that we are disposed to think he will gradually discern and remedy his faults.

HEADLEY'S WASHINGTON AND HIS GENERALS, VOLUME II.

IN looking over this second volume of Mr. Headley's work, we are struck with the great difficulty he has had to contend with, of giving unity to his sketches of the struggles of the Revolution. In all writings this is a desirable quality. Perusing even a series of desultory sketches, if they concern at all the same subject, we wish to feel that they are in fact parts of a whole—calculated, while each part occupies a place by itself, to produce a oneness of impression. But an almost insurmountable difficulty in the way of such an effect in Mr. Headley's work lay in the nature of the conflict he describes, and the extent of country over which it was carried on. Had it been a single campaign, or a series of successive campaigns, conducted under one commander, and covering at once the entire territory engaged in the war, it would be easy to give the feeling of unity to the narration of its different movements. The several descriptions would partake of the nature of continuous narrative. But this the character of the country and its population forbade.

Three nations only have ever waged wars over so vast and varied regions:—the Romans, who were accustomed at the same time to invade and conquer wild and distant provinces in opposite quarters of the globe; the English, who have for two centuries been carrying on wars of the same nature; and the French, especially when, under Napoleon, their campaigns covered the greater part of Europe. But of the military movements of these nations, those conducted by Napoleon alone could have been narrated with any degree of the unity that belongs to history; they were too divided and desultory. So with the Revolutionary war. Our country, extending from Canada to the Gulf, and hemmed in between the ocean and an interminable wilderness, presented a great number of points of attack; and the sparseness of population, partly scattered among immense forests, rendered it impossible to assemble large forces, or usually to employ those gathered, except in defending these separate points. Thus, though the controlling genius of Washington—comprehensive and far-

seeing—primarily planned out and directed the various campaigns, the whole was practically a multitude of desultory movements of defence, often contemporaneous, and carried on in different and distant parts of the continent. It was, in fact, almost a partisan warfare, conducted under different chieftains; and having little reference to each other except to drive the enemy from the country. While Washington mainly operated in the central part of the country, Arnold and Burr had made their way through the forests of Maine, and Montgomery, by Champlain and the St. Lawrence, to the heights of Quebec; Schuyler, afterwards, and Gates, in that important northern campaign, swept the English from the lakes and wilderness of New York; Stark, and Sullivan, and Wayne, ranged their militia troops, and fought their bloody battles from the Green Mountains to the Hudson and the forests of the Susquehannah; the bold Moultrie, and Sumpter, and Pickens, and Lee, aroused Southern bravery from the shores of the Carolinas to the mountain passes of the Alleghanies; Marion, for years, led on his indomitable partisans by stealthy night marches and sudden movements by day, till the disciplined regiments of Britain were worn out with surprises and sudden defeats; and Greene, by himself, and unaided, fought those battles and conducted those astonishing retreats which saved the South, and helped Washington to secure the freedom of a continent. And not only were these movements so widely separate, but most of the leaders themselves were, with but short periods intervening, in places far distant from each other. To relate, therefore, the actions of each of these men, so that the whole should have the effect of a single body of narrative, or even to keep the sketches from sometimes crossing each other's track, was impossible, and Mr. Headley's volumes have necessarily a fragmentary character. The only way in which the impression of unity could have been given to them would be to present constantly the moral elements of the conflict—the universal uprising and tenacity of resolution, throughout all the colonies, for freedom. But to do this effectually would have required nearly the compass and minuteness of history. Still, something of this might have been introduced more frequently; and while relating the occurrences in one part of the country, some

references might have been made to those taking place in other sections. Had he taken more time, also, his materials might have been more ample. But with these exceptions, we think the author has done, not only all that he proposed doing, but nearly all that he could well have done.

The second volume is most occupied with the South, and is, in some respects, more attractive than the first—as the narrative is equally as free and vigorous, while the matter is in general fresher. The sketch of Greene, in particular, with his surprising retreat through the Carolinas, is unsurpassed in interest, and ought to be read by every one desirous of knowing what were the men of our Revolution. The sketches too of the brave Moultrie, of the rash, impetuous Lee, of Sullivan, and Morgan, and Marion, and the partisan of the sea, Paul Jones, are well told. We cannot but again express our feeling, that whatever faults may be charged against these volumes—and we have urged some pretty freely ourselves—the country is indebted to their author for so effectually calling back its memory and its interest, from such a war as we are now waging—a war of aggression and conquest—to that old struggle of our Fathers for their homes and Freedom.

We shall quote but a passage or two. In the singular sketch of Lee, occur some good remarks in regard to native-born men in times of revolution.

“There can be no greater error committed, than for the leaders of a revolution to select, for military commanders, those whose tastes and habits have been formed under an entirely different organization of things. They have no sympathy with the impulsive, irregular movements, ardent hopes, and wild energy which a people exhibit just as they feel the shackles falling from their limbs, and, Samson-like, begin to cast abroad their arms in the joy of recovered freedom. The pillars of everything before stable and firm, shake and totter in their grasp. There was not a lord in England who could have carried Cromwell's army as it went, under its appropriate leader, from victory to victory. Cromwell was a creature of the revolution; and the strong bond of sympathy between him and his soldiers did more for him than all the science and experience of a long military career could have done. Had Bonaparte chosen his marshals from the old and experienced military leaders of France, he never could have led his conquering eagles

as he did, the length and breadth of Europe. He took the power the revolution rolled into his hands, and used it. Moreau, an old veteran, and of good extraction, betrayed him; and Grouchy, born a count, ruined him at Waterloo. So Gates, proud of his military experience, sought to supplant Washington; while Lee, actuated by a similar desire, and filled with the same pride, almost lost us the battle of Monmouth, and finally sunk into disgrace. Such men as Wayne, and Stark, and Putnam, and Greene, and Sullivan, and Schuyler, and Marion, and Sumpter, and others, who were born on our soil, partook of our character, and understood our feelings, were the men who stood firm in the hour of trial, and led our armies to victory."

In the brief account of as bold a man as ever fired a rifle in the forest,—Brigadier-general Morgan,—a curious paragraph speaks of the appearance of his riflemen, and the "way they shot."

"His riflemen were the terror of the British, and no wonder, for before their unerring rifles, officers fell with frightful rapidity. Their uniform was 'an elegant loose dress, reaching to the middle of the thigh, ornamented with fringes in various parts, and meeting the pantaloons of the same material and color, fringed and ornamented in a corresponding style. The officers wore the usual crimson sash over this, and around the waist: the straps, belt, &c., were black.' This dress gave the riflemen a picturesque appearance as they moved through the forest. The precision of their fire was astonishing. Morgan had a curious way of collecting them, when dispersed, as was frequently the case, where each was accustomed to fight so much on his own responsibility. He always carried a turkey-call, a small instrument used by hunters to decoy the wild turkey—and when his men heard its shrill whistle, they immediately began to gather.

"Our troops have always been distinguished as marksmen—owing, no doubt, to their being accustomed to the use of firearms from boyhood. A large proportion of European troops never handle a musket till they do it on drill; while most of our people can pick off a squirrel from a tree-top before they are old enough to become soldiers. The consequence is, that our fire is much more deadly—one out of fifty shots taking effect; while but one out of every hundred is calculated to hit in European battles.

"It is a curious fact, that notwithstanding the sparseness of our population at the time of the Revolution, our battles then were the bloodiest we have ever fought. At Bunker Hill we lost five hundred to

the British fifteen hundred. At Brandywine we lost, probably over a thousand—at Germantown a thousand, the British nearly the same. In each of the two battles of Guilford and Eutaw, Greene lost six hundred. In the latter engagement, his loss equalled a *quarter* of his entire army. In the storming of Savannah over a thousand fell in a *single hour*. Such mortality in our battles with the Mexicans would stun the nation."

From the narrative of Gen. Sullivan's efforts—one of the most interesting in the volume—we cannot help extracting some beautiful passages, among the best specimens of Mr. Headley's felicitous power of description. The Indians of the Five Nations had committed terrible ravages on our frontiers; and Sullivan was sent to burn their villages in the wilderness, from the Susquehannah to the Lake of the Iroquois. The army made its toilsome way, first through the vast extent of woods from the Delaware to the Susquehannah.

"At length the whole force assembled at Wyoming, and on the 31st of July took their final departure. So imposing a spectacle those solitudes never before witnessed. An army of three thousand men slowly wound along the picturesque banks of the Susquehannah—now their variegated uniforms sprinkling the open fields with gay colors, and anon their glittering bayonets fringing the dark forest with light, while by their side floated a hundred and fifty boats, laden with cannon and stores—slowly stemming the sluggish stream. Officers dashing along in their uniforms, and small bodies of horse between the columns, completed the scene—while exciting strains of martial music rose and fell in prolonged cadences on the summer air, and swept, dying away, into the deep solitudes. The gay song of the oarsman, as he bent to his toil, mingled in with the hoarse words of command; and like some wizard creation of the American wilderness, the mighty pageant passed slowly along. The hawk flew screaming from his eyrie at the sight, and the Indian gazed with wonder and affright, as he watched it from the mountain-top, winding miles and miles through the sweet valley, or caught from afar the deafening roll of the drums, and shrill blast of the bugle. At night the boats were moored to the shore, and the army encamped beside them—the innumerable watch-fires stretching for miles along the river. As the morning sun rose over the green forest, the drums beat the reveille throughout the camp, and again the pageant of the day

before commenced. Everything was in the freshness of summer vegetation, and the great forest rolled its sea of foliage over their heads, affording a welcome shelter from the heat of an August sun. Thus, day after day, this host toiled forward, and on the twelfth from the date of their march, reached Tioga. Here they entered on the Indian settlements, and the work of devastation commenced. Here also Clinton, coming down the Susquehannah, joined them with his brigade—and when the head of his column came in sight of the main army, and the boats floated into view, there went up such a shout as never before shook that wilderness.

"Sullivan in the meantime had destroyed the village of Chemung; and Clinton, on his passage, had laid waste the settlement of the Onondagas. The whole army, now amounting to nearly five thousand men, marched on the 26th of August up the Tioga river, destroying as it went. Having reached Seneca Lake, they followed its shores northward to Kendaia, a beautiful Indian village, with painted houses, and monuments for the dead, and richly cultivated fields. It smiled like an oasis there in the wilderness; but the smoke of the conflagration soon wrapped it, and when the sun again shone upon it, a smouldering heap alone remained—the waving corn had disappeared with the dwellings, and the cattle lay slaughtered around. Our troops moved like an awful, resistless scourge through this rich country—open and fruitful fields and smiling villages were before them—behind them a ruinous waste. Now and then, detachments sent off from the main body were attacked, and on one occasion seven slain; and once or twice the Indians threatened to make a stand for their homes, but soon fled in despair, and the army had it all their own way. The capital of the Seneca's, a town consisting of sixty houses, surrounded with beautiful cornfields and orchards, was burned to the ground, and the harvest destroyed. Canandaigua fell next, and then the army stretched away for the Genesee flats. The fourth day it reached this beautiful region, then almost wholly unknown to the white man. The valley, twenty miles long and four broad, had scarce a forest tree in it, and presented one of the most beautiful contrasts to the surrounding wilderness that could well be conceived. As the weary columns slowly emerged from the dark forest, and filed off into this open space, their admiration and astonishment knew no bounds. They seemed suddenly to have been transported into an Eden. The tall, ripe grass bent before the wind—cornfield on cornfield, as far as the eye could reach, waved in the sunlight—orchards that had been growing for generations, were weighed down under

the profusion of fruit—cattle grazed on the banks of the river, and all was luxuriance and beauty. In the midst of this garden of nature, where the gifts of Heaven had been lavished with such prodigality, were scattered a hundred and twenty-eight houses—not miserable huts, huddled together, but large, airy buildings, situated in the most pleasant spots, surrounded with fruit-trees, and exhibiting a civilization on the part of the Indians never before witnessed.

"Into this scene of surpassing loveliness the sword of war had now entered, and the approach of Sullivan's vast army, accompanied with the loud beat of the drum and shrill fife, sent consternation through the hearts of the inhabitants. At first they seemed resolved to defend their homes, but soon, as all the rest had done, turned and fled in affright. Not a soul remained behind; and Sullivan marched into a deserted, silent village. His heart relented at the sight of so much beauty, but his commands were peremptory. The soldiers thought, too, of Wyoming and Cherry Valley, and the thousand massacres that had made our borders flow in blood, and their hearts were steeled against pity. An enemy who felt no obligations, and kept no faith, must be placed beyond the reach of inflicting injury.

"At evening, that army of five thousand men encamped in the village; and just as the sun went down behind the limitless forest, a group of officers might be seen flooded by its farewell beams, gazing on the scene. While they thus stood conversing, suddenly there rolled by a dull and heavy sound, which startled them into an attitude of the deepest attention. There was no mistaking that report—it was the thunder of cannon—and for a moment they looked on each other with anxious countenances. That solitary roar, slowly traversing the mighty solitudes that hemmed them in, might well awaken the deepest solicitude. But it was not repeated; and night fell on the valley of Genesee, and the tired army slept. The next morning, as the sun rose over the wilderness, that heavy echo again shook the ground. It was then discovered to be the morning and evening gun of the British at Niagara; and its lonely thunder there made the solitude more fearful.

"Soon after sunrise, immense columns of smoke began to rise, the length and breadth of the valley, and in a short time the whole settlement was wrapt in flame from limit to limit, and before night those hundred and twenty-eight houses were a heap of ashes. The grain had been gathered into them, and thus both were destroyed together. The orchards were cut down, the cornfields uprooted, and the cattle butchered and left to rot on the plain. A

scene of desolation took the place of that scene of beauty, and the army encamped at night in a desert."

There are in the two volumes many affecting or amusing anecdotes. Of the former kind is one in the sketch of Stark and the battle of Bennington.

"One old farmer had five sons in the battle, and when it was over a friend came to him and said, sorrowfully, 'I have sad news for you.' 'What is it?' replied the father; 'have my sons run away from the fight?' 'No,' replied the friend, 'but one is dead.' 'Bring him to me,' said the old man, without changing his countenance. The youthful, athletic form of his boy was laid before him. Not a tear dimmed the parent's eye, as he wiped the blood from the ghastly wounds, and the dust from his pallid face. 'It was the happiest day of his life,' he said, 'to know that his five sons had fought nobly for freedom, even though one had fallen on the altar of his country.' A country filled with such fathers and sons the world could not conquer."

A laughable anecdote is told in the sketch of Paul Jones. The daring rover was hovering on the coast of Scotland, and just then threatening Kirkcaldy.

"The inhabitants, as they saw her bearing steadily up towards the place, were filled with terror, and ran hither and thither in affright; but the good minister,

Rev. Mr. Shirra, assembled his flock on the beach, to pray the Lord to deliver them from their enemies. He was an eccentric man,—one of the quaintest of the quaint old Scotch divines, so that his prayers, even in those days, were often quoted for their oddity, and even roughness.

"Whether the following prayer is literally true or not, it is difficult to tell, but there is little doubt that the invocation of the excited eccentric old man was sufficiently odd. It is said that, having gathered his congregation on the beach in full sight of the vessel, which, under a press of canvas, was making a long tack that brought her close to the town, he knelt down on the sand, and thus began:— 'Now, dear Lord, dinna ye think it a shame for ye to send this vile pirate to rob our folk o' Kirkcaldy; for ye ken they're puir enow already, and hae naething to spare. The way the wind blows he'll be here in a jiffy, and wha kens what he may do? He's nae too good for anything. Mickle's the mischief he has done already. He'll burn their houses, tak their very claes, and tirl them to the sark. And waes me! wha kens but the bluidy villain might tak their lives! The puir weemen are maist frightened out o' their wits, and the bairns skirling after them. I canna think of it! I canna think of it! I hae been long a faithful servant to ye, Lord; but gin ye dinna turn the wind about, and blaw the scoundrel out of our gate, I'll nae stir a foot; but will just sit here till the tide comes. Sae tak ye'r will o't.'"

THE EUROPEAN GRAIN MARKET.

THE subject of shipments of grain to Europe having become a prominent one, and speculations as to the future being rife, it may be interesting to our merchants and farmers to have well-authenticated accounts of the English crops and their prices, for some time back, in order to form some idea of what the future has in store for us.

Of course it will be understood by our readers, that the prices which we shall state, before the reduction in the duties took place, can have no other bearing upon any future shipments of grain or bread-stuffs to England, than, inasmuch as they show the great fluctuations which take place, and therefore the ex-

treme uncertainty of that foreign market.

We, as is well known, are among those who believe that the great dependence of our agriculturists is the home market, sustained by consumers engaged in the useful arts. We do not, of course, deny that much advantage may occasionally result from very bad seasons, when the crops abroad, as at present, fall vastly short of the consumption; but it will be seen that these seasons have been the exception, and not the rule.

The great demand, for some little time past, and at present, it should be borne in mind, arises from a partial failure of

the crops in France and Belgium, as well as in England; the almost total failure of the potato crop in Ireland, and the injury elsewhere to that nutritious plant from the extraordinary disease to which it has been subjected.

From the great scarcity of grain in Europe, which has thus been brought about, it is probable that, for one or two years to come, a greater demand than usual may prevail; and doubtless this country will participate in the advantages to result from this uncommon state of the grain trade; but we should remember that Russia, Prussia, Denmark, various parts of Germany, Holland, France and Italy, have heretofore mostly

supplied, and doubtless will in future supply, by far the greater amount of the deficiencies of grain to England.

The Hon. Mr. Hudson of Massachusetts, in an able speech at the last session of Congress, very properly asks, upon the supposition that the average demand may increase in England, "from whence will she obtain supplies?" Her present average annual demand for foreign bread-stuffs, when reduced to quarters of grain, is, we think, fairly estimated at two millions of quarters, of eight bushels each; and the following table,* which we have made out from parliamentary returns, shows from whence the deficiency was supplied in the years 1841, '42, and '43.

Countries.	1841	1842	1843	Total
	Bushels	Bushels	Bushels	Bushels
Russia,	498,205	1,824,688	269,368	2,592,261
Denmark,	1,915,279	617,656	565,248	3,098,183
Prussia,	7,134,400	5,938,065	5,311,000	18,383,465
Germany,	5,295,674	1,626,172	1,027,224	7,949,070
Holland,	815,964	73,979	6,864	896,507
France,	1,643,932	4,216,100	29,248	5,889,280
Italy and Islands,	901,600	4,878,597	24,840	5,805,037
North American Colonies,	2,333,354	3,729,690	2,790,504	6,853,548
United States,	1,107,840	1,195,873	749,601	3,053,278
All other countries,	866,859	1,816,340	272,407	2,955,606

"Here," continues Mr. Hudson, "we have a view of the demand and supply of the English grain market for three successive years. And does it appear that that market is to be regarded as ours? Is the United States the country upon which Great Britain is to depend for her bread-stuffs? A glance at this table will show at once, that our supply, when compared with that of the continent of Europe, dwindles almost into insignificance. Russia supplies nearly as much as the United States; Denmark a trifle more; Prussia more than six times as much; Germany and Holland nearly three times as much; France and Italy each nearly twice as much; and the British North American Colonies more than twice as much, as this boasted granary of the world. To show the relative importance of our trade to Great Britain in bread-stuffs, it is barely necessary to say, that of every hundred bushels sent to the English market, we have, on an average, supplied only five bushels, or, in other

words, about five per cent. of her demand."

But our purpose is, at present, more particularly to show, from Tooke's history of prices, the state of the crops, and the grain market of England for the last thirty years, the prices stated being in shillings sterling, per quarter of 8 bushels each, or 480 lbs.

In 1816: There was a lamentably deficient harvest, and wheat rose from 55.6 per quarter in February, to 74.11 in June, 82.1 in August, 90.10 in October, 103.7 in December.

In 1817: There was almost a famine in France, and large purchases were made in England, late in the spring, for the French government. The price was 104 in January, and rose to 112.8 in June: but from the fine weather both in France and England after that time, it fell in July to 102.6, in August to 86.5, and in September to 78.8.

In 1818: The price was 84.10 in January, 89.8 in April, and 86.6 in July;

81.3 in August, and 80.8 in December.

In 1819: The average price was, in January, 79.3, in June, 68.10, in December, 66.3.

In 1820: It had risen in August to 72.5; but in December it fell to 54.6.

In 1822: Early in the season the price of Wheat was about 50; but in December the average price was 38.11.

In January, 1823, the average price was 40.4; and rose in June to 62.5; and fell again in October to 46.6; in December it rose again to 50.8.

In March, 1824, it was 65.6, but it declined to 55.4 in December.

In May, 1825, it was 68.9; in September, 66.7; in December, 63.

In January, 1826, it was 60.3; and fell in March to 55.7; and closed in December at 55.8.

In 1827: It was in January, 53.6; in July, 59.6; in August, 57.11; in September, 55; in December, 50.2.

In 1828: It was in May, 55.3; in June, 54.9; in July, 54; in November, 73; in December, 71.8.

In 1829: Much of the crop being of bad quality, sold for 50; best quality brought an average of 72.6.

In 1830: In January it was 54.4; in April, 63.11; in August, 70.5; in October, 60.10; in December, 64.11.

In 1831: In February Wheat sold for 71.10; in August it was 61.11; in December, 58.3.

In 1832: It was 61.5 in July; in December, 52.6.

In 1833: It was 51.1 in January; and 51.6 in June; in August, 53.5; in December, 47.10.

In 1834: It continued to fall from 45 in the early months throughout the year, till, in December, it sold for 39.6.

In 1835: Wheat sold in April for

37.10; in July, 41; but it fell again in December to 35.4; being but little more than one-fourth of what it brought at the close of the last century.

In 1836: In January the price was 36; in June, 48.11; in October, 46.4; in December, 57.9—an advance of seventy per cent. upon the price of December, 1835.

In 1837, it fell again, till in May it was 52.10; in June, 54.9; in August, 57.5; in Sept., 54.11; in December, 51.3.

In 1838: In January, 53.5; in February, 55.5; in March, 56.6; in August, 73.8; in September it fell to 64.9; but it rose again till, towards the last of December, it was 78.4.

In 1839: In January it reached 81.6; in April it fell to 70.1; in July and August it was 71.8; in December, 66.11.

We have Tooke's prices no later than this year, and therefore have only the price, on the 1st of November, to 1843, as given in Parliament by Lord John Russell, as follows: In 1840, November 1st, 63; in 1841, November 1st, 63.2; in 1842, November 1st, 50.

In 1843: The price in February was 51; in June, 49; in August, 62; in December, 51.8.

In June, 1844, it was 55.8; in Aug., 40.1.

In 1845: In June, 47.10; in August, 57; in December, 58.6.

In January, 1846, it was 56.3; in March, 54.10; in August, 47.5; in October, 59.10; in November, 62.3; in December, 60.3.

In 1847, up to the present time: January 2d, 64.4; January 20th, 73.3; February 6th, 73.10; February 13th, 71.10; February 27th, 74.6; March 20th, 75.10; March 27th, 77; April 10th, 74.

From these data we make the following table, adding the prices at the same time in Baltimore, Maryland.

Prices of Wheat in England and America during the following years:

			Sterling per Quarter.		Average annual prices at Baltimore per bushel in dollars and cents.	
In	1816	Minimum	55.6	Maximum	103.7	\$2 00
"	1817	"	78.8	"	112.8	2 40
"	1818	"	80.8	"	89.8	2 00
"	1819	"	66.3	"	79.3	1 30
"	1820	"	54.6	"	72.5	92
"	1821	"	49	"	62.3	93
"	1822	"	38.11	"	50	1 33
"	1823	"	40.4	"	62.5	1 37
"	1824	"	55.4	"	65.6	1 11
"	1825	"	63	"	68.9	1 00
"	1826	"	55.8	"	60.3	92

Sterling per Quarter.			Average annual prices at Baltimore, per bushel in dollars and cents.	
" 1827	Minimum 50.2	Maximum	59.6	1 00
" 1828	Slid. scale 54	of duties established	71.8	1 10
" 1829	Inf. qual. 50	good quality	72.6	1 28
" 1830	Minimum 54.4	Maximum	70.5	96
" 1831	" 51.3	"	71.10	1 12
" 1832	" 52.6	"	61.5	1 12
" 1833	" 47.10	"	53.5	1 12
" 1834	" 39.6	"	45	1 02
" 1835	" 37.10	"	41	1 21
" 1836	" 36	"	57.9	1 60
" 1837	" 51.3	"	57.5	1 78
" 1838	" 53.5	"	78.4	1 60
" 1839	" 66.11	"	81.6	1 37
" 1840	Minimum not ascertained, Nov. 1st		63	1 00
" 1841	" "	"	63.2	1 14
" 1842	" "	"	50	1 05
" 1843	Minimum 49	Maximum	62	92
" 1844	" 40.1	"	55.8	91
" 1845	" 47.10	"	58.6	1 00
" 1846	" 47.5	"	60.3	1 10

We would particularly call the attention of those concerned to the extreme fluctuations in the English grain market, shown by this Table, rendering, in common years, shipments from this country a perfect lottery.

It is probable, that since the removal of the duties, and the consequent average fall in prices, these fluctuations may not be so great as formerly; still it is a notorious fact, as is fully shown by the Mark Lane newspaper, that the prices fluctuate from week to week as the weather is fine or discouraging, or the foreign imports greater or less; and that no satisfactory calculation can be made here of what prices may govern, when our shipments may arrive. The grain trade of England is in the hands of the most astute speculators, who have agents in every part of the United Kingdoms, and scattered all over the continent of Europe; and the proximity of the great exporting ports of the northern part of Europe, which, as we have shown, furnish at least three-fourths of all the grain that is imported into England, gives these speculators the opportunity, on any rise, to pour in their shipments from thence, so that before any shipments made from America can arrive, the market gives way to the increased supplies. The writer has had, for a long period, an intimate knowledge of the English corn market, and feels no hesitation in recording the opinion that few seasons have occurred since 1816, in which shippers of grain or bread-stuffs from the United

States to Great Britain, have received remunerating prices, however flattering were the prospects in advance.

Moreover, it may be farther remarked in relation to the future, that the recent scarcity and consequent high prices, will cause a greatly increased growth on the Continent, which, far from augmenting the chances of profit on shipments from this country, will have a tendency to diminish them.

Let us not, however, be supposed not properly to appreciate any market which Great Britain may hereafter afford us for our bread-stuffs and provisions; for whatever they may sell for, is a clear national gain to us, and therefore highly valuable; in addition to which, it gives valuable freights to our shipping.

This whole article, and these particular opinions, are put forth solely with a view to keep the past before us, that we may not suffer the present very uncommon state of our foreign grain trade, arising solely from the causes already named, to induce us to anticipate for the future sources of national wealth, which cannot be realized; and this more particularly, as those now high in office falsely represent the prosperity, which proceeds from no other cause than the famine in Europe, to have had its origin in the reduction of our import duties, under the Tariff of 1846, when every tyro in commerce knows that, but for this rise abroad in bread-stuffs and provisions, the injudicious measures of the present administration would have brought wide-extended ruin to our

finances, and to the general interests of the whole Union. If the present high prices in England, which cause our immense shipments, could be for a moment in any way connected with the free trade so much lauded by Great Britain, they would prove but a bad commentary upon the arguments put forth by "the Corn Law League," the main burthen of which was, that the repeal of the duties was to give cheap bread, and produce halcyon days to the working-men of the whole realm.

The two great causes which thus influence the fluctuations of the English grain market, are the uncertainty of the climate of Great Britain, and the heavy or light importations from Continental Europe—the quantity sent from this country being so trifling as to have but little influence.

Having stated the prices which governed from 1816 to 1847, we now proceed to show the quantity produced in England and Ireland, and what proportion of the consumption is imported.

The quantity of wheat produced in the whole island of Great Britain is estimated by Mr. McCulloch and other writers at about thirteen millions of quarters, equal to 104 millions of bushels. The produce of Ireland is stated to be about one million of quarters, or eight millions of bushels, of which one-half was annually sent to Great Britain, previous to the year 1838—since that year the quantity shipped thither from Ireland has diminished.

The following is an abstract from parliamentary documents, showing the amount of wheat imported into Great Britain from 1760 to 1840 :

Years.	Annual av. import'n.	Years.	Annual av. import'n.
1761 to 1770	94,089 quarters	1801 to 1810	555,959 quarters
1771 to 1780	111,372 "	1811 to 1820	429,076 "
1781 to 1790	143,292 "	1821 to 1830	534,762 "
1791 to 1800	470,342 "	1831 to 1840	908,118 "

So much for the average importations. We now annex a table showing the importations in each year, and the places

from whence imported, for the latter period of ten years, from 1831 to 1840 inclusive.

Comparative Statement of the Quantities of Wheat Imported into the United Kingdom, during the years 1831 to 1840.

Whence imp'd	1831.	1832.	1833.	1834.	1835.	1836.	1837.	1838.	1839.	1840.
Prussia	298,605	119,380	87,903	20,826	3,236	100,900	315,121	550,826	740,203	800,551
Germany	219,773	43,046	49,421	42,770	11,577	51,562	87,665	312,442	409,729	364,528
Holland	30,249		270		8	3,984	10,741	82,010	116,480	59,610
Italy	253,059	2,304	6	1	1	4	4,483	30,264	335,612	149,332
Russia	464,904	91,290	18,656			1,036	11,244	41,339	371,693	268,268
Denmark	55,960	33,548	7,958	11,732	9,758	10,258	18,240	111,499	196,730	150,351
Brit. N. Amer.	190,796	89,516	70,416	44,907	14,386				27	8,192
U.S. of America	42,736	6,286	"	"	"			555	3,766	73,735
Other countries	280,447	6,107	4,535	3,853	3,722	1,604	8,377	102,525	400,316	127,843
	1,856,529	391,417	248,171	133,091	42,628	168,648	455,871	1,231,400	2,634,556	1,993,405

The quantities imported into Great Britain in 1841, '42, and '43, as we have already given them in the first table of

this article, when summed up, present the following results :—

In 1841 in quarters 2,814,138 or bushels 22,518,704
 In 1842 in quarters 4,739,645 or bushels 29,717,160
 In 1843 in quarters 1,380,825 or bushels 11,046,600

Of these importations the United States furnished as follows :

In 1841 in quarters 138,480 or bushels 1,107,840
 In 1842 in quarters 149,484 or bushels 1,195,872
 In 1843 in quarters 93,700 or bushels 749,600

Not four per cent. of the quantity imported in 1841—about four per cent. of the quantity in 1842—about seven per of the quantity imported in 1843—aver-

aging for the three years about five and one-third per cent.

We have not the data before us to show the present falling off of the im-

portations into England from France, Russia, Prussia, and Germany; but we have no doubt when these can be obtained, the whole secret of the great demand at present sustained for our bread-stuffs will be made fully manifest, and will clearly prove that we are indebted for it, to the short crops of the last year throughout Europe; and that therefore we have made a liberal allowance in fixing the average quantity which Great Britain will require, at two millions of quarters or sixteen millions of bushels; and that the United States will not in future supply of that quantity much more than one million of bushels, while the remaining fifteen millions will be supplied by the continental nations of Europe. But suppose we should even supply double that amount, what a trifling proportion is that of our crop, which was estimated by the report of the commissioner of patents to be in 1845, 106,548,000 bushels, as per following table:

New York,	16,200,000
New Jersey,	1,050,000
Pennsylvania,	12,520,000
Delaware,	440,000
Maryland,	4,384,000
District of Columbia,	15,000
Virginia,	11,885,000
N. Carolina,	1,969,000
Kentucky,	4,769,000
Tennessee,	8,340,000
Ohio,	13,572,000
Michigan,	7,061,000
Illinois,	4,563,000
Indiana,	7,044,000
Missouri,	1,525,000
Wisconsin,	971,000
Iowa,	793,000
New England States,	2,363,000
States south of 35° north latitude,	7,84,000
Bushels,	106,548,000

Thus, if our estimate be correct, our exports to Great Britain will not exceed one per cent., and if that be doubled only two per cent. of our crop, estimating it upon the crop of 1845; whereas the quantity of Wheat grown in the United States will doubtless greatly increase from year to year.

It is the party slang of the day, to attribute the recent large exportations of grain and provisions to what is called Free Trade, but which in truth is nothing more than the necessity to which Great Britain is reduced of favoring her

manufacturers by removing the import duties on the raw material and on bread-stuffs and provisions, when surely none but the most ignorant can for a moment doubt that had the tariff of 1842 remained in full force, we should have furnished the exhausted and famine-stricken portion of Europe with precisely the same amount of food to save them from a hopeless destitution. Nothing, therefore, but the tariff system, which has fostered our manufacturing and mechanic industry, has enabled us to lay their specie under contribution—as it must be obvious that but for the amount of manufactures now made at home, instead of the specie that has come to us, we should have been deluged with the proceeds of the pauper labor of Europe in return for our bread-stuffs and provisions, to the destruction of American skill and industry.

How far the tariff of 1846 may injure us we will not pretend to prophecy, but we have no hesitation in declaring our most thorough conviction, that if Mr. Walker's principle of collecting the largest amount of revenue at the lowest rate of duties shall be submitted to, then the paralyzation of our resources must be the result, and American labor find a much lower level, to the demoralization of the great mass of our citizens and the destruction of the real independence of the nation.

We would by no means, as we have said, underrate the advantages our country has derived from the very large shipments of grain and provisions which the distresses of Europe have enabled us to furnish them, for the current year. We consider it as the only thing which has saved us from a state of depression such as we have seldom witnessed. Our object is to state the facts, which are proven by a reference to the experience of many years in the Wheat trade, that our farmers and merchants may not be led into erroneous calculations for the future.

It is highly probable that, for one or two years to come, we may profit by the extreme scarcity in Europe of vegetable food of all kinds; as it will require some time for Europe to reinstate its full supply, and have the usual quantity left on hand at the close of the year. Doubtless, also, our commerce in Indian Corn will experience a great increase over former years. The value of that grain as a substantial aliment has been fully tested, during the present season of trans-Atlantic famine; the European palate is becoming accustomed to it, and the power which

exists for its increased production in the Southern States, may prove of immense advantage to that quarter of the Union, and enable them to substitute it in some degree for cotton, the lessening of the cultivation of which is so important to sustain a remunerating price.

The investigation of this subject gives rise to many other considerations, so closely connected with it, that we must ask the indulgence of our readers while we give our views respecting some of them.

One of the great arguments produced by Mr. Secretary Walker in his notorious report on the Tariff, at the last session of Congress, against protective duties on manufactures, is, that a few of the Western States can supply any deficiency of grain that England, or Europe, may at any time require: hence he argues that the United States should give up manufactures, and increase the cultivation of grain. The writer of this article combated this doctrine in the National Magazine, in a review of that report, and in doing so, took the ground that we could supply all agricultural produce that would at any time be required of us, with our present force engaged in agricultural pursuits; and he is now enabled to appeal to existing facts as triumphantly sustaining the ground then taken. Such a state of destitution in vegetable food as is now prevalent in Europe, has scarcely ever before existed; and what has been the result? Let our immense exportations recently made, answer this question. And let it also be remembered that this has occurred without the slightest preparation for it, from the crop that was grown, without any anticipation that an increased demand would take place. "But," reasoned Mr. Walker, "foreign nations will not buy our grain unless we will increasingly take their manufactures." Whence, then, we would ask, the immense importations of specie which are daily flowing in upon us, until they have already exceeded twenty millions of dollars?

Greatly may the Secretary of the Treasury console himself that his ignorance of the nature of trade has been so fully demonstrated; for we risk nothing in the assertion, that but for this influx of specie, his Tariff of 1846, his Sub-Treasury, and his unlimited Warehousing System, would have produced such a revulsion in trade, that he would not have been enabled to negotiate his loan, nor would any bank this side of Boston have been in a situation to continue specie payments up to this time.

Of the same stolid ignorance of the course of trade, and the actually existing state of things, are the congratulations that fill the high party presses that the Tariff of 1846 is working well for the country. That law has been but five months in operation, and has as yet produced no other effect than to cause a fall in price on all foreign and domestic manufactures, which has severely injured those who deal in them and had stocks on hand, and to introduce cotton goods, prints, &c., which are commencing to interfere with the home industry. No man living can at this time form the slightest accurate judgment of what will be the eventual injurious effect of the policy commenced by the present administration. One thing we think is clear, and that is, that the country is wholly opposed to it. The recent elections have already done away with the large majority of the supporters of "the party" in the last lower House of Congress. And we confidently trust that when all the elections for the next Congress are over, a Whig majority in that body will at least have an opportunity of overhauling the wasteful expenditures of the public money in an unrighteous war, and of showing up to the country the reckless manner in which the public interests have been sacrificed to sustain an unscrupulous party, ready and willing to immolate the best interests of the Union in the vain hope of ministering to their insatiable thirst for place and power.

MISCELLANY OF THE MONTH.

EUROPE continues to be agitated in almost every part of its extent. In England a severe pressure in the money market has followed the demand for foreign grain, and the ravages of the famine in Ireland continue unchecked. The ministerial scheme of education has been

very ably discussed, and although it encountered an intensely bitter opposition, chiefly on *pseudo*-religious grounds, it has passed the House of Commons by an overwhelming majority. The proposition is simply to appropriate £100,000 per annum, to the aid of schools, each receiving

...m proportioned to the amount of money voluntarily contributed for its support. The system of school inspection is also to be extended and improved, and government rewards are offered to the best scholars and teachers. The only condition required is, that a portion of each day in all the schools shall be devoted to reading a portion of the authorized version of the Scriptures. The Catholics complain that they are thus entirely excluded from the benefits of the system proposed. There is no doubt that the scheme will be adopted, and that it will contribute greatly to the improvement of education in England. The whole subject was very thoroughly and ably canvassed. One of the most solid as well as brilliant speeches upon the bill, was that made by Mr. Macaulay.

Upon the Continent, politics and the condition of the people continue to engross and excite the attention of all classes. The Pope, by his firm and wise adherence to liberal measures, has provoked the enmity of Austria, and various conspiracies have been formed against him, in all which the priests are found to bear a conspicuous part. A desire for greater liberty is, however, becoming universal in Italy, and the Pope receives the hearty support of the great body of the people. In Spain and Portugal the popular parties are acquiring greater strength and giving better form and method to public affairs. Upon all these points, as well as others of general interest, the letter of our Paris correspondent, which we give below, will be found satisfactory.

In literary matters, nothing worthy of special note meets our eye.

Chevalier Bunsen's work on the "Church of the Future" has been published in English, in the form of a comment upon the author's correspondence with Mr. Gladstone. The Prussian minister in England, who is the author of this work, has been most favorably known for some years to literary men as one of the ripest scholars, and most earnest seekers after truth, among the orthodox divines of Europe. The letters of Dr. Arnold, by the tone of most emphatic eulogy with which they always refer to Bunsen, whom Arnold declares to be the greatest and best man he has ever known, have excited in him and his works a fresh interest, which will insure for this treatise a marked reception. The author in his preface says, that he has been engaged for over twenty-five years upon inquiries connected with the subject. His conclusions are greatly at variance with generally received opinions as to the constitution and offices of the Church, and coincide with those of Arnold more nearly than of any other writer of the day. The book will be read with interest by all concerned in the progress of theological inquiry.

A book of "Travels in the Steppes of the Caspian Sea," by a civil engineer with a most unbewitching name, Xavier H. de Hell, has been translated and published. It contains a great amount of fresh and valuable information, and many of its sketches, being written by M. Hell's lady, who shared his travels, are clever and interesting. A very spirited anonymous novel has made its appearance, entitled, "A Whim and its Consequences." It makes some slight sensation. Two new books upon China one by Robert Fortune, a botanist, and the other by Smith, a missionary explorer, have been published. Both are valuable, and add much to our information concerning men and things in the Celestial Empire. One of them at least should be reprinted. Lamartine's "History of the Girondins" has reached its third volume, which is devoted mainly to the causes of the 10th of August and the 2d of September, 1793. The works of Thomas Reid, with Dugald Stewart's account of his life and writings, together with a selection from his hitherto unpublished letters, have just been published in a new edition, edited by Sir William Hamilton, who also contributes a preface and some supplementary dissertations.

The discussion of the best modes of ventilation has elicited some interesting statistical facts connected with the health of the English. It is stated that *one-fourth* of the children in England die before they are five years old; and that in London, out of 49,089 people who died in 1846, 22,275, nearly half, were under 15; and that 14,368, nearly one-third, died from diseases of the organs of respiration. These facts certainly justify the utmost attention to the quality of the air that is breathed.

A newspaper directory has been published in London, from which it appears that there are now in England 555 journals: 30 liberal, 187 conservative, and 138 neutral. It is also stated that more money is lost in starting newspapers than in any other department of business; not one in ten of those which are started ever succeeds in paying its expenses. In this country, the proportion, we imagine, would be much less—because, perhaps, the number started is far greater.

Other foreign matters of interest are chiefly embraced in the following European letter:

PARIS, April 30, 1847.

You have already received accounts of passing events in Europe during the first fortnight of April. You know that this month was ushered in, at Paris, by weather which effectually dampened the festivities of Longchamps. That annual promenade of fashion has lost the prestige which it once enjoyed as a substitute for the ancient

pilgrimage to an Abbey, founded in 1261, at the Bois de Boulogne, by Isabella of France, sister of St. Louis, where, towards the middle of the 18th century, the attention of amateurs was attracted by a melodious choir of nuns whose voices were long ago silent. You have been informed of the solemn services of Passion Week, when the churches of the capital were thronged, as at St. Roch's, by worshippers of every rank, from street beggars to the Queen and her sons, the Princes—all kneeling before the same altar—while the most imposing ceremonies of the Catholic ritual were celebrated. The perfume of costly incense filled the great temple; the finest music swelled beneath the high arches, and floated among the dim pillars of the long aisles. For one evening, at least—that of good Friday—the theatres were deserted, to the benefit of the keepers of the cafés and billiard-rooms which were then crowded by multitudes who would otherwise have offered, as usual, their nightly devotions at the shrine of Thespis. You have heard of the principal occurrences and rumors on the continent during the early part of the month. The threatened rupture of relations between Greece and the Sublime Porte; the ministerial changes in Spain, where the daughter of King Ferdinand displays, freed from the tyranny of the queen mother, the impetuous temper she inherited from her late father, and heeding foreign interference, whether from the palace of the Tuilleries, or the cabinet of St. James, as little as she does the incapacity of the mock-king to whom M. Guizot boasted so exultingly of having married her, chooses to follow her "own sweet will," not uninfluenced, however, so scandal says, by the same seductive power which seems, in the person of Gen. Serrano to have played a similar part at Madrid to that enacted by it in the person of Lola Montes at Munich; the rumor of a triple alliance between England, Spain and Portugal; the unexpected introduction, under the auspices of the French Minister of foreign affairs, of the Emperor of Russia, as a stockholder to the amount of 50 million francs, at the Bourse of Paris; the illness of the Autocrat, which prevents, or at least postpones his projected visit to the metropolis of France—an event heralded, it was said, by autograph letters and sundry gifts of northern delicacies sent to Louis Philippe by the imperial hand; the convocation of the Prussian Diet by Frederick William IV. the parliamentary proceedings of the French Chambers; all these, and numerous other items of European news up to the departure of the steamer which left Liverpool ten or fifteen days ago, have been duly chronicled in the American journals. My topics are therefore limited, and it will be necessary merely to glance at the present aspect of

the ever-changing affairs of the Old World.

The quarrel between King Otto and the young Sultan is more violent than ever. The excitement which it has occasioned may at any moment break out in warlike manifestations. The only two means which might have checked it in the beginning—the interference of the great European powers, or a personal advance on the part of the Greek sovereign—have been resorted to in vain. It is true that two of the cabinets, consulted on the occasion, pronounced in favor of the Ottoman, and but slight weight is allowed to the contrary opinion of France. A letter from Otto to the Sultan, couched in the most respectful terms, but not affording, however, sufficient satisfaction to the *tres haut et tres puissant Empereur*, as he was styled in it, has also been ineffectual to heal the breach. The period allotted for the desired concessions having expired on the 1st of April, without their fulfillment, the Hellenists at Stamboul are deprived of protection, and the diplomatic relations between the two courts are completely interrupted. Menaced on the one hand by Turkey, Greece is exposed on the other to England. Three British vessels are lying on the waters of the Pireus, and whether or not they have been sent, according to general belief, to reclaim the interest on the English loan, their attitude is nevertheless threatening. A new complication in the affairs of Greece, and one which, in the actual circumstances, may lead to serious consequences, is the question never entirely decided and now agitated anew, relative to the succession to the throne, in case of the present king's decease without issue. English interference, to which the diminution of French influence at Athens is here supposed to be owing, does not now for the first time intermeddle in the affairs of the Porte. So long ago as 1609 it aimed at an authority in Constantinople which it is not disposed to relinquish at the present day.

The barbarities exercised by the Turkish Government against the Christians of Liban, have excited universal reprobation in France. Chekib-Effendi, the present ambassador of the Sultan to Austria, and who not long since visited Rome on an embassy, unprecedented in history, from the successor of the Caliphs of Bagdad to the successor of St. Peter, the spiritual chief of the "Christian dogs," as those same old Caliphs would have called the infidels, was previously sent on a mission to pacify the troubles in Liban, and defend the Maronites against the Druses. His interpretation of the word "pacify" permitted them, on the contrary, to be pillaged and massacred, their houses to be burned, and their harvests destroyed. In spite of his education at Paris, he seems to have retained a portion of the traditional hatred of the Osmanlis against the Christians of Syria.

The latter have sent a delegate, Father Azar, who has arrived in Paris, to reclaim the interference of France, their ancient protectress. The Maronites have rendered services to her armies from the time of the Crusades to that of the Republic. They were among the most valiant defenders of the throne of Jerusalem, and their blood has mingled freely with that of French Crusaders on many a field of battle. Under the walls of Jaffa, they succored the army of Bonaparte. Besides the rights to which their services, and letters of protection, repeatedly renewed since the days of St. Louis, entitle them, the common claims of humanity justify them in calling upon the aid of the French. Public opinion is warmly enlisted in their favor, and as in the case of the massacres of Galicia, and the destruction of Polish nationality, the minister of foreign affairs has been forced to protest and, perhaps as ineffectually, against the persecutions which they have endured from the Turks and the Druses.

In Algeria, French arms have lately been more successful than French diplomacy elsewhere. The hour for peaceful conquests seems at length to approach. Abd-el-kader, who aspired to an empire, now seeks an asylum for his broken hopes. Ben-Salem, who was the more redoubtable, inasmuch as, allied to the Kabyles by birth, he could appeal to them in the name of blood and race, has acknowledged himself vanquished. And, above all, Bou-Mazar, the young prophet-warrior, the pretended Messiah of the Arabs, has fallen into the hands of his foes in a manner little calculated to verify his own predictions. The importance of this capture cannot be properly estimated by those who do not understand the incredible force of religious fanaticism among these people. I am indebted to an immediate relative of Marshal Bugeaud for many curious particulars on this point, of which I may speak in another letter. Suffice 'it to say, at present, that Bou-Mazar is now on his way to this capital, where the Parisians will stare at him, as they have before stared at Ibrahim Pacha, the Bey of Tunis, the Ambassador of Morocco, and so many other wearers of the turban.

English influence, which is felt at Constantinople and at Athens, is by no means feeble at Lisbon. The position which England holds between the daughter of Don Pedro and the Portuguese people, is neutral only in appearance. The struggles which have so unhappily ensanguined that fair land are not yet ended, although there are indications that the triumph of the popular cause is not far distant. By the latest news, Maria da Gloria seems to have judged it prudent to place on board a British vessel the treasures which royalty has extorted from public misery.

More quiet than Portugal, Spain is following the new ministry in the path of reform. The misunderstanding between the Queen and her husband still continues. Her movements occasion great anxiety to Queen Christina, who is now in Paris, and who sees with alarm more than one of her own ambitious plans frustrated by the independent will of Isabella. Meanwhile the people of Madrid greet the young constitutional Queen with applause whenever she appears in public. The turbulent character which these demonstrations on one occasion lately assumed, is to be attributed solely to the hate and manœuvres of the violent faction which was dominant not long since at the palace, but has been very justly expelled from it. Salamanca has already begun to introduce order and economy into the administration of the finances. Pacheco and his colleagues manifest that spirit of conciliation which is at once so rare and so necessary in their country. The recall of Olozaga is one among numerous tokens of a generous policy which will produce the happiest results.

Prussia at this moment presents an interesting spectacle. Its first decisive advance, however slight, towards constitutional freedom, is hailed as the harbinger of blessings which may come slowly, but must come surely to the great German people. Proud of its modern Homer, to whom it is indebted for unity of language, ideal unity, Germany has been sorely disappointed in the expectation of finding in Frederick William IV. its political Goethe who should secure to it corresponding unity in government. But however inadequately the Prussian Monarch has fulfilled the solemn promises of his late father, in response to the earnest desires for a national representation, so eloquently demanded by M. de Stein in 1808, and so long and patiently awaited, yet he has at length set in motion a train of causes that a higher and stronger arm will guide to their perfect results. It is needless for me to enter here into a history of the ideas and events which have led to the convocation of the States-General at Berlin, or into a detail of the meagre powers entrusted to them. The impressive religious services which preceded the opening of the Diet, were eminently proper for a monarch and people who thus implored the benediction of the King of Kings, and Ruler of nations, upon one of the most important acts in their history. Yet, after all, this act is important rather in its possible consequences than in its immediate effects. Without one initiatory power, a fortuitous reunion of representatives of territorial property is invested with the single right of sanctioning, by a majority counted beforehand, certain financial measures to be proposed to it by the will of the sovereign. This is all that the Prussian

has obtained after the delays of thirty long years, during which he has "bided his time" in a submissive silence, impossible to any other than the patient philosophic German spirit. You will search in vain, either among the nobility or the gentry in this purely consultative body, for any Sieyes, or any Mirabeau, or any prince of the blood-royal, who seems destined to rouse the popular will to a sense of its having an immediate title to any further privilege than that already accorded. But the strange language—so discordant with the tone of the 19th century—which Frederick William chose to employ in his inaugurating speech, produced impressions sufficiently significant of an invisible force in and about the assembly that will urge it gradually to a complete development of the true idea of national representation. This discourse is one of the curiosities of the age. It is an equally sincere and ardent declaration of faith in the Divine Right of kings. Breathing throughout the old spirit of the warrior-priest, it is tinged with a certain mysticism of expression similar to that which colors some of the harangues of Cromwell. The "entire liberty of the royal and absolute prerogative" is the principle, or rather the dogma, in which the speaker seeks the laws of the national development so long promised to his subjects. He rejects with religious horror the bare idea of a constitutional compact between a people and its king. He would rather perish than ever allow "the Lord God of heaven and earth to be superseded by any written leaf, which should, like a second Providence, govern by paragraphs, and thus usurp ancient and sacred loyalty. This very invective against "written leaves" is an unconscious recognition of a power wielded by them, mightier far than that of royal sceptres, a veritable "second providence!" The deity invoked by the kingly orator is the God of battles. "It has pleased God," exclaims he, "to establish the grandeur of Prussia by the sword of war abroad—by the sword of the Spirit at home." He then proceeds to declare that as, in a camp, one will rule all, so the destinies of the nation should be directed by one unique will. It is manifest, that from Frederick William IV., with all his sincerity, and his high intellectual cultivation, Prussia has little to expect in the shape of liberal constitutional changes. But time is a mighty innovator, and nowhere in the world are his movements waited for so patiently as in the Germanic States.

While Prussia and Spain are thus making feeble and uncertain steps towards progress and reform, the iron heel of Muscovite tyranny bears heavily on the oppressed masses of the North, and Austria watches with a jealous and anxious eye, the signs

of reviving liberty in those states of the South which have been so long benumbed by her influence.

It was rumored yesterday at the French Chambers that the Grand Duke of Tuscany has extended the liberty of the press, already enjoyed in his domains to a greater degree than elsewhere in Italy. In the Papal States, Cardinal Gizzi has consented, on certain conditions which have been accepted, to remain in the ministry. He will continue to second the new Pontiff in his measures of wise and humane policy. Pius IX. has just acquired a fresh claim to the title of "l'uomo della carità," the man of charity, which his admiring subjects have conferred upon him, by his proclamation of a season of prayer and almsgiving in behalf of famishing Ireland.

Unhappy Ireland! disease is adding fearful ravages to those of famine, and emigration is driving its inhabitants by thousands from their native soil. They long, as they declare, to put the vast Atlantic between them and hunger.

In France as in Great Britain, the Education Question is occupying public attention. The bureaux of the French Chambers are now engaged in an examination of the successive projects relative to medical and to legal education, and to primary and secondary instruction, which the incessant activity of M. de Salvandy, the Minister of Public Instruction, has prepared, and laid before them within the short space of a couple of months. The difficulty is, that every minister in this department seems to think it incumbent upon him to erect some educational system, if it be only to mark his administration by its failure. Frequent and temporary changes are fruitful of confusion rather than of real advantage.

Among the various other measures which have excited discussion in the Chambers, the most important are: the bill reducing bank notes to 200 francs, and which should have led to a lower reduction demanded by the present exigencies of trade; the proposition of M. de Remusat relative to the legislative capacity of public functionaries—which was quite naturally rejected by voters the majority of whom are themselves public functionaries; the customs bill; the Secret Funds—vile salary of shame and sometimes of crime; the condition of French Colonial Slavery; and petitions in favor of the restoration of the effigy of Napoleon on the cross of the Legion of Honor, of his name to Bourbon-Vendée, of which city he was the founder, and permission to the Bonaparte family to return to France. M. L'Herbette, one of the deputies, has just made a spirited attack upon the Chamber for its abuse of the sad privilege it enjoys of wasting its time and forces in endless debates which

are almost always sterile. But great passions and promptitude in action, which form the nerve and life of a truly representative body, are unknown to the French Parliament.

Paris has pursued, during the past month, its ordinary round of occupations and amusements.

The report of the Royal Central Society of Agriculture, read at its anniversary in the Hotel de Ville, and the discourse on subsistences pronounced by M. de Gasparin before the annual assembly of the Academy of Sciences at the palace of the Institute, have both contributed to direct public attention to agricultural interests of the highest national importance which are not yet duly appreciated in France.

The numerous historical works which have lately appeared at Paris, are introducing a healthier taste than that which has gloated until it is surfeited, upon the *Roman Feuilleton*, with its interminable intrigues and incredible horrors. The principal authors whose pens have recently illustrated the French Revolution are: Louis Blanc, whose fidelity and dignified style will perhaps entitle him to the appellation some of his countrymen have already bestowed upon him, the Tacitus of France; Michelet, whose burning logic often explodes into passion in the midst of scenes which he describes with graphic power; and De Lamartine, whose graceful page charms by its harmonious blending of the poetry and philosophy of history. The publication, almost simultaneous, of their admirable works, lends a peculiar interest to the recent completion of a reprint of the ancient *Moniteur*, that veritable mirror of the time, and depository of its authentic annals. The thirty-two octavo volumes of this Journal embrace the whole period extending from the reunion of the States-General to the Consulate. The reader assists at the work of destruction and of reconstruction in the very moment it is going on. He listens to the stormy debates at the tribune, and to the sounds of conflict in the streets. He peruses the earliest news of combats on the frontiers, on the Rhine, in Italy, Switzerland, Egypt, and La Vendée. He studies the statistics of finance, intrigues of diplomacy, the plans of military movements, and observes, step by step, the changes of administration, and the developments of literary, scientific and social life. Carlyle thus describes this perpetual reflection of passing events, in the midst of the Revolution: "Constant, illuminative, as the nightly lamplighter, issues the useful *Moniteur*, for it is now become diurnal; with facts and few commentaries; official, safe in the middle." In the present reprint nothing is omitted. Letters, poetical effusions, advertisements and play-bills, all are preserved. This is wisely done, for these very details, appar-

ently so trivial and insignificant, often present a high value to the investigating eye of the romance writer, the philosopher and the historian. Files of old newspapers are among the most valuable original sources of history.

My limits forbid me to speak of the sports of the turf which have this month, by the steeple chase at the Croix de-Berny, and the races at the Champ de-Mars, diversified the pleasures of Paris. Nor will I say anything at present of concerts of music, new dramatic representations, the annual exhibition of painting and sculpture at the Louvre, or the renewal, at the beginning of the second Academical *semestre* of lectures in every branch of science and Literature at the Sorbonne, the College of France, and the Schools of Law and Medicine. I am half tempted to dish up for you some of the gossiping scandal occasioned by certain recent trials before the Tribunal of the Seine. The parties which figure in these cases are of every rank from sempstresses, midwives and cabmen, to a princess who sues for divorce from the son of Marshal Ney, and to a legal person of celebrity, who at least by the bar-sinister may claim a royal lineage, as the natural son of the Duke de Beaujolais, the unfortunate brother of Louis Philippe. Were I to unfold the revelations which have accompanied these processes, you would believe that the boast of a superior morality under the present reign is slenderly supported by facts. If vice is less exclusively aristocratic than formerly, it is perhaps equally as prevalent as in those days when it seemed, according to Burke's expression, to have "lost half its guilt by losing all its grossness" in the refined gallantries of a polished but licentious court.

The preparations for the King's fête tomorrow have been already made. When the last flattering compliment has been paid to his majesty, the last fire-rocket has exploded, and the last spark of the illumination has been extinguished, the season for fashionable emigration will commence. Those whom only the attractions of the winter allure to the metropolis will then hurry away to *sac-r-r-r-e* at the fogs and smoke of London, to shrug their shoulders as they sneer at the cafés at Rome, to shiver with cold in the ascent of Mont Blanc, or to be plundered by "the Greeks—*dolis Danaûm*—at the various watering-places on the continent. At the moment that those "birds of passage" take their flight, the merry month of May, with its flowers and foliage, is enlivening the public gardens. These gardens, and the gay Boulevards will soon be the summer-delight of Paris which is Paris, that indigent population whose world ends with the fortifications. C.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

The Orators of France, Revolutionary, Military and Civil: by ("TIMON") VIC-COUNT DE CORMENIN; translated by a MEMBER OF THE NEW YORK BAR: to which is prefixed an Essay upon the rise and character of French Revolutionary Eloquence, and the Orators of the Girondists, by J. T. HEADLEY: Edited by GEO. H. COLTON, with notes and Biographical Addenda. New-York: Baker & Scribner.

The sheets of this book have been sent us a day or two in advance of publication. A part of the editorial advertisement will best present the character of the work, and the reasons which led to its publication in this country.

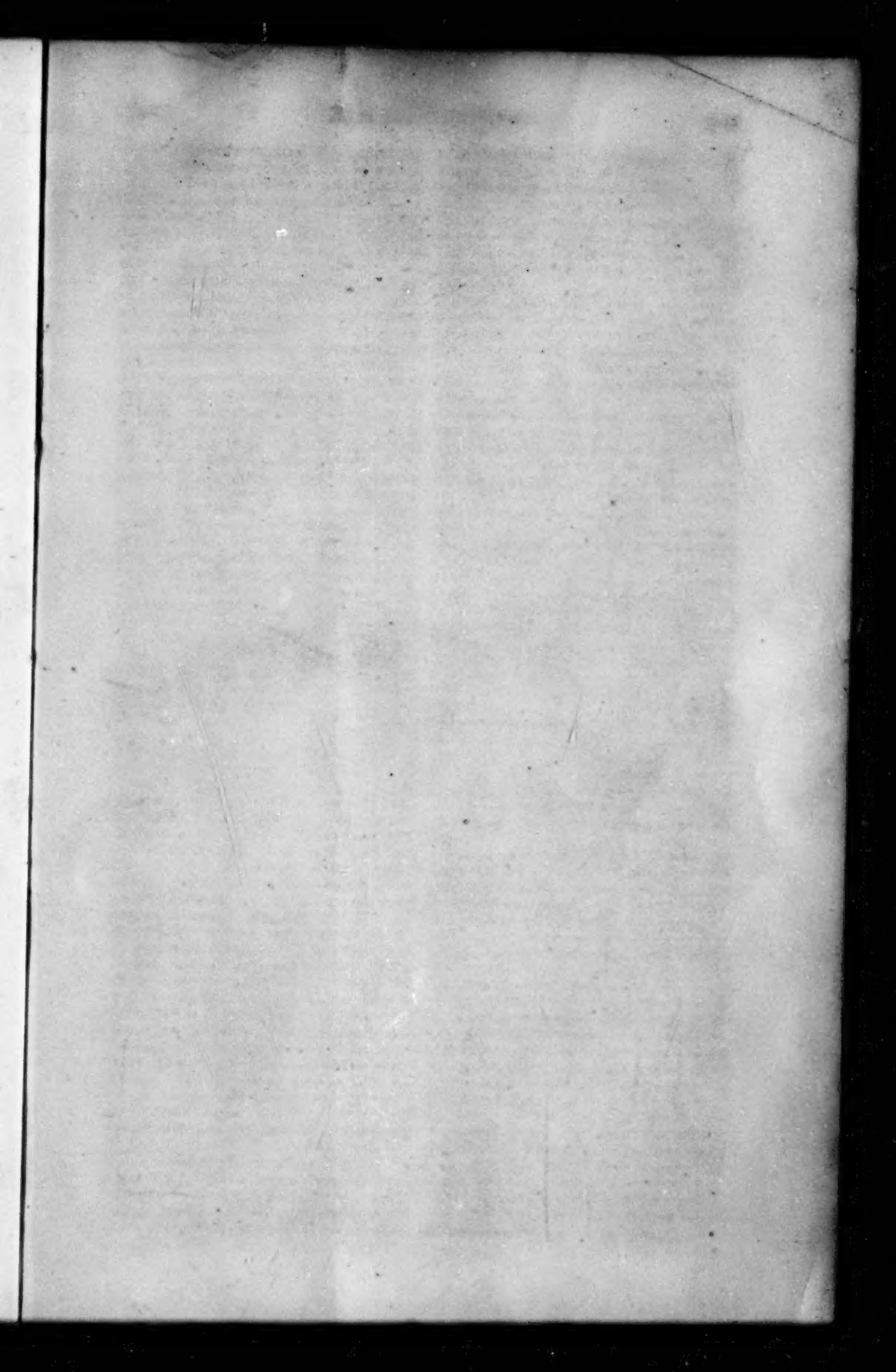
"No book issued in Europe for some years past has been more widely popular than these singular and powerful sketches, or 'portraits,' as the Author more aptly entitles them. They originally appeared at Paris, under the signature of 'Timon,' and, with various brilliant political pamphlets under the same name, attracted extraordinary attention. Sixteen or eighteen editions have since been published at Paris, and twelve separate editions at Brussels; and by examining the various sketches of the public men of France that have appeared lately in the English periodicals, it would be found that many of their most effective limnings have been transferred from Cormenin. This popularity has been owing, not more to the quality and distinction of the characters portrayed, than to the very original and striking style of their portraiture. With great and powerful discrimination, a singular logical acuteness, perspicuity, and frequent eloquence, 'Timon' displays a scornful elegance, a subtle force of sarcasm, and grace of *badinage*, not excelled by any writer since Voltaire. It is power concealed in a garb of lightness: the blow is felt, when only the rustling of the robes is seen. His skill in characterization has not been surpassed. Several of the sketches are of orators previous to the age of Cormenin. Of these, the 'portraits' of Mirabeau and Danton are of the highest order; and the third is the only good representation yet given of the extraordinary military eloquence of Napoleon. Of the modern orators, the author's limnings of Lamartine, Thiers, and Guizot, will attract particular attention; and those of Manuel, Constant, Collard, and others less known to the American public, must be acknowledged models of political portraiture. 'Timon's' sketch of O'Connell—the only foreigner admitted to his gallery—will also

draw attention, as the opinion which a brilliant Frenchman holds of the distinguished Irish Orator.

"But aside from the evident popular qualities of the book, two other considerations had a decisive influence in determining their publication in this country. The first is the fact, that nearly all our impressions of the public men and affairs of Continental Europe have been obtained through English books and the English Press. It is time that we should acquaint ourselves with these nations directly through their own politics and their own literature. It might also be remarked that of the French Literature among us, we have always had the feeblest and least instructive part.

"The second was a consideration of style, having reference to the literary productions of this country. For the style of American authors has come to be, in nearly all departments of writing, too labored and of too uniform a character. In philosophy, law, theology, politics, narrative, fiction, addresses, reports, newspaper and periodical writing, it is alike grave and forcible, with too little ease and too similar a movement. It needs to be broken up. There can be no readier or more effective way to accomplish this, than to introduce among our English models, which we have too closely followed, the most brilliant writings from the pens of foreign authors. Our Saxon mind possesses in its earnestness a most excellent quality; but it wears its armor too heavily. It does not seem too much to hope that these 'Portraits' of 'Timon' may affect, to a sensible degree, the future style of a large portion of the writings of this country.

"The translation was executed by a member of the New York Bar, and with a force and aptness of language, it will be found, not very common in our versions of foreign authors. The Essay, which was needed to illustrate some points on which Cormenin did not touch, as the rise of French Revolutionary Eloquence, with some notice of the Orators of the Girondists, was furnished by Mr. Headley, whose studies and writings have made him familiar with that period. The only parts supplied by the Editor are some fifty pages of 'Biographical Addenda,' giving more dates and particulars in the lives of the most distinguished of Cormenin's subjects than the author has furnished—for 'Timon' does not so much sketch their lives as their characters. The orators to whom this additional matter relates are Mirabeau, Danton, Benjamin Constant, Royer, Collard, Lamartine, Guizot, and Thiers.





Engraved by T. Denny.

HON. GEO. EVANS,

U. S. SENATOR FROM MAINE.

Engraved for the American Review

Printed by J. W. & J. C.